

Unequivocal endorsement of reforms

Thatcher gives full support to Gorbachov

From MARY DEJEVSKY AND ROBIN OAKLEY IN MOSCOW

THE Prime Minister yesterday gave an unequivocal endorsement of President Gorbachov's "remarkable" reform programme and, at a Kremlin dinner in her honour, expressed confidence in its eventual success.

She said the Soviet Union had chosen "an historic new path for the future", and offered a powerful boost to the Soviet leader at a time when he is beset by domestic problems.

As though recognizing Mr Gorbachov's difficulties — with an economic reform programme widely regarded as inadequate and likely to be defeated in parliament, panic buying in anticipation of price rises, the election of the radical Mr Boris Yeltsin as President of the Russian Federation, and renewed ethnic violence in the Caucasus and Central Asia — Mrs Thatcher said: "I wonder if you know, Mr President, how

many well-wishers you have the world over, willing you and your people to succeed."

Mrs Thatcher pointed to a new constitutional relationship between the republics and the central government, a new political structure based on multi-party democracy and a new economic policy based on the market. Any one of those changes, she said, would be startling seen against the legacy of the past. "Taken together, they are really remarkable."

Mrs Thatcher had earlier told Mr Gorbachov that the reforms he had begun amounted to one of the greatest achievements of the twentieth century. And at a meeting with the Soviet Prime Minister, Mr Nikolai Ryzhkov, Mrs Thatcher predicted the Soviet Union would end the century on a high note. "You will do it!"

Yesterday morning, Mrs Thatcher and Mr Gorbachov spent two-and-a-half hours in talks dominated by the future of Germany and Europe. Mrs Thatcher voiced understanding of Soviet objections to Nato membership for a united Germany and offered assurances that Soviet security interests would be fully taken into account.

The two leaders later held a joint press conference at which Mr Gorbachov concentrated on the need for economic reform, while Mrs Thatcher defended the Western view that a united Germany should be in Nato if that was what the Germans decided and her view that effective security required strong defences.

Mrs Thatcher was reported to have mentioned to Mr Gorbachov Britain's determination to keep an independent nuclear deterrent. "We have an independent deterrent and we intend to keep it at the minimum credible level," Mr Gorbachov did not apparently raise the question of "non-circumvention" of the projected agreement reducing strategic range arms (Start), the codeword for Britain's plans to purchase the US-made Trident missile. The issue of Britain's deterrent was reportedly raised at the Washington summit.

The leaders publicly acknowledged their differences on a framework for European security. Mrs Thatcher opposed the idea of the Warsaw Pact and Nato operating as parallel linked bodies and rejected calls for the common security system favoured by Mr Gorbachov. She said: "I

do not at the moment see these common bodies emerging."

Mr Gorbachov, noting that the Prime Minister was a more experienced politician and perhaps more cautious, expressed his enthusiasm for integrating the two alliances in a pan-European structure and pointed out that she had not excluded the idea for all time.

Earlier in the day, Mrs Thatcher met the new mayor of Moscow, Mr Gavril Popov, and discussed plans for a British Soviet trade centre in the capital. Mr Popov is the leader of the reformist group, Democratic Russia which won the majority of seats in the spring elections for the Moscow city council and has promised widespread privatization of business and services in the capital.

Mrs Thatcher also had meetings with Mr Ryzhkov, who assured her that future laws on joint ventures would allow foreign ownership, foreign managers and the repatriation of profits, and the Defence Minister, Marshal Dmitri Yazov.

Mrs Thatcher arrived in Moscow on Thursday evening straight from the Nato meeting at Turnberry in Scotland, where she had spoken in favour of Nato taking a more political role. Today, she flies to Kiev, where she will visit exhibits mounted for British Month and meet Ukrainian officials. On Sunday, she will go to Leningrad in Armenia, devastated in the 1988 earthquake, where she will open a school built with British aid.

The prospect of the Queen visiting the Soviet Union has increased after the successful tour just concluded by the Princess Royal. The Queen accepted an invitation in principle when Mr Gorbachov visited Britain last year, but no date has been fixed.

Princess Anne's visit, during which she opened the Kiev exhibition that Mrs Thatcher will visit today, was the first official royal trip to the Soviet Union since the revolution.

If, as seems likely, the visit was something of a trial run for a later expedition by the Queen, it has clearly paid dividends. Mr Gorbachov paid lavish tributes to the Princess Royal during yesterday's lunch with Mrs Thatcher and said how much her visit had been enjoyed by the people.

Reformist patriarch, page 9
John Hands, page 10
Leading article, page 11



Mrs Thatcher greeting Mr Gorbachov before their talks

Meanwhile, back at the Lazy Cowboy...

From MARTIN FLETCHER
WASHINGTON

THE American cowboy, symbol of the rugged individualism which made this nation great, is disappearing. The truth is that no one wants the job these days. From Texas to North Dakota, young men raised in the West are turning their backs on the buckaroo's rugged life. They no longer want to spend their days on horseback — rounding up, branding and castrating cattle, mending fences and clearing corals — and their nights in the bunkhouse.

If they can get them, they prefer well-paid jobs in towns or cities, with regular hours, families and comfortable hi-tech homes. The supply of skilled cowhands has "plumbed dried up". In desperation, cutlerymen from Montana, Colorado and Arizona

have, for the first time in their history, begun legally to import cowhands from Mexico and Peru, with ranchers in Texas, New Mexico and Utah likely to follow suit.

In Wyoming, the state with a cowboy on every vehicle licence plate, Miss Oratio Mercado, of the Mountain Plains Agricultural Service, advertised for six cowhands on behalf of ranchers earlier this year, and says she received no reply.

There is high unemployment in Wyoming, "but evidently they don't want this kind of work," complains Miss Irene Redland, who has a few thousand acres and several hundred head of cattle.

"I think our country is getting lazy. I think the people in our country are real lazy." The unemployed, she says, prefer to receive welfare and the few who apply for the jobs she advertises

are "not worth a dime when you get them."

Mr Chandler Keys, spokesman for the National Cattlemen's Association in Washington, says that it is becoming "harder and harder" for ranchers to hire good men. "It's tough work; not a lot of pay; long hours; a lonesome 365-day-a-year job with only a horse and dog for company. You can't just take off for Florida for two weeks."

Mr Jerry Jack, executive vice-president of the Montana Stockgrowers Association, speaks of the difficulty of bringing in outsiders to replace skilled men. "There ain't no college in the nation can teach you to handle livestock or break horses."

According to Mr Greg Baker, foreman of the 50,000-acre Le Barr ranch, which spans Wyoming and Montana, the gringo cowboy is a

dying breed. "The American rancher is raising his children to be doctors and lawyers, and hell, when the ranch kids are becoming doctors and lawyers, who's going to run the ranch?"

Mexicans will. They can earn between \$600 (£353) and \$800 a month plus board, lodging and travel to and from the US. They can stay for three years. If they are lucky, their bunkhouse will have a satellite receiving dish for television. That is not much to an American. "You can get better pay cleaning cars in a country gas station," says Mr Richard Rattenburg, curator of history at Oklahoma City's National Cowboy Hall of Fame. But it is four times what Mexican vaqueros could hope to get back home. Ranchers are also changing techniques, rounding up cattle by helicopter, pick-up truck or even cross-country motorbike.

Russia votes itself supreme

From MARY DEJEVSKY
MOSCOW

THE Russian Federation yesterday proclaimed that its constitution and laws should take priority over Soviet laws in the event of a conflict. The announcement came in a declaration on sovereignty submitted to the Russian Federation Congress (Parliament) meeting in Moscow.

The article on the priority of Russian laws was approved by 544 votes to 271. The declaration as a whole still has to be passed by the Congress's editorial commission before being resubmitted next week, but there is no doubt that it will be passed.

At present, the laws of the Russian Federation barely differ from those of other republics, as they proceed from a "basic law" common to the Soviet Union. Now that Mr Boris Yeltsin is president, however, and has committed himself to rapid economic and political reform, conflict between the centre and the Russian Federation cannot be discounted.

President Gorbachov responded to the move with equanimity. Speaking at a press conference with Mrs Margaret Thatcher, he said: "Nothing has so far been passed that contravenes the USSR constitution. I am 100 per cent certain that neither the Russian Federation Congress nor the Russian Supreme Soviet will pass laws that would damage the Federation or jeopardise the process of its renewal."

Earlier, Mr Gorbachov expressed the hope that Mr Yeltsin would act constructively and in the spirit of perestroika.

There was no room for personal emotions in such matters, the Soviet leader said in a BBC interview. The issues before them were not insurmountable obstacles. But, he said, solutions would depend on the line taken by Mr Yeltsin. What Mr Yeltsin had said in the days before his election as chairman of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation were one thing. The way he would act in the future was another.

IRA's bomb expert is jailed for 30 years

By STEWART TENDLER, CRIME CORRESPONDENT

THE man who organized an IRA bomb factory designed to supply a mainland campaign two years ago was sentenced to 30 years imprisonment at the Central Criminal Court yesterday after being found guilty of conspiracy to cause explosions.

Nicholas Mullen, aged 42, a dealer in electronic equipment, of Wood Green, north London, was found guilty by a majority of 10 to 2 at the end of a trial that lasted more than five weeks. Eamon Wadley, aged 36, also of Wood Green, was found not guilty of aiding terrorists and was cleared of four charges of making property available for terrorism.

Sentencing Mullen Mr Justice Hidden QC said: "I am satisfied you are a very dangerous man. You combine a high degree of criminal cunning with commitment to a political cause."

The judge told him that but for good fortune there would have been a deadly bombing campaign and "for the death and destruction and the maiming and mourning that would have followed you

would have been every bit as responsible as those who set off the bombs."

The sentence is the most severe handed down to anyone convicted of aiding and abetting IRA activities on the mainland and is clearly aimed at warning members of the terrorist support networks of the penalties they may face. Mullen was arrested by Scotland Yard's anti-terrorist branch last year after police stumbled on one of the biggest terrorist caches seen in mainland Britain, in a south London flat Mullen had rented for a terrorist unit.

Police also discovered evidence linking Mullen to plans for the construction of homemade mortars, which had never been seen on the mainland, and might have been used on a variety of targets. Mullen, thought to have been a "sleeper" activated in 1987 or 1988, provided hideouts, money and vehicles for the IRA campaign.

Police entered the flat in Clapham just before Christmas 1988 after a shooting incident. They found evidence

that the terrorists were building a bomb when they were disturbed.

Searches revealed lists of targets, including the Prime Minister, other politicians, military commanders and VIPs. The material could have been used to create 40 bombs.

Detectives investigating the bomb factory soon discovered that Mullen was the organizer, and that he was supported by a network of hideouts, financial back-up and cars. In the autumn of 1988, he arranged the rental of a Clapham flat, which became the main depot for an intensive attack scheduled to be launched over Christmas that year. He prepared calculations for homemade mortars and hired a workshop in east London that police suspect would have been used to make weapons.

The plans collapsed after police accidentally discovered the Clapham flat when one of the terrorists, on watch outside, was disturbed by a passer-by and opened fire.

Nitro test, page 3

Cameroon upset champions

From JOHN GOODBODY
IN CAGLIARI

TINY Cameroon brought the first big upset in the World Cup yesterday by beating the defending champions Argentina in the opening game. Oman Biyik's 66th-minute goal brought victory to a team reduced to 10 men after Kana Biyik was sent off in the second half of the match in Africa.

The 14th World Cup tournament had earlier opened with a ceremony of Latin colour and pageantry, mixing spectacle with the music of Verdi. The presidents of Italy, Brazil, Romania, Argentina and Cameroon, attended the ceremony. The World Cup anthem, *An Italian Summer*, was followed by a parade and the release of balloons.

The final on July 8 is expected to be watched by an eighth of the world's population.

ROME: Sales of alcohol will be banned in Rome and the surrounding province for 41 hours when matches are played in the city.

Swindon mourns, page 2
Opening match, page 45

Car blast 'for animal rights'

By DAVID SAPSTEAD

A GOVERNMENT scientist, who has received repeated death threats for her work on laboratory animals at the Ministry of Defence's Chemical Defence Establishment at Porton Down in Wiltshire, narrowly escaped death when a bomb destroyed her car as she drove to work, police disclosed yesterday.

The attack on Mrs Margaret Baskerville, a veterinary officer at the top-secret base where animals are used in germ warfare research, was being regarded last night as a sinister development in the long-running campaign against scientists involved in animal experiments.

Last night, an anonymous caller to the BBC in Southampton claimed animal rights activists had planned the

IRA-style device. The caller, who had a northern accent, played a tape which said: "It was a mercury tilt device but the plan to kill Mrs Baskerville unfortunately did not materialize this time. Now everyone who works at the Porton Down base is a target."

Mrs Baskerville, aged 49, had just backed out of the driveway of her home at Winterslow, near Salisbury, when the device detonated. Inspector Graham Chivers of Wiltshire Police said: "As she selected first gear to drive away, there was an explosion and she saw flames behind her. She escaped through the driver's window as the force of the explosion had buckled the door frames and blew out the front and rear windows." She suffered from shock.

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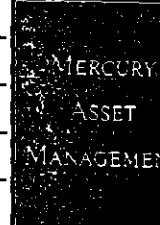
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REVIEW

The shame of Waterloo



There will be a mock battle next weekend to mark the 175th anniversary of Waterloo. There is another battle still to be fought to clear up the mess the battlefield has become. Michael Binyon reports. Page 32

Village that saved its lighthouse

When a Norfolk village was told its lighthouse was to close some people wrung their hands and others rang alarm bells. Brian James reports on a unique campaign. Page 29

Edwina Currie

If I were David Owen: Page 30

Is wine such a liquid asset?

Drinkers may dream of laying down wine as an investment. Jane MacQuitty says it might make merry, but it won't make money. Page 35

SPORT

Robson on Robson

England captain Bryan Robson talks to Stuart Jones about the World Cup — and about his manager Bobby Robson. Page 48

CLASS LISTS

The first Class Lists from Oxford University, in natural science, pure and applied biology and zoology, are published today. Page 12

Throughout the summer The Times will be publishing degrees from all United Kingdom universities, together with first class degrees from polytechnics.

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By RICHARD FORD
POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

The result of the referrals was that two were approved with the maximum two-year waiting period, 123 approved subject to conditions with a marked increase in the use of waiting periods, and 121 were approved unconditionally. The figures from the Cabinet Office reveal an 17 per cent increase in applications to which conditions were attached compared with 1983.

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Scientists' nitro tests kept secret, Maguire QC says

GOVERNMENT scientists carried out tests before and during the Maguire trial which showed it was possible to contaminate innocently with explosives but they did not disclose the results, it was alleged yesterday.

One test conducted during the trial proved that a person could pick up nitro-glycerine under the fingernails by scraping them across the palm of a hand that bore traces of the explosive, the inquiry into the Maguire convictions headed by Sir John May, QC, was told.

At the 1976 trial the prosecution claimed it would have been necessary for large amounts of explosive to have been kneaded in the hands to get under the nails. Six of the Maguire family and friend were convicted of handling explosives solely on the basis of forensic tests at the Royal Armament Research and Development Establishment (RARDE) in Woolwich, south London. The Maguires were arrested after IRA pub bombings in Woolwich, Guildford and Birmingham in 1974.

The existence of the tests was disclosed during cross-examination of Mr Douglas Higgs, a former head of the establishment. Mr Anthony

Arlidge, QC, counsel for the Maguires, drew Mr Higgs' attention to a test carried by Dr John Carver at RARDE.

He collected traces of nitro-glycerine under his fingernails by drawing them across his palm after handling the explosive. The test was in February 1976, two weeks after Mr Higgs told the trial it was not possible to transfer explosive by "cleansing" the hand.

Mr Arlidge put it to him that the information should have been disclosed. He replied: "In principle one cannot deny that." But he insisted he knew nothing of the test at the time.

Mr Arlidge referred to other tests in May 1975 which demonstrated that traces of explosive could be transferred by shaking hands, and alleged these results were not disclosed. He said that laboratory notes in relation to tests apparently conducted during an investigation into a bombing incident showed that a "control" hand-swab sample that should have been clear of explosive was accidentally contaminated by someone who had been handling debris.

Mr Arlidge said that contradicted evidence Mr Higgs had given at the trial concerning the risk of contamination

based on his experience after the Birmingham pub bombing. Mr Higgs said if he had been aware of two situations producing contradictory evidence "this would have been handed out to counsel".

At the inquiry on Thursday it was disclosed that a second set of forensic tests on the hand swabs, six of the Maguire seven had not been disclosed at the trial.

The second test proved negative. But it was said that this did not necessarily detract from the result of the first test. Yesterday, Mr Higgs said the scientist who carried out the second test would have been under no obligation to disclose its result.

He told the inquiry: "If he felt that he could support his case adequately then I think he need not have disclosed this, because in his mind this does not disprove what he already had found. He certainly would not have written this up as a statement."

Mrs Annie Maguire, her sons Patrick and Vincent, her brother Sean Smyth, husband Patrick, his brother-in-law Giuseppe Conlon, who died in 1980, and a family friend, Patrick O'Neill, were sentenced to between five and 14 years.



Father David Loman, of St Catherine's Church, Wickford, in Essex, baptizing Natasha Lowrie, aged nine months. Natasha's mother Natalie and four other members of the Paulo family were also baptized at a traditional circus christening in the Big Top of Paulo's Circus yesterday

Unions say capping will damage education reform

THREE of the largest teaching unions yesterday asked the High Court to stop the Government going ahead with its plans to charge-cap councils which are also local education authorities.

Led by the National Union of Teachers, they argued that the decision by Mr Chris Patten, the Secretary of State for Education, to impose limits on the levels of community charge was unlawful because it was at odds with the Government's own recent school reforms.

Mr Eldred Tabachnik, QC, for the NUT, said Mr Patten had failed to take into account that the reforms made it essential for governors now being made responsible for the budgets of individual schools to rely on levels of spending already fixed by their local education authorities.

The union, backed by the National Association of Head

Teachers and the Assistant Masters and Mistresses Association, was intervening in a judicial review in which 19 councils are challenging Mr Patten's decision.

If the councils fail they will be forced to cut spending across the range of services. That will almost certainly lead to reductions in the amounts available for local education.

The unions argue that, even if capping takes place, the councils have no power to cut funding for the present year now that budgets have been announced. They claim up to 2,000 teachers' jobs are threatened and there will be "catastrophic" consequences for many schools and disruption to the introduction of the national curriculum.

Mr Tabachnik told Lord Justice Leggatt, Mr Justice McCullough and Mr Justice Roch that cuts would undermine the whole purpose of the

Education Reform Act 1988, which came into force at the same time as the poll tax legislation. "Governing bodies of schools must have a measure of predictability so that they can be sure that the financial carpet on which they stand will not be pulled from under them," he said.

The NUT put evidence before the court from school heads and teachers in North Tyneside, Brent, Doncaster, Rotherham, Barnsley and Avon, which are among the local education authorities challenging charge-capping. All spoke of substantial problems being caused.

Lord Gifford, QC, for two Kent school governors also involved in the action, said the London borough's decision to cut school budgets after Mr Patten's charge-capping decision would put complex future spending plans "out of joint".

Police fear garage owner was abducted

By DAVID YOUNG

KENT police are investigating the possible abduction of a garage owner who disappeared from his showroom. Five luxury cars were also taken.

Mr Nicholas Whiting, aged 43, married with two children, was last seen at his All Car Equip Garage on the A20 at Wrotham, near Sevenoaks, at around 6.15pm on Thursday.

A police spokesman said: "We are concerned for the welfare of Mr Whiting, who it is feared may have been abducted. There are serious concerns growing for Mr Whiting's safety." Two of the cars had been found.

He is a well respected businessman and well known in the local area for all the best possible reasons. There is the possibility of him being forcibly abducted."

Two men were seen approaching and leaving with an E-type Jaguar and BMW, which were recovered. One was in his early 20s, 6ft, with a slim, long face. The other, also in his 20s, was about 5ft 7in, with short, brown hair.

The Guinness trial Jury told how rift began

By PAUL WILKINSON

ERNEST Saunders, former Guinness chief executive, told a jury yesterday of the moment that the relationship soured between himself and his former finance director, Mr Olivier Roux, the prosecution's chief witness against him in the Guinness trial.

In his fourth day of evidence in his defence Mr Saunders said that it happened at a meeting in December 1986 at the offices of the solicitor Sir David Napley. It was shortly after the Department of Trade and Industry had launched an investigation into Guinness's £2.7 billion takeover of the Scottish drinks company Distillers.

Sir David had been questioning Mr Roux about a letter from the Ansbacher Bank about its purchase of £7.6 million worth of Guinness shares during the takeover.

Mr Saunders claimed that he knew nothing of the purchase, made on behalf of a group called Downes Nominees, and that it was the responsibility of his finance director. According to Mr Saunders, Mr Roux said "he never made any decisions of a

financial nature unless he was acting on my behalf. It was an 'I am only a clerk' response."

"It indicated that I had known something about this matter which was completely untrue. Afterwards we had a sharp discussion in my car in which I said he should never attribute knowledge to me of financial matters about which I had no knowledge."

"The occasion was clearly an attempt by Mr Roux to implicate me in something with which I had nothing to do. The relationship between Roux and me, which declined in the week following, started to decline from that moment."

Mr Saunders and three other leading City figures, deny charges of theft, false accounting and breaches of the Companies Act arising out of Guinness's takeover of the Distillers Group in 1986. With him before Southwark Crown Court are Gerald Ronson, chairman of the Heron International Group of Companies; Anthony Parnes, the City stockbroker; and Sir Jack Lyons, the millionaire financier.

Mr Saunders said that his relationship with Mr Roux

was "professional but not social", adding: "I consider him a very fine executive." He said that the Ansbacher letter was from the company's chairman, Mr Richard Fennels, and referred to the purchase of 2,150,000 Guinness shares at a cost of £7,614,682.10. Mr Saunders said that he did not know why he had received the letter as he had no dealings with Ansbacher except for a bitter clash with one of its directors, Lord Spens, during Guinness's takeover of Bells Whisky the year before.

Mr Saunders went on to say that shortly after the Department of Trade and Industry inquiry into the Distillers' takeover began in December 1986 there were all sorts of suggestions that the Guinness offices were bugged. He even had the head of the company's security department "sweep" the premises to search out listening devices, but without success. He said his concern was heightened after he found an office security man asleep at his desk, apparently drunk.

The hearing adjourned until Monday when Mr Saunders will continue giving his evidence.

Summit at No 10 to save film industry

By SHEILA GUNN
POLITICAL REPORTER

MRS Thatcher is to host a summit next Friday to discuss plans for tax allowances, increased grants and other incentives being drawn up by ministers, producers and financiers to rescue Britain's declining film industry.

The Prime Minister has dropped her opposition to the principle of extra incentives to reverse the drop in investment in British-made productions. But as yet there is no agreement among ministers on the best way to help.

The preferred options are a return of capital allowances, scrapped by the Government in 1985, or a large one-off grant to British producers, probably channelled through British Screen Finance. Sir Richard Attenborough and Mr David Puttnam, two leading film makers, have been invited to the seminar, along with a ministerial team including Mr Nicholas Ridley, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, and Mr Richard Luce, the Arts Minister.

Nissan gives £3m to Oxford college

By DAVID TYTLER, EDUCATION EDITOR

NISSAN, the Japanese motor company, has given more than £3 million to an Oxford University college to build a new institute for Japanese studies. It is the latest in a series of donations to British universities and schools.

The car manufacturers gave £3.2 million to St Antony's College for the Nissan Institute of Japanese Studies there, and to help create two lectureships in economics and social anthropology. It follows a donation of £1.5 million from Nissan to the university in 1979, which began a Japanese studies programme two years later.

The institute holds weekly seminars, organizes conferences and publishes books and occasional papers. The new building will be opened in October 1992 at a cost of £2.6 million and will house 100,000 books currently held in the Bodleian Library.

The institute is presently working out of a Victorian house, which has limited space. It teaches between 40 and 50 undergraduates and 15 graduates a year.

Dr Ann Wasswo, acting director of the institute, said yesterday: "We have outgrown our current space and this will enable us to consolidate and expand, giving us a

proper space in which to teach with a proper library."

The Japanese are not adverse to importing Oxford, as well as exporting their money. The link with the university began when Emperor Akihito sent his sons there. Now a branch of the university is to open in Japan.

St Catherine's College, Oxford, is to open an annex in the Japanese port of Kobe next year. About 40 students graduating from Japanese universities will be accepted annually for a one-year arts course taught by six tutors who would be sent over from Oxford.

On finishing the course the graduates would then be able to take up postgraduate studies at Oxford. The project will cost £12 million, with most of the money coming from Kobe Steel and other local businesses.

Sponsorship worth £1 million from the Sumitomo Trust and Bank Corporation also means that Elton, which is celebrating its 550th anniversary this year, will have its first Japanese lessons as from September. A resident Japanese teacher will be funded for five years to teach sixth formers at the school, where fees are £8,496 a year, to read, write and speak the language.

Closure threat for grammar schools

By CRAIG SETON

LABOUR-controlled Birmingham City Council is being urged to create a new girls' grammar school to comply with a High Court judgement that it was guilty of sex discrimination by providing more places for boys.

The council has started fresh talks with the single-sex grammar schools in an attempt to end the discrimination after issuing a warning that closure of all of them was one of five options to comply with the ruling.

The council has, however, given governors only until next month to consider the options. The creation of a new girls' grammar school is a



Mr Rooker: Council has a real dilemma

voiced by governors and parents, but the Labour group could expect opposition from some of its own councillors to plans that would bolster selective education.

It has denied claims that it wants to close the schools because of ideological objections, but it has also said that there are too many secondary places because of falling rolls.

The council was taken to court by the Equal Opportunities Commission almost three years ago because the grammar schools provided more places for boys than girls.

Mr Jeffrey Rooker, Labour MP for Birmingham, Perry Barr, said he believed more places for girls should be created rather than diminish the number for boys, although he wants grammar schools to become co-educational. "The council has got a real dilemma. If the Equal Opportunities Commission finds discrimination, it should be rooted out, but snuffing out the grammar schools is not an option," Mr Rooker said.

Parents have pledged to pay £50 each to save jobs at Davenant Foundation School in Loughborough, Essex, teachers said yesterday. The school faces a £85,000 loss under a new funding scheme.

Drink-drive ban for wheelchair man

A MOTORWAY worker has been banned from driving for three years for a drink-driving offence in a 4mph battery-powered wheelchair.

Simon Lunney, aged 20, took the wheelchair from outside the home of a disabled woman after drinking more than 10 pints of beer. He is thought to be the first person in Britain to be prosecuted for driving a wheelchair while over the drink-driving limit.

Magistrates at Nuneaton, Warwickshire, deliberated for four hours yesterday before sentencing Lunney, of Hazel Road, Camp Hill, Nuneaton. Mr Philip Rowlands, for the defence, said: "This is one of the most unusual cases ever to come before this court or anywhere else in the country. I have never come across an incident like this in my career and I have been unable to find any precedents in law."

The case had rested on whether the battery-powered wheelchair was actually

a motor vehicle. Magistrates at an earlier hearing decided it was, and adjourned the case for sentence.

Police Sergeant Jeremy Bannister told the hearing on April 26 that he had found Lunney slumped over the wheel of the £2,400 invalid carriage. Lunney had drunk more than 10 pints on the night of the incident, last October.

Lunney, who did not give evidence at the original hearing, told police in a tape-recorded interview he thought it was a normal car. He had travelled less than 100 yards before crashing. A breath test showed he was more than three times over the limit.

Lunney, who had denied the drink-driving offence and causing criminal damage to the wheelchair, admitted taking it without consent. He was found guilty on all counts.

Mr Rowlands agreed that Lunney had a previous conviction for drink-driving and was in breach of a probation order.

He also had several previous convictions. The court banned Lunney from driving for three years, put him on probation for two years and ordered him to pay £605 compensation to the wheelchair owner, Mrs Dorothy Barlett, of Orchard Way, Camp Hill. He was also fined £100 for breach of a previous probation order.

Mr Rowlands said there would be no appeal against the sentence. Lunney declined to comment after the hearing.

Mr Rowlands was asked after the hearing what would happen should his client be registered disabled during his driving ban. He said: "As I see it, should Mr Lunney be involved in an accident which renders him disabled during the next three years, he will be quite entitled to drive one of the battery wheelchairs for which he has now been found guilty of a drink-drive offence. As a disabled person, he would fall into the exempt category and would be able to drive one of the same models."

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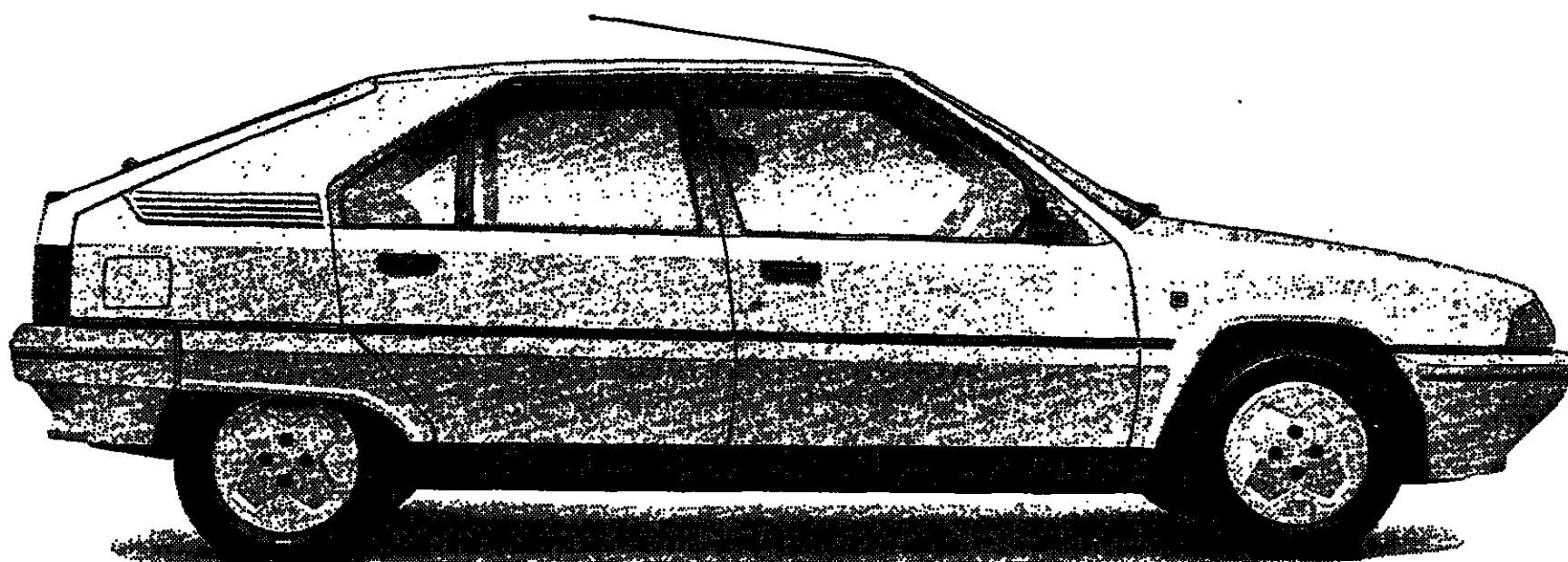
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Patten launches attack on Labour's global warming plans

From MICHAEL MCCARTHY
ENVIRONMENT CORRESPONDENT
LUXEMBOURG

LABOUR'S latest proposals for counter-acting global warming were condemned as "no more than back of the envelope calculations and slogans" by Mr Chris Patten, the Secretary of State for the Environment, yesterday.

Labour plans to stabilize British emissions of carbon dioxide (CO₂), the gas from coal-fired power stations and motor vehicles principally responsible for the greenhouse effect, by the year

2000 — five years ahead of the Government's target date. Mr Patten, however, said the scheme was ill thought out. "It has all the credibility of the Labour Party's proposals for a 'roof tax'." He scorned the idea that Labour might capture the green vote at the next election, even though its proposals are in line with calls from a number of European countries, and from many British environmentalists.

When, in the House of Commons, he had asked Mr Bryan Gould, the shadow environment spokesman, what Labour's target was based on and how he was

going to achieve it, "there was an even more deafening silence than when he was responding to questions about the roof tax," Mr Patten said.

When Labour politicians were asked about the effect switching from coal to gas-fired power stations would have on the coal industry "they look as if they are sucking an acid drop", he said. "I guess that is a question that Mr Scargill will be putting to them in due course."

Labour might cut CO₂ emissions because its economic policies "would end growth almost overnight", Mr Patten said. Its greenhouse plan was

"redolent of politics rather than scientific and economic analysis" and was addressing serious issues in a "frivolous and superficial way". He added: "Being concerned about the environment is about more than headlines."

Mr Patten has never attacked Labour so strongly before over a green issue. The move reflects the fact that with its more radical global warming policy, the Labour Party has for the first time become the environmental opposition — a role that has hitherto been played in Britain principally by environmental pressure groups such as Greenpeace. Mr

Patten was speaking in Luxembourg after a meeting with the European Environmental Commissioner, Signor Carlo Ripa di Meana, to explain the Government's 2005 target for CO₂ stabilization and why Britain felt unable to go along with calls to stabilize by the year 2000 from countries such as West Germany, The Netherlands, Denmark and France — with which Signor di Meana has been personally associated.

"The commissioner hoped that we might be able to bring the 2005 date forward," Mr Patten said. "I explained the amount of work and effort which had

gone into establishing 2005 as a serious target and said we would be happy to give him and his officials more information as we went along." The European Commission accepted, with Britain, that all countries needed above all to be signed up to specific measures to cope with global warming, Mr Patten said.

A serious split in the EC over the question of a community target date for stabilizing CO₂ emissions was averted in the early hours yesterday when environment ministers from the 12 member states, meeting in Luxembourg, shelved the question until October.

Ministry fee for charity air shows condemned

By HARVEY ELLIOTT, AIR CORRESPONDENT

ATTEMPTS to raise more than £20 million for former RAF personnel who suffered in the Battle of Britain were being hampered by "mean-minded" Ministry of Defence demands for payment for RAF involvement in fund-raising air shows, it was alleged yesterday.

To mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Britain, dozens of events are being held in the next few months to raise funds for the RAF Benevolent Fund, which last year paid £7.5 million to 13,000 disabled, injured or distressed former RAF personnel. Many RAF aircraft, including the Red Arrows, will be at the shows, with ground crew, security and support staff, and all have to be paid for under Treasury rules.

At the Battle of Britain Air Show at Boscombe Down, Dorset, today and tomorrow, organizers expect to have to pay about £50,000 to the Ministry of Defence. That would leave around £250,000 to be handed to the fund from admission charges from the 250,000 people expected to attend over the two days.

Mr Paul Bowen, the show's director, said: "We have more than 3,000 people who are working here free to help the

organization and many large companies are sponsoring the event, including BP, who are not charging for all the fuel which will be used by the 350 aircraft taking part. Even the French aerobatic team are not charging to appear. In fact, the only people who are charging are the Ministry of Defence."

The Red Arrows team will cost £3,095 for each of the two days it performs and a fly-past by the Battle of Britain Memorial Flight carries a total charge of £1,660 for the two days. The show's organizers will also get a bill for using the airfield, hiring the ground equipment and accommodation. "The total amount we will have to hand over will probably be about £50,000," Mr Bowen said.

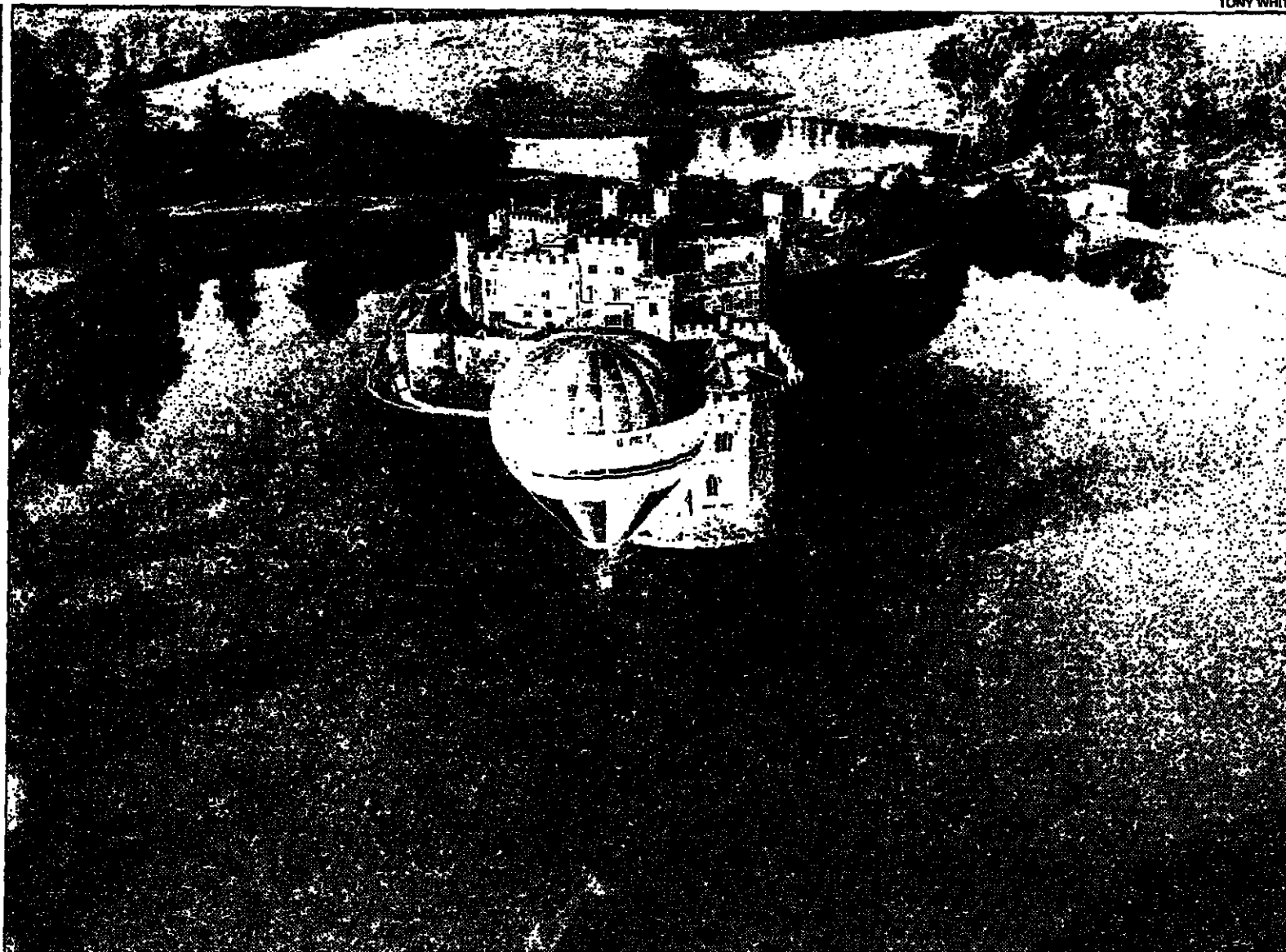
The charges were condemned by MPs yesterday. Mr William Walker, Conservative MP for Tyneside North and himself a squadron leader in the RAFVR, said: "I am very disturbed that the Treasury are getting in the way of one of the most important fund-raising matters we have ever attempted. All the income should go to the beneficiaries and not to the Treasury and I will be taking the matter up with ministers as a matter of urgency. I am all in favour of charging organizations which do not have a direct relationship with the RAF or are purely commercial, but this is a different matter."

Mr David Marshall, Labour MP for Glasgow, Shetland, described the ministry's policy as "mean-minded, petty and frankly disgraceful". He said: "Such events are good training for the RAF anyway, but what is far more important is that people who are giving their time freely to help men and women who fought for this country 50 years ago should now have to pay the Treasury part of the proceeds."

Wing Commander Mike Harwood-Grayson, who is co-ordinating all the forthcoming events within the ministry, said: "Many of these events are not RAF shows as such and we are therefore governed by Treasury rules which say we must recoup the costs incurred when an event is organized by private organizations, including charities. The taxpayer should not have to pay the costs involved of appearing for a particular charity."

Almost every weekend from now on will see events throughout the country aimed at raising cash for the Reach for the Sky Appeal being run by the fund. Charges will be levied by the Ministry of Defence at nearly all of them, although individual stations and serving personnel are giving up their spare time to run their own events.

The RAF is having four "At Home" days in September at Abingdon, St Athan, Finningley and Leuchars, when no charge will be made by the ministry. Nor will it demand payment for the appearance of 163 aircraft in London's biggest formation fly-past on September 15.



One of 25 hot-air balloons soaring over the 500 acres of Leeds Castle, in Kent, yesterday as the three-day Balloon and Bentley Fiesta began. The 25 Bentleys, belonging to members of the Bentley Drivers' Club, act as shuttles between the castle and balloon landing points

Dispute over Fife coal nears solution

By KERRY GILL

THE long-running and often bitter dispute between British Coal and Scottish Power over fuel supplies to the Longannet power station in Fife seemed close to a resolution last night. Both companies said they had almost completed negotiations to supply coal from the Longannet mine to the coal-fired power station.

The proposed contract is for five years. Scottish Power would buy a minimum of 2.5 million tonnes of coal a year in each of the first three years, and at least 2 million tonnes a year from then on.

The companies are now working to establish an agreement for the Cockenzie power station in the Lothians, with details of the contract currently being completed. Yesterday discussions were also being held between Scottish Power and Scotland's second electricity board, Scottish Hydro-Electric, about allocation of coal for that company's use.

Dr Ian Preston, chief executive of Scottish Power, said: "I am delighted we have been able to reach this position with British Coal. I am sure Scotland wants to see a continuing role for the Longannet mine complex and our coal-fired power stations coming back into operation without a legal threat hanging over them."

Mr Malcolm Edwards, commercial director of British Coal, said: "I have no doubt that the Longannet mine will rise to the occasion and, with its costs kept low and its quality kept right, it can face the future with confidence."

Scientists devise system to counter toxic algae

By RUTH GLEDHILL

SCIENTISTS at Anglian Water have devised a system that they believe will curb potentially toxic algae, traces of which have now been found in 52 reservoirs and lakes across the country.

Anglian Water is adding ferric sulphate, a solution of iron in sulphuric acid, to four reservoirs. Blue-green algae have already been detected in small amounts at Rutland Water, Leicestershire. Covenham reservoir in Lincolnshire and Grahams in Cambridgeshire. The fourth, Pitsford in Northamptonshire, is so far free of the problem.

The algae are of a different species to those that affected Rutland Water last year and as yet there is no pronounced

bloom or scum. The authority was at one point last year forced to close all its reservoirs to recreational users because of the unprecedented quantity of algae blooms, believed to have been caused by the hot summer.

The ferric sulphate programme, which acts to control the concentration of phosphate, an algal nutrient, has been timed to coincide with the period when the blue-green algae could be increasing to produce blooms.

Dr Peter Matthews, director of quality at Anglian Water, said: "We cannot guarantee that the blooms will not come back but we believe we are doing our best."

The treatment has been

approved by the Nature Conservancy Council and the Department of the Environment. The ferric sulphate solution reacts with soluble phosphate to produce insoluble ferric phosphate, thus depriving the algae of its food. It also forms an insoluble mass of ferric hydroxide which traps the ferric phosphate and sinks to the bottom of the reservoir. Scientists at Anglian Water believe the scheme is the first of its kind.

Illnesses including skin rashes, vomiting, diarrhoea and fever have been reported in some recreational users of water who swallowed, or were heavily exposed to, algal scum. Toxins from the algae can be fatal to animals.

MICHAEL POWELL



Water authority staff chat to fishermen on Pitsford Water during treatment work

BR unveils the £1.85 designer sandwich

By MICHAEL DYNES
TRANSPORT CORRESPONDENT

BRITISH Rail yesterday announced the end of the traditional "cardboard sandwich" and its replacement by a gourmet version designed by Sir Clement Freud.

The new poached salmon and corned beef and chutney sandwiches, which retail at £1.85 and £1.65 respectively, join a growing range of fillings, including cheese and pickle, roast chicken, tuna and cucumber, and roast beef.

With sales of eight million rounds a year, BR has become the nation's third largest sandwich retailer and is determined to lay to rest jokes about the "BR butty". At the unwrapping ceremony at St Pancras station, London, Sir Clement said InterCity had asked him to design the sandwiches to his own recipe after he had complained bitterly about a cheese and pickle sandwich he had eaten on a train.

Passengers trying the new delicacies were less enamoured about their cost, however. Mrs Beryl Ashforth, from Eastwood, Nottingham, said: "You could get three times of corned beef for the price of this sandwich."

Tube line works draw MPs' fire

By SHEILA GUNN, POLITICAL REPORTER

THE prospect of the Palace of Westminster becoming cut off from the outside world for more than four years by building work on the new Jubilee line has presented its occupants with a unique conundrum.

Unlike any other group of residents surrounded by a sea of construction debris, the House of Commons does not have the right to petition itself to oppose the London Underground Bill which will enable a massive new Underground interchange system and the new line to pass through Westminster.

To get around the problem, the Commons Services Committee, chaired by Sir Geoffrey Howe, Leader of the Commons, strongly condemned the plans yesterday. It privately hopes that MPs will use the case set out in the 100-page report as ammunition against the private Bill during the Commons debate.

Plans for an interchange between the existing Tube lines and the new Jubilee extension will blight for years MPs' hopes of new offices and facilities in redeveloped buildings surrounding the Westminster Underground station.

Convoy medals appeal

The broadcaster Ludovic Kennedy appealed yesterday to veterans of the wartime Arctic convoys, urging them to come forward to claim medals marking their courage.

During a visit to the Soviet Union last month, Mr Tom King, Secretary of State for Defence, persuaded his counterpart, Marshal Dmitri Yazov, to make the medals available. They were first struck in 1985, but there was little publicity and less than half of those eligible applied before the deadline set by the Russians in 1987.

Mr Kennedy, launching the appeal on HMS Belfast in London, estimated there were thousands of veterans who could apply and he urged them to write to the Medals Section, HMS Centurion, Grange Road, Gosport, Hampshire.

Bridge record

A world record for the largest number of players competing in a bridge tournament was likely to have been created last night. The Epsom World Simultaneous Pairs Tournament is expected to have attracted an entry of 100,000 players in some 70 countries.

IRA warning

A recruiting campaign aimed at young people in Dublin by subversive terrorist groups was under way, according to Father Martin Clarke, director of the Catholic Youth Council. They were exploiting high unemployment, he said.

Rape charge

Mr Steven Mertens, aged 36, who unsuccessfully stood as a Conservative candidate for Hackney council, east London, in last month's local elections, has been charged with the rape of a girl aged nine.

New spinal unit

Work on a £6 million spinal injuries unit at the Southern General Hospital in Glasgow was officially started with the cutting of the first turf by Mr Michael Forsyth, the Scottish Office health minister.

Wreckage found

Wreckage of a fishing vessel, The Kindly Light, which disappeared in the North Sea last September has been washed up at Southwold, Suffolk. The bodies of its two crew members have never been found.

Strike off

West Yorkshire textile workers called off a strike due to start on Monday after dyeing and finishing companies made improved pay offers worth about 9 per cent.

Mounted patrols

Mounted police are to be introduced in Worksop, Nottinghamshire, after concern over growing late-night violence.

Airlift by RAF will bring rare red kites back to Scotland

By KERRY GILL

FURTHER attempts to reintroduce one of Europe's rarest birds, the red kite, into Scotland will be made next week when 20 of the species are flown by RAF Nimrod from Denmark to Scotland.

The young birds have been collected from Sweden by officials of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (RSPB) and the Nature Conservancy Council. Over the next three years, 80 will be brought to Scotland from Sweden.

The airlift, approved by the Swedish Government, is the most important step in a programme to increase the red kite population in Britain. Six were taken from nests in Sweden last year as part of an experiment to see if they would survive in the Highlands.

Five have done so. Red kites are a threatened species and only a few thousand remain in the world. The birds, with a 5ft wing span, heavily forked tail and red, orange and pale brown plumage, were common in Britain several hundred years ago.

Trapping and poisoning reduced their population and they disappeared from England and Scotland about 100 years ago.

About 60 pairs remain in Wales, but they are isolated and vulnerable. Seven of the 64 Welsh nests were robbed of their eggs last year. Sweden offers a far better environment; it is estimated that 200 pairs survive there and the population is increasing. The birds are left alone by humans and are able to breed successfully.

Mr Chris Harbard, of the RSPB, said that the birds coming to Scotland would be a few weeks' old and unable to fly. They would be released to the wild after five weeks in quarantine at a secret location after being fitted with wing tags and radio transmitters.

"We are aiming to take the birds from nests where we can leave two other young behind," Mr Harbard said. "This could actually help the survival of the remaining young as it means the food found by the parents will go further."

"The area where the latest birds

are being released closely resembles their native habitat in Sweden and I look forward to their first breeding attempts in a few years time," Mr Harbard said.

Dr Mike Pienkowski, head of ornithology for the Nature Conservancy Council, said: "The small Welsh population is unlikely to spread to England and Scotland and this reintroduction scheme will help give this magnificent bird of prey a chance to expand its range in Britain. This will help ensure the world survival of this vulnerable species."

The young birds will be picked up by a Nimrod Maritime Patrol aircraft from RAF Kinloss while it is on a routine training flight to Denmark.

A rare white stork which almost starved to death in Guernsey after being blown off its migration course was returned safely to Cherbourg yesterday.

The storks migrate to breed on chimney stacks in central and northern Europe from winter quarters in Africa. The white stork was

first seen in the Channel Islands a month ago. It was blown from the French mainland on south-easterly winds and settled at times in Alderney, Guernsey, Herm and Sark. Missing flight feathers on the bird's left wing prevented it from making the 13-mile journey across to France.

The bird was flown there from Guernsey in a joint effort by the island's Animal Shelter, Aurigny Air Services, and the man who caught it, Mr Tim Earl, a keen birdwatcher and editor of *Islander Magazine* in Guernsey. The bird had been tended by the Guernsey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"The stork was terribly thin because it was unable to feed and people kept disturbing it," Mr Earl said. "However, after a few days in captivity it regained its strength. Slight injuries to its left wingtip and left leg were healing well."

After a 20-minute journey to Cherbourg in a box on board a scheduled Aurigny aircraft, the bird was set free and made a short flight across the airfield. While the stork

was in Guernsey hundreds of islanders enjoyed sightings of the rare bird as it followed ploughs or attempted to feed in the small marshes around the island. It was sometimes seen flying the short distances between the islands. It was decided to send it back to France after advice was sought from the British Trust for Ornithology.

Green belt land in Britain is under growing threat from government planners and urban developers, the director of the Ramblers' Association said yesterday (Tom Giles writes).

Mr Alan Mattingly said government assurances of safeguarding "priceless" open land in and around urban areas had been undermined by its past record on preserving the countryside. Despite their commitment to do so, ministers had failed to implement legislation to protect public access to privatized Forestry Commission land, to introduce new laws strengthening protection of national parks and to safeguard 1,500,000 acres of common land in England and Wales.

House of Commons Services Select Committee 3rd report: new parliamentary building (phase 2) and the Jubilee Line proposals (Stationery Office, £13.25)

Immigration heads agenda for Shamir's right-wing coalition

From OUR CORRESPONDENT IN JERUSALEM

MR YITZHAK Shamir, the Prime Minister of Israel, succeeded yesterday in forming a narrow-based, right-wing Government, the first such ruling coalition since 1984.

In a ceremony broadcast live by Israel's Army Radio, Mr Shamir and his right-wing Likud bloc signed a coalition agreement as well as policy guidelines for the new Government. There was still some disagreement over Cabinet posts and this was left out of the documents.

The coalition agreement was signed between Likud and half-a-dozen religious and nationalist factions which represent 62 of Parliament's 120 members.

The agreement came only hours before the expiration of Mr Shamir's mandate from President Herzog to form a government. Parliament is

now expected to be called into session to approve a new Cabinet, possibly as early as Monday.

At the signing ceremony Mr Shamir said: "The major effort of the Government will be made on the most important issue we are facing today - the absorption of the mass immigration of Jews from the Soviet Union."

He added: "Together with that we will deal with all the other issues, advancing the peace process, solving economic and social problems." The headline approach expected from the new Government was apparent in the policy guidelines that were adopted.

The guidelines emphasized "the right of Jews to settle in all parts of Greater Israel", suggesting that the Government would continue to settle

Soviet immigrants in the occupied West Bank despite strong international opposition. The new Government would also continue to oppose creation of an independent Palestinian state and would not negotiate with the Palestine Liberation Organization. But the guidelines called for talks with Palestinians from the occupied territories, a move consistently rejected by Arabs in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

Israel has been in political disarray since March 15, when the previous ruling coalition between Likud and the Labour Party collapsed in disagreement over how to proceed with the Middle East peace process.

Mr Shimon Peres, the Labour Party leader, initially was given the mandate to form a government, but failed when two Orthodox MPs deserted him at the eleventh hour. On April 27 Mr Shamir was empowered with the task.

The new Government is also expected to take a harsher position than its predecessor in trying to put down the 30-month Palestinian intifada uprising in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip.

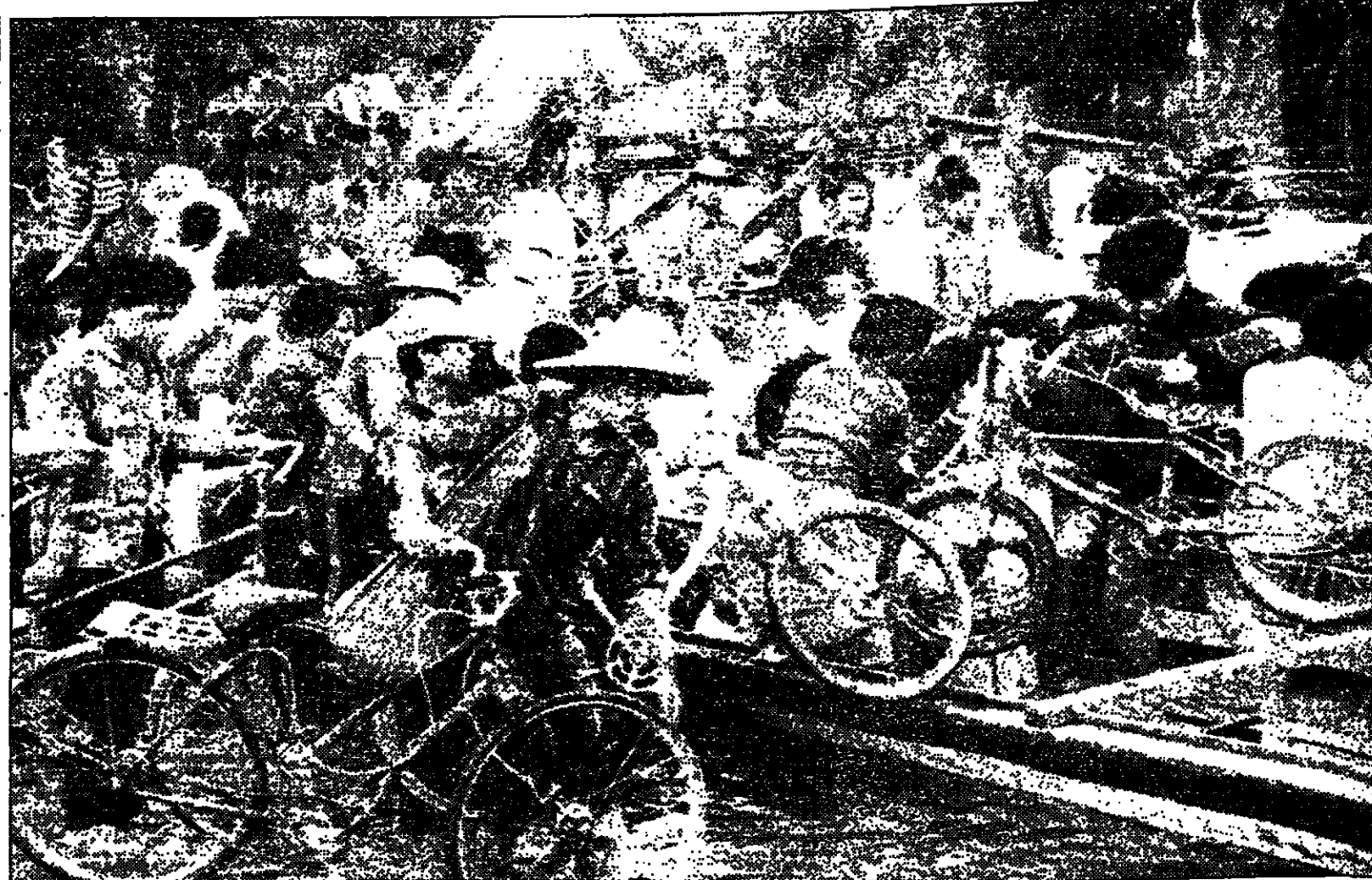
Mr Danny Dayan, Secretary-General of the right-wing Tehiya Party, told reporters this week that Mr Shamir had promised during negotiations to crack down on the uprising. Mr Shamir is also under pressure from religious parties to pass legislation against pork, to ban public transport on the Jewish Sabbath, and to provide more funds for religious education.

The newspaper *Jerusalem Post* pointed out in a front-page story yesterday that international concern over the settlement of Soviet Jewish immigrants in the occupied territories could heat up if Mr Shamir carries through with his promise to give Mr Ariel Sharon, the former Defence Minister who engineered the 1982 Lebanon war, responsibility for immigration.

But Mr Shamir's aides have said that Mr Sharon is to be appointed Housing Minister, and will head a special committee overseeing immigration. "The international furor over settling Soviet Jews in the West Bank will never go away if Ariel Sharon is given far-reaching authority over absorption in a narrow Likud-led Government," the *Post* quoted an unnamed Soviet activist as saying. Another key appointment is expected to see Mr David Levy getting the Foreign Ministry portfolio. He currently heads the Housing Ministry.

Defence is to go to the current Foreign Minister, Mr Moshe Arens. Mr Yitzhak Mordechai, who heads a faction within Likud, is to hold the Finance Ministry portfolio. Members of religious parties are expected to take control of the Interior, Economics, Religious Affairs and Education Ministries.

Mr Eric Goldstein, research director of the American-based human rights group Middle East Watch, noted: "As the Emir of Kuwait has discovered, overflowing supermarkets do not always prevent people from demanding political rights. After what has happened in Eastern Europe, and what is beginning to happen in some Arab countries, even Iraq no longer looks impervious to change."



Illegal Burmese immigrants boarding boats with their possessions after being forced to return to Burma by Thai security forces at Mae Sot, a town on the Moel river separating the two countries. In a big operation that began before dawn, Thai soldiers and

immigration officials repatriated more than 1,000 Burmese civilians on Thursday against their will (AP reports). A Burmese immigration official, Aung Naing, said normally those who leave Burma illegally face fines and up to six months in prison,

but these returnees would face no action. Large numbers of Burmese regularly cross into Thailand, complaining of lack of work and food. Others are political refugees who have fled military rule in the country in the past 20 months. Many ethnic tribes-

people conscripted by the Burmese Army have also fled. Some 20,000 ethnic refugees have lived for years in refugee camps in Thailand near the Burma border. In the past year this number has more than doubled, relief agencies report.

Arab polls signal mood of change

From CHRISTOPHER WALKER IN CAIRO

ELECTIONS in three Arab countries to be held over the next four days are a signal that a gentle breeze, if not yet a full wind of change, is beginning to blow from the newly-liberated nations of Eastern Europe to disturb political life in one of the world's most autocratic regions.

Tomorrow the all-male electorate in the desert sheikhdom of Kuwait goes to the polls to elect two-thirds of the deputies to a new National Assembly. In Tunisia, the opposition is to boycott a controversial municipal poll, and local elections to be fought in Algeria on June 12 will be the first multi-party contest permitted there since independence in 1962.

The polls are being viewed as evidence that the defiant despotism of the most forceful of the Arab world's current leaders, President Saddam Hussein of Iraq, is increasingly out of step with the mood in many of the 21 member states of the Arab League.

In addition to looking at individual results, Western governments will be watching the effect that such a concerted blast of democracy will have in a strategic region where emirs, kings and one-party dictators have held sway.

Already the vote-rigging which has long discredited Egyptian elections is under mounting internal criticism; in Syria, President Assad has promised a loosening of emergency laws; and questions are being asked about the failure of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia to live up to the promise he made on ascending the throne in 1982 to create a *majlis ashura*, a traditional forum for consultation.

Bolder commentators in

sections of the Arab press published abroad have referred disparagingly to the existence of a number of "Arab Ceausescus". Muslim fundamentalists, who stand to gain most from any expansion of pluralism, have been assiduously whipping up the pressures for change.

The gradual but inexorable growth in the demand for a belated introduction of *glasnost* and *perestroika* is, in the view of many diplomats, set to become the dominant theme in the Arab world over the next few years.

Much of the credit for the slow evolution from past totalitarian habits is traced to last November's election in Jordan, the first there for 22 years. Its conduct was widely regarded as free despite the absence of legalized parties, and it was followed by the establishment of one of the liveliest parliaments seen in the Middle East outside the Israeli Knesset.

The pro-democracy movement in Kuwait began to attract attention at the same time as the Jordanian poll. In a country of just two million people where shortages are unknown and education and medical care is free, it has since escalated to a degree that tear gas has had to be used to put down demonstrations.

Mr Eric Goldstein, research director of the American-based human rights group Middle East Watch, noted: "As the Emir of Kuwait has discovered, overflowing supermarkets do not always prevent people from demanding political rights. After what has happened in Eastern Europe, and what is beginning to happen in some Arab countries, even Iraq no longer looks impervious to change."



Susan is just like any other 10 year old...
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Paris MP calls for brothels to beat Aids

From PHILIP JACOBSON IN PARIS

AS PARIS struggles to cope with the worst Aids epidemic of any city in Europe, the senior official responsible for co-ordinating the campaign has recommended reviving the capital's *maisons closes*, or private brothels.

According to Mme Michèle Barzach, Minister of Health in the last conservative government, the "horrible" problems of the spread of Aids by prostitution must be tackled by strict sanitary controls.

"At the risk of shocking many people, this is the only way we can take effective measures," Mme Barzach told *Le Monde* as M Jacques Chirac, Mayor of Paris, announced a tripling of the city's budget to combat the epidemic. With Aids making greater inroads into the drug addict community, she noted, the rate of heterosexual infection is rising. The Paris brothels were outlawed in 1946.

About one third of all Aids cases diagnosed in France since the end of 1989 originated in Paris, where annual deaths from the disease now run into several hundreds. While the latest figures suggest that the spread of Aids within the homosexual community has slowed significantly, there has been an alarming increase of cases among addicts injecting themselves intravenously.

Mme Barzach, who is an MP, points out that the Bois de Boulogne, where many prostitutes ply their trade, "has become the Boulevard de Sida (Aids)".

The Health Minister, M Claude Evin, said yesterday he is "ready to examine anything that will allow us to limit the spread of Aids Sida... though re-opening brothels will not be the only approach".

But a leading Aids researcher, Professor Jean-Louis Vildé, insisted that most prostitutes now take precautions and re-opening brothels would not affect "occasional" prostitution in which the virus can be transmitted.

Peruvians shun parties' bitter election campaign

From CORINNE SCHMIDT IN LIMA

THE two candidates have optimistically promised "the great change" and "the real change" but after a campaign which has deepened Peru's religious, racial and economic divisions, the nine million Peruvians who will vote in tomorrow's presidential election seem mostly eager to be done with the whole business. Yet the results of tomorrow's election are likely to leave the country's future more uncertain than ever.

Unlike the 1985 election, which gave Señor Alan García and his American Popular Revolutionary Alliance (Apra) a majority in the Congress, tomorrow's vote is expected to end in something close to a tie. The latest polls give the conservative novelist Mario Vargas Llosa a statistically irrelevant lead over the centrist agronomist, Señor Alberto Fujimori.

The congressional make-up was decided in April 8's first round election, and no party holds a majority. In a country marked by bitter ideological conflicts, this campaign has been notable for its enormous acrimony and relative lack of ideological content.

Both Señor Fujimori and Señor Vargas Llosa are political independents, and although Señor Vargas Llosa's economic proposals are more market-oriented, an alliance between his Democratic Front coalition and Señor Fujimori's "Change 90" movement may be possible.

But the campaign's nastiness may hinder a post-election coalition. As the humorous columnist, Rafo León, wrote: "Idi Amin is well-mannered in contrast with what we saw."

"I will not vote for either of them" has become a refrain among Peruvians repelled by Señor Vargas Llosa's image as a wealthy proponent of economic austerity and distressed by Señor Fujimori's lack of a clear programme, and his

links to the discredited government party.

In a poll conducted four days before the election, the polling company Datum found that more than 15 per cent of those interviewed said they were either undecided or that they would vote blank.

For Peruvians, one of the most disturbing aspects of the campaign has been its religious content. Señor Fujimori is supported by prominent Protestant Evangelicals, prompting the conservative Roman Catholic Archbishop Augusto Vargas Alzamora of Lima to urge Peruvians to vote against him.

But the archbishop's overt move into the political realm divided his own Church. The progressive Bishop of Puno, receiving a telephone offer of a truckload of anti-Fujimori leaflets, hung up in disgust on his caller. "The conservatives are ready to canonize Vargas Llosa and bring back the Inquisition," he declared.

Setback for the rebels in Liberia

REBELS trying to topple President Doe of Liberia suffered their first setback yesterday when the Government said that its troops had regained the Firestone rubber plantation, captured earlier this week, from which the country's only international airport at Robertsfield is effectively controlled (Libby Jukes writes).

Rebel sources said that the forces of the National Patriotic Front of Liberia occupying the plantation, 35 miles from Monrovia, the capital, withdrew at the approach of the Government's First Infantry Battalion backed by heavy artillery.

US Embassy officials in Monrovia said they were disappointed that only 150 US nationals had signed up for the 300 seats on two chartered planes due to fly from Monrovia's Spriggs Payne airfield for Abidjan in Ivory Coast tomorrow.

Teachers defy Mugabe threat

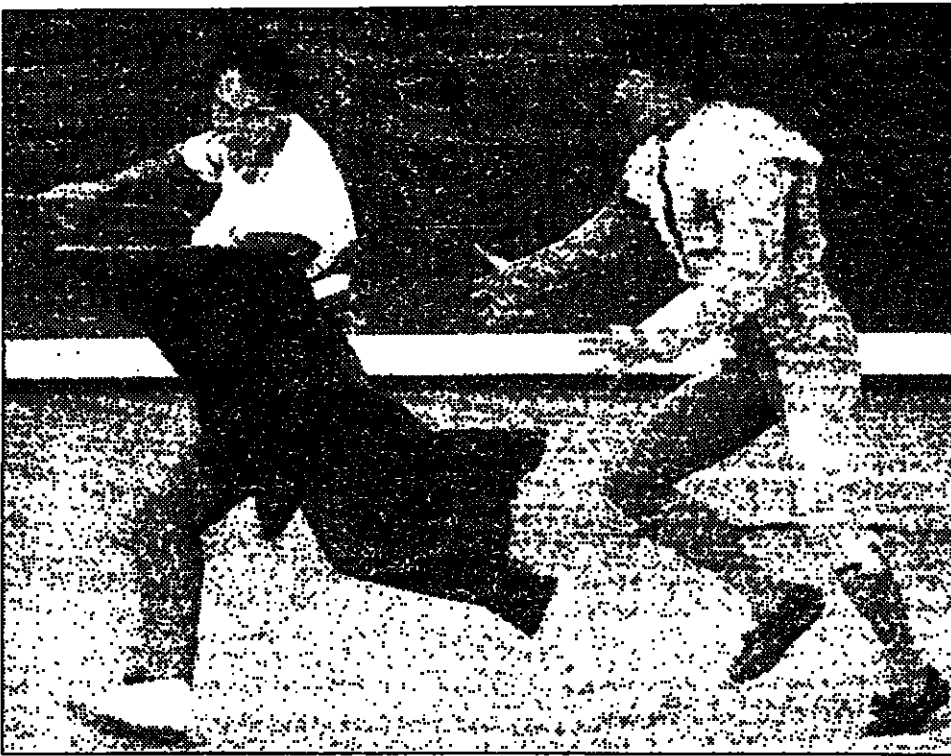
Harare - About 2,000 teachers, striking for a 33 per cent pay rise, demonstrated near here yesterday in defiance of an earlier threat by President Mugabe that additional "stern action" would be taken if they failed to return to work (Jan Raath writes).

The teachers, mainly women, gathered early yesterday in the crowded Highfield township in their first show of strength since Wednesday, when they were driven out of central Harare by heavily armed riot police. Police again put them to flight yesterday.

Militants shoot minister's uncle

Srinagar - Militants fighting Delhi's rule in Kashmir have shot dead the uncle of Mufi Mohammad Sayeed, the Indian Home Affairs Minister, in their second attack on members of the minister's family.

Police said yesterday that six militants forced their way into the home of Mr Ghulam Hassan Shah, aged 70, on Thursday night and killed him. (Reuters)



Horns of a dilemma: A member of the matador's team giving chase after a spectator jumped into the Las Ventas bullring in Madrid to fight the bull himself. King Juan Carlos of Spain and President Pérez of Venezuela were among the audience

PARLIAMENT

June 8 1990

Inflation 'could have been avoided'

INFLATION affecting the United Kingdom now, and in prospect, could have been avoided, a former Treasury minister told the Commons.

Mr Ian Goss (Eastbourne, C), who was Minister of State, Treasury in 1985, and before that, Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mrs Thatcher, had called for renewed acknowledgement by the Treasury that excessive monetary growth was the cause of inflation.

Mr Peter Lilley, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, agreed that monetary policy had been unnecessarily relaxed after the 1987 stock market slump, and said that the Government would not blame others for that. He added that the Government was taking the necessary hard and difficult measures to reduce inflation.

He accepted that the Government was responsible for maintaining a stable currency and confirmed that ministers would not be satisfied until they had again achieved that.

"There is no point in trying to blame the problems on others, and we do not do so."

The electorate would acknowledge that the Conservatives had been prepared to admit that, following the 1987 stock market

slump, monetary policy was relaxed unnecessarily, but they had been egged on by Labour at the time to do even more.

"We do not blame anyone else. We recognize that that has to be undone and that a painful period of high interest rates is therefore necessary. There is no shirking that."

Opening the debate, Mr Ian McCartney (Makerfield, Lab) accused the Government of increasing the burden of direct and indirect taxation and claimed that for most households, income tax cuts had been cancelled out by the growing burden of less fair taxes like the poll tax and VAT. National insurance contributions had been used cynically as an additional tax while benefits had been cut or abolished.

The Conservatives talked only about income tax, conveniently forgetting to mention all the other taxes which had risen during the Tory years of government. Even in focusing on income tax, they never pointed out that some people had gained far more than others.

The super-rich were being given huge pay rises and unfair tax concessions.

The British people have been misled by the Tory tax cuts fantasy. They realize that, over the last 10 years, the vast majority of them have been paying additional tax to feather the most rich and powerful in society."

Mr Steven Norris (Epping Forest, C) said that the position had been reversed from the days when companies had to devote much of their financial resources to tax planning.

"Companies are devoting their time and financial resources to making their businesses more efficient and more entrepreneurial. Tax planning fortunately needs much less time because rates are perceived as bearable and reasonable."

Mr Goss said that Labour had not been responsible for inflation of 26.9 per cent in the 1970s although it had been in office then.

Responsibility for that figure lay with Mr Edward Heath and the then Mr Anthony Barber, his Chancellor, who had been in office somewhere between two years to 18 months preceding that figure.

The cause was an increase in the rate of growth of the supply of money at a rate far greater than the increase in the supply of goods and services.

The present inflation rate of 9 per cent, possibly rising, was due to direct and inevitable consequences of the fact that, somewhere between 18 months and two years ago, the rate of growth of the supply of money was much greater than the rate of growth of the supply of goods and services.

He called on Mr Lilley to repeat that the Government remained committed to achieving stable prices.

Inflation was the most unfair tax of all, a major source of envy, jealousy and malice, an unauthorized robber of those who saved, a major disincentive to investment, noticeably in vestment from overseas, and the principal parent of unemployment.

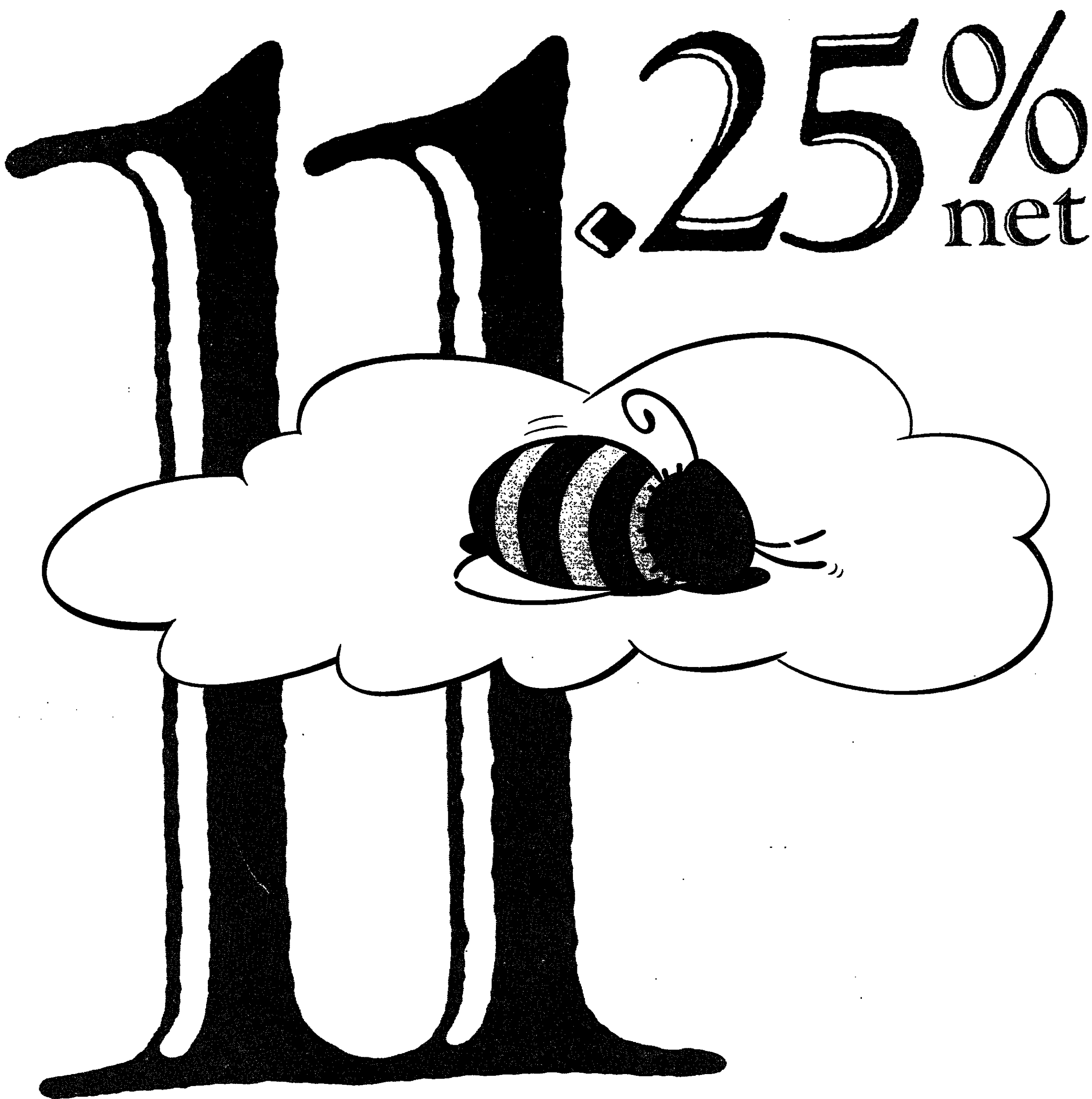
"If we are talking about unfairness, let us have from Mr Lilley his own reaffirmation of a commitment to end the unfairness of inflation."

Mr Stuart Bell (Middlesbrough, C) said that the concept was clear in the public mind: they did not want increased taxation. They might say in an opinion poll that they wanted to pay more for better services, but the reality was not that.

Sir Trevor Skeet (North Bedfordshire, C) said that in future years the Labour Party would throw aside the idea of a roof tax and go over to the present local government tax

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Protests as the pubs shut their doors for Czech election day

From ANNE McELVOY and RICHARD BASSETT in PRAGUE

THE Friends of Beer party has already registered its protest at the "undemocratic" decision to close the pubs on election day. So have the legions of Prague workers — in mutterings and hand-on-the-forehead gestures of disbelief — who were dismayed to discover that as polling began yesterday, the pubs closed to make sure that no one was distracted from their democratic duty.

Voting began slowly in the centre of the city with the crowds more concerned with their weekend shopping and queuing for advance tickets for the most popular film in town: *Emmanuelle*, informatively subtitled "sex film" for the uninformed.

In the last public statement before polling the prominent Civic Forum candidate and deputy finance minister, Mr. Václav Havel, complained that it had "degenerated into animosity and hysteria".

He warned that the new enemy of democracy in Czechoslovakia was not "the old mafia" but the continuing smear campaigns against politicians accused of having collaborated with the secret police, and called on the main parties to put their bitterness behind them and prepare to form a coalition.

Campaigning was stopped two days ago but the most effective anti-communist statement, the historical exhibition on the columns and shop windows of the main street, Na Tržkově, was still drawing crowds anxious for a last glimpse of the old mafia they are leaving behind.

The voters are clearly heading to the polls fired by the opportunity to avenge the past. "Today is about putting the lid on the coffin of these people," said Mrs. Jana Časlavá, an assistant in one of the shops which has offered up its window space for the exhibition.

On the parapet above, the cardboard head of Mr. Václav Blahůl, the man suspected of inviting the Soviet troops to invade Czechoslovakia and

arrested for questioning this week, has been decapitated. Special snugglers were reserved for the picture of the former leader, Mr. Gustav Husák who, it is recorded, announced 10 years ago with unsuspecting prescience that "the eighties are not going to be easy".

The deposed Mr. Husák was voting in Bratislava, although unwilling to supply details of the time and place he intended to cast his own free vote.

President Havel, by contrast, had difficulty even reaching the ballot box through the throng in the Prague school where he cast his vote, his only competitor in the popularity stakes in the city this weekend being the American singer, Paul Simon, who is acting as an observer when he can escape the pursuing autograph-hunters.

In the Communist Party headquarters the mood was glum, despite the hasty change of hammer and sickle for the vacuum new logo of a bunch of cherries. Most of their posters have in any case been scrawled over with the message "Do not eat". Even the leader of the socialist party, Mr. Jiří Vyššítek, cast his vote telling the reporters that he had "modest hopes".

Exiled Czechs from Germany, Austria and across the Atlantic have been returning to exercise their right to vote. With no voting being allowed in embassies abroad, they have to turn up in person in the country of their birth.

In Bratislava, the expected Canadian turnout is more than a hundred, while Czechoslovakians living in southern, East and West Germany simply popped across the open borders to the nearest polling stations to cast their votes.

Two hundred international observers kept a low profile impressed by what one American senator called "the high political awareness" of the Czechs. In Prague where a score of central polling stations opened at 1 pm, by 3 pm, more than half of those

on the electoral rolls had voted in a quiet business-like way. Here, there were none of the queues or confusing ballot papers of Romania or uncontrolled emotions of East Germany. Instead, as if free elections had been part of their everyday existence under the communists, Czechs took part in the democratic process with sang froid.

Undeterred by thunderstorms and pouring rain, most of the Czechs in Prague's first district took an hour off work to vote early. Hotels and shops were deserted by 2 pm. Most of those encountered leaving the polling stations said they had voted for the Civic Forum which seized power after the revolution last November.

In Prague's poorer fifth district of Smíchov, a run-down area dominated by grim brick buildings erected in the last century inhabited largely by gypsies, the majority of voters said they supported the communists.

"Under the communists we were badly treated but at least we were not attacked in the streets," said one gypsy woman going to the polling station referring to the recent spate of assaults by punks and skinheads on gypsies near Wenceslas Square.

In Slovakia, initial reports suggested voting was proceeding in an equally orderly fashion. From outlying districts near the Soviet frontier, there are reports of confusion in the voting procedure but by late afternoon yesterday there had not been any criticism of the procedure from any of the 23 parties taking part.

Under the new Czechoslovak electoral law, parties will have to win at least 5 per cent of the vote to qualify for seats in parliament. Though the Christian Democratic Union is expected to do well in Slovakia, despite last minute attempts by the Civic Forum to discredit them, no one doubts that Civic Forum will be reconfirmed as the government.

lots for returning emigrants, who need only show their passport.

An exit poll of 50 voters showed Civic Forum far ahead. But here, as in other provincial towns, voters complained that candidates had not made themselves known. "You get a big stack of papers with all these names. It's like the old days because you still don't know who the candidates are," said Mrs. Eva Kubová, a shop assistant in the town's one sweet shop. "If any party was serious, instead of putting up all those expensive posters, they'd use the money to open a hospital and then I'd vote."

● PILSEN: The elections succeeded in achieving what Allied bombs failed to do in the Second World War — stopping the flow of the beer that made this city world famous. In order to satisfy their thirst for democracy, the Government decreed that during polling hours bars throughout the country could serve only weak beer. Some bars and restaurants closed. Others brought in bottles of weak beer for those unable to wait for the end of polling. (Reuters)

Indian ban

Calcutta — The Indian state of West Bengal has ordered a blanket ban on foreign devotees of the Hindu Ananda Marga sect visiting the state, in what appears to be a row between the ruling left-wingers and the sect. (AFP)



A supporter of the Union of Democratic Forces, an amalgam of 16 groupings and the main opposition party in Sunday's elections, giving the victory sign beside his car festooned with party emblems in Sofia yesterday

Turkish minority still reject the communists in their new guise

From TIM JUDAH in PANICHKOVO, SOUTHERN BULGARIA

TAKE a winding road into the Rhodope mountains, and soon the air becomes noticeably cooler. Women dressed traditionally in baggy trousers kick onwards their heavily laden donkeys and give barely a passing glance at the sign that greets visitors to the Turkish village of Panichkovo: "Let us complete the five-year plan in four years!"

The men of Panichkovo are not taking this exhortation seriously either. A large group of them is relaxing under a broad-leaved tree, watching the world go by. Proudly they confirm that all 1,000 people of their village are Turkish. They say that in last year's great exodus of Turks fleeing Bulgarian persecution only 20 families left from here and 15 have returned. "We have no problems with our Bulgarian neighbours around here," they said.

The men are happy to talk to a stranger. They say they are pleased that democracy has come to Bulgaria, but they also say that it has not changed "that much", that they would feel at ease giving their names. Like the rest of the one million strong Turkish Bulgarian community, these men had their names changed in the "assimilation" campaign that began in 1984. In some villages there was violence as the authorities handed out new identity cards with new Bulgarian names on them, but the men say that in Panichkovo things were pretty quiet. Only a few police beatings.

But people are still angry. They say: "Since the fall of Zhivkov (Mr. Todor Zhivkov, who ruled for 35 years) last November, we have had the right to change our names back — but it is expensive and time-consuming. You have to go through the courts. Why can't we just get new identity cards in the same way we were given them in 1984?"

For these men, this is an election issue. They say that

the opposition United Democratic Forces have not sent anyone to see them, and they are certainly not going to vote for the "communists" as they still call the ruling party, now renamed the Bulgarian Socialist Party.

"We have had experience of them," they say. Neither of the two major political forces in the country has offered the Turks much — because they are afraid of losing support from the bulk of the Bulgarian electorate.

As a consequence, there is only one election campaign poster in Panichkovo. It is for the Movement of Rights Freedom led by Mr. Ahmed Dogan. It is covered in pictures: there is a mosque, a television set, a radio, a newspaper, and a book which says "alphabet" in Latin. At the bottom it says, all in Bulgarian with its Cyrillic characters: "Vote for your children's future."

The central messages of Mr. Dogan's party are not transmitted in pictograms because the Turks are illiterate — they are not. The pictures which represent the fun-

damental demands of Turkish schools, Turkish language programmes and other rights, are spelled out in this way because of the shaky legal ground that the movement rests on.

The Bulgarian Constitution says that no party or movement can be set up on an "ethnic" basis — so the movement must be careful to keep within the bounds of the law. It cannot openly demand Turkish schools, for example, and because the official language of Bulgaria is Bulgarian, Mr. Dogan is barred by law from speaking in Turkish to his followers at public meetings.

The men of Panichkovo know the boundary and, still unsure of their visitor, they say: "The movement is not only Turkish. It has Bulgarians, Jews and Armenians in it too."

But whether other numerically insignificant minorities vote for it or not, it will be the Turkish and to a lesser extent the Pomak or Bulgarian Muslim vote that counts — and Panichkovo is solidly behind

Mr. Dogan. A drink is offered before leaving. Wine or beer? This village obviously doesn't take Islam's strictures on alcohol too seriously. "Except on Friday," the men say. But they add: "Ever since they tried to restrict and control us, young people have been going to the mosque. Nowadays, as there is no fear about religion, it is always full."

It is words like this which fill ordinary Bulgarians with dread. For many of them the Turkish minority conjures up images of Islamic fundamentalism and nightmares of Turkish invasions. But as the men of Panichkovo show, all they want is to be left alone and have their rights respected. If Mr. Dogan's movement is to be successful, it will have to chart a careful course: sticking up for its electorate while calming Bulgarian fears to prevent any backlash.

● SOFIA: The opposition wound up its election campaign yesterday, confident after a huge rally that it will beat the former communists in tomorrow's elections. (Reuters)

Reformed party poised for win in Bulgaria

From A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN SOFIA

IN AN absolutely unique situation for Eastern Europe, the Bulgarian Communist Party appears to have done the impossible — transformed itself and survived. It may well emerge as the biggest party in Parliament in tomorrow's first round of general elections, though not necessarily with the power to form the next government.

Almost until the end of last year Bulgaria was regarded as Moscow's most faithful ally in Europe and one of the most orthodox communist states. But last November 10 senior party officials, including today's outgoing Prime Minister, Mr. Andrei Lukanov, and President Mladenov ousted the ruler of 35 years, Mr. Todor Zhivkov, and set the country on the path of reform.

The Communist Party has since changed its name to the Bulgarian Socialist Party and claims to be a "Marxist party of democratic socialism" which is committed to political pluralism and a cautious move to a market economy. The party leader is Mr. Alexander Lilov, who until seven years ago was the chief ideologist of the Communist Party.

There is an air of statesman-like experience and authority about the reformed party's leaders, unlike the ramshackle image of the opposition leaders. And the party has profited from the fact that Bulgaria has traditionally been close to the Soviet Union, so the new "democratic socialism" is not seen as a Russian "imposition".

The main opposition is the United Democratic Forces, a heterogeneous group of 16 parties and movements ranging from Social Democrats to Christian activists and the Ecoglasnost. The latter is the popular environmentalist movement which was important in focusing anti-communist sentiment towards the end of the Zhivkov era.

It advocates a "shock therapy" treatment to put the country on the path to a market economy.

A third political group is the Bulgarian Agrarian Party, which for more than 40 years had been a subservient ally of the Communist Party and was kept "alive" only to preserve a fiction of a multi-party parliament. The group has now made a bid for freedom and says its objective is the "revival of the Bulgarian village".

The dark horse in the election is the Movement for Rights Freedom, whose support is drawn from the Turkish and Muslim minorities who make up more than 10 per cent of the population.

Villagers vote with joy and foreboding

From PETER GREEN IN CERNOŠOVKA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

STANDING outside the Slanka restaurant in this small summer resort 12 miles from Prague, Mrs. Kvetuse Kubickova had no doubts. "It's a beautiful feeling," she said, "I can vote for whoever I want to again."

Miss Monika Soukupova, aged 21, a chemistry student, agreed as she walked to the polling booth. "I'm very happy it is a free election; the first time in my life I vote," she said. "I am going to vote Civic Forum because I am a student and it's our revolution."

Yesterday and today, for the first time in 44 years, Miss Soukupova, Mrs. Kubickova, and nearly 10 million other Czechoslovakians are voting freely to elect their Parliament. For many in this small village, once an elegant vacation spot for Prague's upper crust, the elections are as much a referendum on last November's velvet revolution as they are a chance to put right the damage done to their town by 41 years of Communist rule.

"Cernoshovka is going down

the drain, but I am voting for Civic Forum because I hope we can rebuild this town to what it once was," Mrs. Kvetuse Kubickova said, as she served ice cream to village children.

The once elegant holiday villas which dot the hillsides and river banks have been subdivided into minuscule apartments, the *fin de siècle* facades are crumbling, the streets are pot-holed, and the shops are drab. As the polls opened at 2 pm, pensioners and housewives were the first to stand in line outside the two restaurants which service the town's polling stations.

"We are afraid of the economic changes, but still we are very glad for the revolution," said Mr. Frantisek Cvrk, a pensioner aged 71, as he waited to vote with his wife, Božena. During the voting bars and taverns are prohibited from selling anything stronger than lager. A pair of lorry drivers sat grimly sipping coffee in Cernoshovka's only bar.

"It's certain that we will lose some money, but that's a small price to pay for democracy," said Mr. David Vondracek, barman at the Hotel Kazim.

Not only local residents came to vote. "I think it's wonderful. That's why I'm here," said Miss Ketya Kohoutova, who has lived in the United States for the past three years. Authorities are expecting a 100,000 people like Miss Kohoutova to return home to vote and every polling station has extra bal-

lots for returning emigrants, who need only show their passport.

An exit poll of 50 voters showed Civic Forum far ahead. But here, as in other provincial towns, voters complained that candidates had not made themselves known. "You get a big stack of papers with all these names. It's like the old days because you still don't know who the candidates are," said Mrs. Eva Kubová, a shop assistant in the town's one sweet shop. "If any party was serious, instead of putting up all those expensive posters, they'd use the money to open a hospital and then I'd vote."

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PRAGUE NOTEBOOK by Richard Bassett

The sound of music invades the Czechs' Venice

Prague appears to be busily engaged in trying to establish itself as one of the musical capitals of Europe. These days it is hardly possible to walk in Wenceslas Square without coming across buskers who sound ripe for the concert hall making music around the recently erected statue of Thomas Masaryk, founder of modern Czechoslovakia.

Civic Forum has cleverly exploited this reservoir of musicians by enrolling the Prague Saxophone Quartet to aid its election campaign, while the Christian Democrats prefer the more intimate charm of chamber music. In the star-shaped Stern Palace, three musicians, none older than 17, yesterday performed for them works for oboe, violin and piano. "Incredible," sighed the director of the Berlin Music Academy.

Most impressive of all is the Army's contribution to this musical Renaissance. Since the November revolution, the dishevelled spirit of the Good Soldier Schwejk hovers over the Army, whose drill and appearance have "gone to pieces," said a military attaché here. But each

Wednesday on the old town square, attired in vivid scarlet, the military bands, once the pride of the old Austrian Army, strike up suitably enough the "Radetsky March". Seemingly indifferent to the historical associations of various imperial marches, the band plays with a precision and panache which even the Royal Marines might envy.

That Prague should these days resound to Austrian military marches is only to be expected. It is now commonly said in Austrian diplomatic circles both here and in Vienna that President Havel is in fact an old Austrian, descended from no less a family than the Thun-Hohensteins, who for centuries ruled large stretches of Bohemia. The Austrians say that this story, current for some time in Viennese salons, may explain Mr. Havel's puzzling choice of Prince Karl von Schwarzenberg, scion of an old Austrian family and therefore a suitable kinsman of the President, as one of his top advisers.

Recently, in a ceremony here of suitable medieval austerity, Prince Schwarzenberg publicly renounced



Mr. Havel voting yesterday: Austrian tendencies?

his Bohemian estates, which even before the Second World War compared favourably in extent with an Irish county. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, which apart from the aristocracy owned the most land in the country before the outbreak of war, is under-

standably anxious that convents and monasteries, for so long occupied by Communists who outlawed religious orders, should be returned to devotional use.

In Prague's leafy suburb of Brevnov, the architect Dienzenhofer's splendid Baroque monastery has for 40 years been one of the more picturesque headquarters of the Prague secret police. The church, which is one of its greatest achievements, has been open to the public for a considerable time but, although I have caught a glimpse of a Franciscan in Strahov and have heard that the Dominicans will shortly be reclaiming their refectory from the Czech Philharmonic Choir, there is as yet no sign of a friar at Brevnov, and the magnificent frescoes of its cloisters remain off-limits.

When the friars do return they would be well advised to preserve their church's pale yellow facade and to resist the activities of Prague's art historians, whose baleful influence has in recent years seen an outbreak of flossy pinks, reds and blues on fronts which were never these shiny colours. Six months

after the revolution, despite common agreement that Bohemia and Moravia, and indeed Slovakia, possess an unrivalled collection of architectural monuments, the Civic Forum has failed to appoint a monuments committee which can catalogue, list — and, above all, defend — an architectural heritage which is surely bound to come under an increasing threat as the aggressive values of the marketplace gradually permeate the country.

In the authority vacuum which now prevails, many buildings are already being painted grotesque colours, the chief culprits being the French and Japanese embassies.

Not, however, the British, whose palais, by an extremely happy coincidence formerly the property of the Thun-Hohensteins, is being given a thoroughly professional and carefully researched face-lift.

We hear a lot these days about Venice, but Prague, as the only Central European city to escape damage in the Second World War, is also special — a city which, like Venice, is the responsibility of all Europe.

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MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

Soviet deal for nuclear free Germany to join Nato

From Ian Murray in Bonn

IN RETURN for an agreement that all nuclear weapons will be removed from German soil, the Soviet Union is ready to accept that a united Germany can be a full member of Nato, diplomatic sources said.

The offered *quid pro quo* would exploit the existing argument within the Alliance about the future of its nuclear deterrent. Mrs Thatcher firmly told the spring meeting of the Nato foreign ministers in Turnberry on Thursday that the deployment of nuclear weapons in Germany was vital to the defence of Europe. Herr Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the West German Foreign Minister, on the other hand, has repeatedly warned that "a new nuclear build-up would be dangerous for German and European unity".

There is already practical agreement that no nuclear weapons or Nato troops can be based on what is presently East German territory. Herr Markus Meckel, the East German Foreign Minister, who will chair the next "two plus four" meeting on reunification on June 22, has now suggested that his country, with Czechoslovakia and Hungary, could become a demilitarized, neutral zone.

He is likely to press this idea at the meeting, when the military and political aspects of reunification are meant to be discussed. The Soviet Union has for a long time wanted to see West Germany denuclearized, and down the years has successfully played on fears here that all of Germany would become the super-power's atomic battlefield in the event of a nuclear war. Herr Genscher, from the tiny Free Democrats, knows that his party would have widespread support if he tried to stop the Alliance basing in West Germany a new generation of airborne nuclear missiles favoured by President Bush and Mrs Thatcher.

Herr Helmut Kohl, the Christian Democrat West German Chancellor, has so far not asked for nuclear weapons to be withdrawn, although one

of his closest advisers has said that the Chancellor wants to see the number held by Nato reduced to a minimum so that they can be removed from Germany.

Herr Karsten Voigt, the foreign affairs spokesman of the opposition Social Democrats, has already said that all nuclear weapons should be removed from German soil if the united country is to be part of Nato. Even then he regards this as only a transitional stage until a new pan-European security structure evolves.

The debate is just getting under way within the Alliance, with planners trying to decide how to defend Europe with a smaller army and a different kind of nuclear deterrent, which is still seen by Nato commanders as essential, for a number of reasons.

One important reason is to make sure that America stays closely involved in Europe by stationing a considerable force on the continent. West Germany believes the present 250,000 American troops here could eventually be reduced to just 40,000, which would still be enough to ensure US involvement in any future conflict. There is real concern, however, that, without a "nuclear umbrella" to protect its garrison, Washington would cut its presence to a mere token force.

Another reason is the fear that instability in East Europe or the Soviet Union could end with the Soviet nuclear weapons there being captured by an untrustworthy regime.

British and American thinking is that it is safe to leave present East German territory as a denuclearized area, but that it would be quite wrong to make a special case of West Germany and not use it as a forward base for whatever kind of atomic weapon is deployed in future.

Herr Genscher hopes that the pace of change in the East will eventually make the argument superfluous. He believes that the need for nuclear weapons will just simply fade away.

Secret cargo on launched US Titan

Cape Canaveral - The US Air Force yesterday launched its second unmanned Titan 4 rocket, believed by civilian experts to be carrying a satellite to spy on Soviet military communications.

The Air Force, which tried to keep the launch preparations of the \$150 million rocket secret, refused to reveal the nature of its cargo. (Reuters)

Terror given up

Bonn - Frau Susanne Albrecht, aged 39, arrested in East Germany in connection with a 1977 murder in West Germany, probably renounced terrorism in the late 1970s. "Our information says Albrecht has nothing more to do with the terrorist scene," a West German spokesman said. (Reuters)

Punjab leader

Delhi - The coalition Government of Mr Vishwanath Pratap Singh, the Prime Minister, has appointed Mr Virendra Varma, a member of the upper house in Parliament, to be the governor of the troubled Punjab. (AFP)

Jungle warfare

Huancayo, Peru - A battle between at least 1,000 members of the Ashaninkas and 200 members of the Campos jungle tribes armed with arrows, spears, machetes and poison darts left at least 48 dead. (AP)

Yacht released

Havana - Authorities in Cuba have released the Bellesbat Queen, the British-registered yacht detained for allegedly entering the country's territorial waters illegally. (Reuters)

Mayor heckled

Hong Kong - Mr Zhu Rongji, the Mayor of Shanghai, was heckled by about 20 students shouting "China has buried the truth" when he arrived here to promote investment in China. (Reuters)

Greek oil spill

Napoli, Greece - An oil slick 12 miles long and 40 yards wide, spilled by an unknown vessel, is threatening holiday beaches near here, the coastguard said. (Reuters)

Bomb kills child

Bogota - A bomb aimed at a Colombian police patrol killed a child and injured at least three people near the cocaine centre of Medellin. (Reuters)



Question time: President Bush keeps his chin up as he ponders an answer to a question from a student at a Chicago school while more hands are raised to gain his attention. Mr Bush read part of a book to the children and told them: "If you want to be a President, learn to read."

Moscow fails to contain violence

From Richard Owen in Moscow

AS THE number of dead in the week-long ethnic conflict between Kirghiz and Uzbeks reached 78 yesterday, the President of Uzbekistan declared a state of emergency in the Andizhan region, saying that the violence was spilling over into his republic from neighbouring Kirghizia.

In the main square at Frunze, capital of Kirghizia, thousands of people gathered yesterday to mourn the victims of the fighting. The clashes erupted on Monday night as Kirghiz and Uzbeks fought pitched battles for possession of land on the outskirts of the town of Osh.

Yesterday Mr Islam Karimov, the Uzbek President, said there was a real danger of the events in the Osh region "degenerating into a conflict between the two republics". He appealed to President Gorbachev to send more troops to restore order, as well as an investigating commission.

Foreign journalists were yesterday informed by the Foreign Ministry that Kirghizia was closed to the press. Uzbekistan is already closed to Moscow-based journalists.

The Soviet Tass news agency reported from Osh yesterday that the fighting was continuing despite heavy Soviet troop presence, and that 15,000 Uzbeks had gathered on the border in a bid to break through an army cordon to head for Osh.

Tass said troops had fired into the air, but gave no indication that soldiers had fired at the crowd, as had happened at the beginning of the disturbances. The agency said that 100 student protesters from Frunze had been allowed to fly to Osh to see for themselves that the authorities were "doing their best" to contain the violence.

Tass said that since the violence began 78 people had been killed, more than 300 wounded, and 249 houses and 44 cars set on fire.

● FRUNZE: In contrast to tense Osh, the situation here appeared to have stabilized yesterday. Shops were open and public transport moved freely. At strategic crossroads and outside the railway station, unarmed soldiers were on duty, but no military vehicles were visible.

Russian welcome for reformist Patriarch

From Richard Owen in Moscow

RUSSIANS looking to the Orthodox Church for leadership, as the Communist system declines, reacted with joy yesterday to the election of Metropolitan Aleksii of Leningrad as the new Russian Orthodox Patriarch and to the defeat of the "traditionalist" candidate, Metropolitan Filaret of Kiev.

As acting Patriarch since the death of Patriarch Pimen last month, Metropolitan Filaret had opposed what he called "revolutionary changes in the Church similar to those which took place in Soviet politics and society after the election of Gorbachev".

But the 300-strong Russian Orthodox General Assembly, headed by 75 bishops, was clearly influenced by the need to react to the new and influential position which the Church has acquired as the Soviet Union is moving towards democracy, and millions of Russians are turning to the Church.

The new Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia, who is to be formally enthroned at the Epiphany Cathedral in Moscow tomorrow, has a reputation for open-mindedness and radical ideas, in contrast to many others in the church hierarchy. Patriarch Pimen, who died after almost 20 years as head of the Church, was criticized by reformers for compromising with the authorities to ensure the Church's survival.

Metropolitan Aleksii, aged 61, also made his career in the church hierarchy during the Khrushchev and Brezhnev years. But he was born in Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, and as Archbishop of Tallinn and Estonia since 1968, he has been firmly associated with Baltic demands for greater freedom. For the past two years he has been Metropolitan

People's Deputies last year. Radical Christian activists, such as Aleksandr Ogrodnikov, hoped the new Patriarch would lead the Church away from its long "subservience" to the state, and elaborate a new doctrine implementing church-state separation.

After decades of persecution, the Church now plays a central role in Soviet public life, with Christian symbols and images dominating magazines and art exhibitions. Soviet television has given extensive coverage to this week's patriarchal election process, and is to broadcast tomorrow's enthronement.



Metropolitan Aleksii after his election in Moscow. He defeated the "traditionalist" candidate.

Baltic plea to rights meeting

From Christopher Follett in Copenhagen

UNDETERRED by the threat of a veto by the Soviet Union, the foreign ministers of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania turned up here yesterday to submit a joint application to Denmark for observer status at the Copenhagen human rights conference, taking place all this month under the aegis of the 35-nation Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe (CSCE).

Moscow immediately rejected the move and Mr Vladimir Petrovsky, the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, told a press conference there

was no possibility of the three republics - all of which want their independence - being given observer status, as was granted to Albania, because they were not independent states. Mr Lennart Meri, the Estonian Foreign Minister, said the application was a test case.

Earlier in the week, Denmark politely turned down a request for observer status for a prominent Lithuanian MP because there was not the "necessary consensus" among CSCE states.

● JÖHANNESBURG: A black police sergeant on his way to work was shot in the back of the head and killed instantly in Nizama township, outside Durban in Natal province (writes Ray Kennedy), where a state of emergency, due to be lifted in the rest of the country, is to continue.

Praise for ruling on PLO suit over liner raid

By Michael Knipe
DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

SPECIALISTS in anti-terrorism welcomed a judge's ruling in a New York federal court yesterday that the Palestine Liberation Organization can be sued by passengers of the Achille Lauro, the cruise liner seized by Palestinian guerrillas in the Mediterranean in 1985.

"There are clear implications in this ruling for Britain and the international community as a whole," said Professor Paul Wilkinson, director of the Research Institute for the Study of Conflict and Terrorism, in London. "It indicates the continuing trend towards extending the responsibility for acts of terrorism. It should bring home to non-government organizations that they cannot escape from their potential responsibilities for such attacks."

The Achille Lauro, an Italian-owned liner, was hijacked by gunmen from the Palestine Liberation Front, a faction of the PLO led by Mr Mohammed Abbas, a member of the PLO's executive committee. One passenger, Leon Klinghoffer, an American invalid in a wheelchair, was shot and his body dumped in the sea.

There may be an appeal, but the federal court ruling clears the way for two tour companies sued by Klinghoffer's family, and other passengers on the liner, to continue with a suit against the PLO on the ground that it was ultimately responsible.

The PLO denied responsibility and filed a motion asking the court to dismiss the complaint. It argued that US courts do not have jurisdiction over the organization and that the PLO has immunity from lawsuits filed in America.

Denying the PLO's motion, US District Judge Louis Stanton said the PLO was present in New York. It owned a building in Manhattan, had a bank account, maintained a number of permanent employees in New York, owned a car and had a telephone listing.

The judge rejected the argument that the PLO was a state and thus protected by international law. "Although it claims the attributes of a state, it controls no defined territory or populace and is not recognized by the United States," he said. "Rather, as its name indicates, the PLO is an organization."

Although the PLO has observer status at the United Nations, the US does not give it diplomatic recognition and the organization's presence in the US has been vociferously opposed by its critics.

Since then the Bush Administration has opened a dialogue at official level with the PLO, but the continuation of the dialogue is in doubt after the attempted raid on Israeli beaches last week by Palestine Liberation Front gunmen.

Both the US and British Governments have called on the PLO to condemn the attack and to take action against any of its members involved. Mr Arafat said his organization had no role in the beach raid, but refused to condemn it.

Mr James Baker, the US Secretary of State, said yesterday that the Administration had not yet decided whether to break off dialogue with the PLO because of its failure to condemn the raid.

He told a news conference at the end of a Nato ministerial meeting in Turnberry, Scotland: "When we are satisfied we know all we need to know, we will act in a way which reflects our commitment to promoting peace but being resolute in condemning terrorism."

Togo dances to tune of 'reborn' Eyadema

From Marti Colley in Lomé, Togo

IN SCENES reminiscent of an Orwellian fantasy, 1,000 Togolese peasants sing and dance their adulation for their President, General Gnassingbe Eyadema. Behind their swaying arms, a banner proclaims their deepest gratitude for his benevolent rule. "Eyadema toujours au pouvoir," they chant in unison.

First-time visitors to this tiny West African state would be forgiven for thinking that this is an exceptional performance. Those more conversant with Togolese culture are quick to point out that it is nothing out of the ordinary. "We entertain all foreign delegations like this," said a member of the Chamber of Deputies. "Togolese pride themselves on their sense of hospitality."

The *animateurs* as they are known, made up of thousands of dancing groups, majorettes, brass bands and traditional tribal groups, are choreographed by the *Rassemblement du Peuple Togolaise*, the only political party. Their latest ditty - "Sing No To Multi-Partyism" - describes the party as the "vessel" and Mr Eyadema as "the captain who will lead Togo to the harbour of peace".

The sycophantic hymns of praise

are fortified by the widely held belief that Mr Eyadema is reborn from the dead. The legend of his reincarnation is enshrined at Sankofa, in northern Togo, where an edifice has been built around the remains of the plane crash in which he is said to have died and been reborn three days later. Believing as they do in the power of the after-life, few Togolese are prepared to dismiss it as a myth.

"Eyadema comes from the north," said a science student. "With these northern people, you never know. They have different powers to us. They can see and do things that we cannot understand..."

Part man, part myth, Mr Eyadema has created a personality cult comparable only to that of President Kim Il Sung of North Korea. He himself believes that divine intervention is behind his dramatic rise to power.

"Each day in my prayers I say to God: 'If I am making Togolese people happy, let me continue.'" In more prosaic moments he suggests that "heaven helps those who help themselves".

It is a philosophy he has followed since he seized power in a military coup 23 years ago. Having declared himself President, and after banning all political parties, Mr Eyadema

announced his intention to restore Togo to civilian rule and promote national unity. But he has only partially succeeded in both aims.

In 1969 he formed his political party, whose only policy is one of national reconciliation. Over the years civilians have gradually replaced the military leaders, but the reins of power are still closely held by Mr Eyadema with the backing of the army.

His repeated offers to resign have met with widespread protests and national demonstrations. Critics suggest that these rallies of support may not have been entirely spontaneous. Despite amending the Constitution in 1985 to allow non-party candidates to be elected to the National Assembly, his party remains in control, and state-instigated support for Mr Eyadema is more blatant than before.

The official line is that the *animateurs* perform voluntarily out of their affection for their President and their state. In reality, they are selected by their village chiefs and paid from state funds to eulogize the system. Their costumes and travel expenses are funded by a special tax levied at source on the salaries of all civil servants. Few people refuse the "invitation" to perform, not least

because, as a Belgian missionary said, "they'd rather spend a couple of hours singing and dancing than a whole day reading or ploughing their fields".

According to an expatriate teacher, children spend only 18 hours a week in school on average, because the rest of the time they are summoned to rehearse new dances and political anthems. No one can really calculate the financial cost in terms of working hours lost to the extravagant displays.

But behind this colourful facade, the institutionalized praise for Mr Eyadema has contributed to an atmosphere of fear in which people are unwilling to express any opinion. No one dares mention *Le Président* *Fondateur* without first checking over his shoulder.

With freedom of expression so severely curtailed, and the lack of any organized form of opposition, Mr Eyadema looks set to remain in power. But although they continue to sing and dance the party line, in private students are hopeful that Togo cannot remain immune forever to outside events. "We don't want this system, but don't want revolution," they said. "When the people are ready, change will have to come. What we need is a leader to show us the way."

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Hotbeds of hatred

Clifford Longley

No one seems to know how to make a bad person good. Many a parent of errant youth has agonized into the night, and many a theory has shaped world history according to the truth or otherwise of its answers. The Home Office is agonizing afresh over the problem in the wake of the Strangeways riot, as the inquiry under Lord Justice Woolf gradually turns into a practical and philosophical examination of the basis of British penal policy. The Woolf inquiry may become a landmark in social history, for by its attitudes towards its deviants and law-breakers, a society defines its attitudes towards itself. These attitudes are overdue for re-evaluation.

Britain imprisons a higher proportion of its population, in worse conditions, than almost any other country in Europe. It is not an attractive self-image. Public opinion is more vengeful and vindictive towards criminals than elsewhere, but this may not be because the British are a more unforgiving people by temperament — the evidence suggests otherwise — but because they know no alternative that works, and despair of finding one. The most primitive response to the infringement of a social code is the infliction of suffering to gratify the baser instincts. People will always fall back on this if they lack faith in anything more sophisticated.

Penal policy reflects the moral philosophy on which the cohesion of the nation is founded. Unmistakably, most of the key elements in that philosophy as it has been received here from past generations come from the Christian doctrine of sin and redemption. Few races are as theologically illiterate as the British, and one of the consequences is that we have lost touch with the roots of our moral culture. If we cannot remember how it was supposed to work, we certainly cannot analyse and adapt it. But few nations can match Britain in thinking of the past as a foreign country, and our abandonment of the old religious world-view goes a long way to explain this cultural bafflement.

The medieval system of justice, heavily reliant on the theology of scholasticism, believed that suffering balanced the scales of justice, so restoring the social equilibrium. This was the public dimension. The proper business of the state suffering was also thought to have redemptive qualities, as in the concept of penance, and this was the private dimension, the proper work of the church. The due suffering would, it was thought, not only balance the books, but reform the moral character of the culprit.

Protestantism emphasized the idea that suffering would heighten the individual's awareness of his dependence on God, and this revelation of one's moral wickedness was supposed to lead to radical conversion from sin. Thus it was appropriate to

treat such people wretchedly, to bring home the lesson. Though now without the underlying Protestant theology of redemption, this approach to the treatment of prisoners still applies. Deliberate humiliation is as important a part of the present penal system as depriving people of liberty.

Strangeways, when built, exemplified the social theories of its time, heavily laced with Non-conformist puritanism. Those values have persisted: the ritual stripping of personal clothing, possessions and title conveys a powerful psychological message of worthlessness. Even the notorious practice of stopping out underlines the denial of dignity, and hence powerlessness, of the prisoner. The message he was once intended to draw from this treatment was that he is nothing because God is all. The message he now derives from it is that he is nothing, and that is all. It is a message of hopelessness.

Penal practice has also developed an ad hoc system of social control by means of rewards and punishments, so that good behaviour gains privileges, and ultimately, early release. Though it sounds Pavlovian, this system is designed to appeal to the prisoner's rational self-interest rather than his conditioned reflexes, and it stems from the need to contain and control an otherwise unmanageable community of prisoners. It owes little to any philosophical insight into the cultivation of virtue and suppression of vice, and even a model prisoner may leave prison more corrupted than when he entered it.

Suffering can have a transforming power, but there is no simple connection between cause and effect. Humiliation is a well-known religious technique, for it can transform the personality, but equally it can destroy the personality altogether.

Penal policy should move in the other direction, based on realistic psychological theories not reliant on theological premises no longer generally believed. Modern theory (and theology) concerning character development emphasizes the need to give people control over their lives, to reinforce rather than undermine personal dignity, so that the capacity to behave responsibly can grow. Those who are loved may learn to love; those denied love learn only how to hate.

The British penal system says very loudly and clearly that those who do time are outcasts from the human community and have given up the right to dignity. The new message should be the very opposite: that even those who have infringed grievously have not extinguished all that is of value in them. Above all, that small streak of human worth must be preserved and nurtured until it outweighs the rest. Those who have never experienced proper treatment before should experience it in prison. That way, now, lies redemption.

...and moreover

MATTHEW PARRIS

It is a shaming thing to reach the age when, there being no BBC Radio 1 1/2, you finally switch from Radio 1 to Radio 2. But there is something more shaming: listening to Radio 2 and believing it is Radio 1.

Two sad milestones. I reached the first recently, in bed, with Radio 1 on my clock radio. The synthesized drum-machine smashed its blind percussion into the umpteenth plastic disco hit — and something snapped. I lunged at it, and reprogrammed the auto-select to Radio 2. Derek Jameson was just handing over to Judith Chalmers.

Chalmers: "What are you going to do now, Derek?" Jameson: "I'm going down to a place near Brighton, to open a new community health centre." Chalmers: "Are you into health, Derek, keeping yourself fit, and all that sort of thing?" Jameson: "No, I'm the world's worst advertisement for that sort of thing. But I'm all in favour of community health centres."

Chalmers: "Indeed, yes, I think we are all, Derek." Aargh! But it got me out of bed, fast. Daily chores crowded in, and soon I had forgotten about the way an era had ended for me, that morning. Now comes the really humiliating bit. On the Friday, I listened to a popular music programme on Radio 2 for nearly an hour, believing it was the week's chartbusters on Radio 1. It was *Sounds of the Sixties*. Well, it sounded like Radio 1. It was modern. Heck, it was the Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, The Who — groovy material, oh yes — none of your Abba or Seekers.

And they were interviewing a rock star. The name didn't ring a bell, but it sounded up-to-the-minute stuff. All about what the kids these days want... it could well have been broadcast live. The sound quality was impeccable. They could have been in the room with me. They sounded like today's people.

Then, interview over, the DJ said: "That was 27 years ago. Straight from the archives. Pretty good recording, I think you'll agree."

I'm sorry, but I object to that. If something's old, it ought to sound old. Where was the crackle and hiss? Where was the top-loss and attenuation of bass frequency which betrays a recording as "archive"?

The past is the past, damn it. I want my old photographs sepia-toned; I want my old films black and white. I want the people to walk jerkily and speeded-up — as people used to, didn't they? I want my old sound archives to sound tinny. Where is nostalgia without the crackle? Where is history without the hiss? I do not wish to come face-to-face with the past, please, except through a glass, darkly — or a scratched lens. The past is over and I want that made very clear.

Technology is on the verge of spoiling the distinction. Do you realize that we are moving into a century that will be able to summon us up with no crackle or hiss at all? Our voices and faces may float in 30th-century air just as now: full, undistorted. We will be with them, poor blighters, in a way King Alfred can never be with us. It remains only to discover how properly to project three-dimensional images, and out great-grandchildren will be able to walk all around Mrs Thatcher at school, lucky things.

The May edition of *Scientific American* offers an extract from its issue of May 1890: "A loan association in this city recently invited a number of persons to hear a speech by the celebrated English statesman Mr Gladstone. A phonographic cylinder was produced... and when the cylinder was put through the phonograph machine a voice was heard, said to be Mr Gladstone's. The message was short and rather dry. It related to self-help and thrift, both of which are very desirable qualities, according to Mr Gladstone."

Down through the millennia beams our own prime minister, radiant in shimmering electric blue and pearls, her image summoned to walk among the 22nd-century worthies of Milwaukee: "And I hope to continue. On, and on, and on..."

John Hands believes the new Russian patriarch has to assert his independence of the state

Orthodoxy that must not conform

Tomorrow, in a four-hour ceremony of Byzantine pomp and splendour in Moscow's Epiphany Cathedral, Metropolitan Alexei of Leningrad will be enthroned as the new patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church. Despite his Estonian aristocratic background, the 61-year-old Alexei has outspokenly supported successive Soviet governments, and was undoubtedly Mr Gorbachev's preferred candidate.

An opinion poll published in *Moscow News* recently showed that 64.3 per cent of those questioned trust the church but only 28.3 per cent trust the government. Russians are flocking back to the eternal certainties of their church, at a time when communist ideology has collapsed along with the economy and the status of the Soviet Union. But Alexei's position is not as strong this suggests.

He was chosen by a council, which included laity and priests as well as bishops, from a shortlist of three, all of whom were praised in a 1975 report to the Communist Party's central committee by the then vice-chairman of the Council for Religious Affairs, an arm of the

KGB. Naturally there is widespread distrust of a hierarchy that at best has compromised with a militantly atheistic government, and at worst has acted as a tool of the KGB. It is to God and the parish priest that the believers express their allegiance.

Subservience to the state by the leaders of the Orthodox Church goes back to the founding of the church in 988 by Grand Prince Vladimir. It was formalized in 1721 by Peter the Great when he abolished the patriarchate and replaced it with a Holy Synod presided over by his agent. After Tsar Nicholas was deposed in 1917, the Orthodox bishops re-established the patriarchate and elected Patriarch Tikhon. At first Tikhon condemned the Bolsheviks, but after a year in prison he was released and gave his support to the new government.

When Tikhon died in 1925, Stalin abolished the patriarchate once more, launching a murderous campaign to eliminate religion, and closed 95 per cent of Orthodox churches. But in 1943, with the war going badly, he summoned the three remaining metropolitans (who rank second only to the

patriarch) and told them to elect a patriarch to mobilize the Russians against the German invaders. Patriarch Sergei raised enough money to equip an armoured division and encouraged hundreds of thousands to volunteer for the front.

As a reward, Stalin's secret police liquidated the Ukrainian Catholic Church, and in 1946 arranged to hand over its parishes and property to the Russian Orthodox Church. Stalin's real purpose was to use the Russian church to suppress Ukrainian nationalism in the newly-acquired western Ukraine. The willing compliance of the Russian Orthodox hierarchy sowed seeds of such bitterness that Soviet officials warn that the Ukraine is now on the brink of religious war.

After Khrushchev came to power, he launched another onslaught against the Orthodox Church. At the beginning of the purge in 1959, a 30-year-old monk, Nikodim, was appointed head of the Moscow Patriarchate Office. All the evidence suggests that Nikodim was a KGB agent. Six years later he had risen to become Metropolitan of Leningrad and

president of the church's foreign department. No church appointments were made, or church legislation passed, without his approval. Those who opposed the repression were dismissed. The most noteworthy of these was Metropolitan Nikolai of Krutitsy, who died shortly afterwards in mysterious circumstances.

When Alexei, the then patriarch, died in 1971, the only candidate to succeed him was Metropolitan Pimen of Krutitsy, who died on May 3 this year. Dimitri Pospelovsky, a historian, maintains that Pimen was in thrall to the KGB. As a monk, Pimen was twice conscripted for military service and twice arrested for desertion. A year after beginning a 10-year sentence, he was surprisingly granted an amnesty, and his career in the church blossomed. Two years ago the dissident journal *Glasnost* obtained files from the Council for Religious Affairs which revealed active co-operation with KGB officers in the council by Pimen and other members of the church hierarchy. One document, dated February 1967, reportedly shows the then Archbishop Alexei (who will be

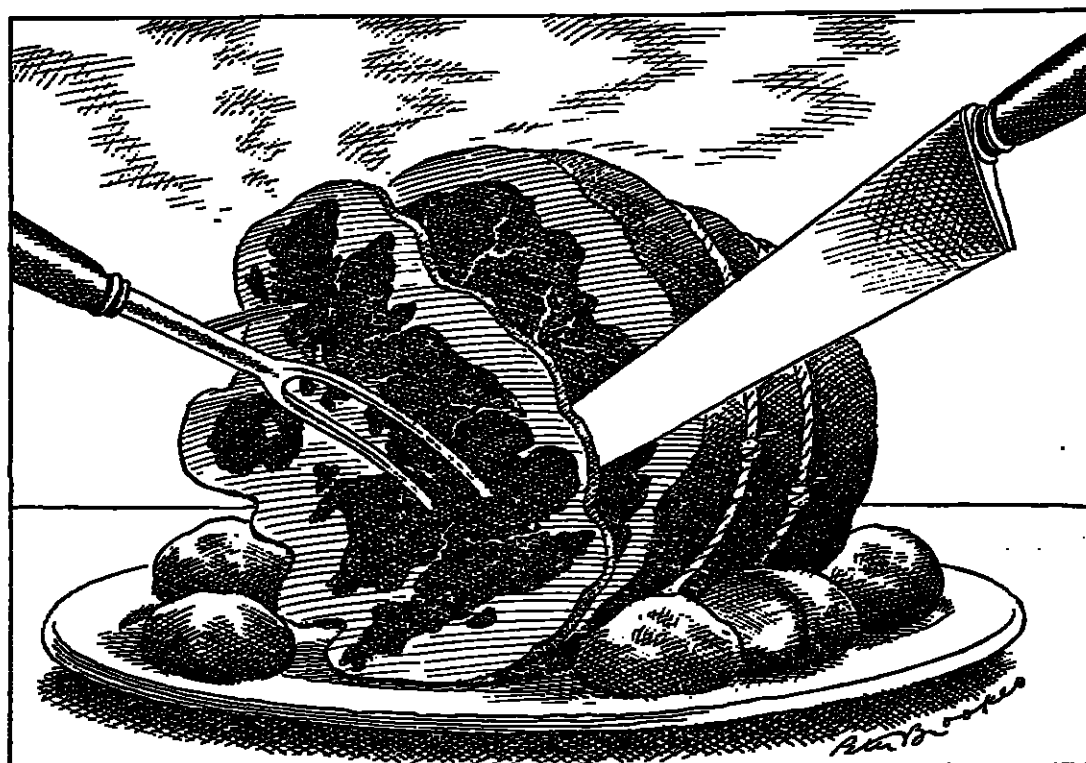
enthroned tomorrow) confirming rumours that the "celibate" Pimen had left a mistress and two children in Rostov.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the weakness of the church leadership, there has been a strong tradition of spirituality at the grassroots of the Russian Orthodox Church, with the role of the *stars*, the inspirational holy men, being taken by those uncompromised monks and lay activists returned from the labour camps. The new patriarch will need to tap this tradition if he is to solve the gigantic problems that confront him. He must give moral leadership and hope to his 60 million followers. He must reform a deeply conservative church that has experienced no Reformation. He must curb an excess of nationalism that spills over into anti-Semitism, and must face the loss of 4,000 of his 7,000 parishes, which were seized in 1946 from the Ukrainian Catholic Church. But he can do none of these things from a position of subservience to the state.

John Hands is the author of *Perestroika Christ*, to be published by Simon & Schuster on August 20.

Britain's farmers carved up — but others do the same

Michael Hornsby asks why BSE has not been found in cattle elsewhere in the European Community



As ever, the ostensible matter at issue, the safety of otherwise of British beef, was of less immediate importance at the bargaining session of EC agriculture ministers in Brussels this week than the various domestic pressures on the participants.

In closing the lucrative French market to British beef and cattle, Henri Nallet said his purpose was to show the need for extra EC-wide controls, because of new evidence that bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE) could pass from one species to another. Most people thought he was at least equally mindful of recent agitation among French farmers over competition from British beef and lamb, which have been made cheaper by adjustments to the "green pound" and EC market-support mechanisms. He must also have been uncomfortably aware that he was open to accusations of complacency, since it is possible that there is already BSE in France, though the French government has so far done virtually nothing to reduce the risk.

For his part, John Gummer was loath to be seen to be conceding in Brussels the case for taking precautions which go beyond the strict scientific evidence which he has been resisting at home.

Something useful may yet come out of the hours of negotiation. The debate has again focused attention on the importance of standardizing plant, animal and human health control measures at a high level in time for the single market in 1992. One of the reasons Mr Gummer may have found the other member states less sympathetic in Brussels this week than he might have hoped (only the Dutch and the Danes gave consistent support) is that animal health is a subject on which British ministers tend to strike a sanctimonious note, with much preaching about the need to raise standards elsewhere to the level of the supposedly higher ones operating here.

Britain often has right on its side. Together with the Danes and the Irish, for example, it has succeeded in winning acceptance of the need for tough EC-wide measures to control foot-and-mouth disease. Few people in this

country would like to see our stringent anti-rabies laws relaxed, even though many foreign vets and governments think British quarantine regulations are excessively severe and, given the efficacy of modern anti-rabies vaccination, no longer strictly justified scientifically.

There is some truth in the view that listeria in cheese, salmonella in eggs and nitrates in water are more evident here than elsewhere in the EC because our surveillance techniques are better and consumer pressure groups more active. The same problems exist abroad, but often attract less attention. It would be a pity if Britain's rather grudging acceptance of the need for tougher controls to stop the spread of BSE across frontiers were to weaken our ability to argue the case for the highest animal health and welfare standards generally in the Community.

Most scientists now agree that BSE is attributable to the animal

feed practices encouraged by modern intensive agriculture. Haunted by the memory of wartime shortages, successive British governments exhorted farmers for four decades to produce more, paying them handsome grants to "improve" their land by tearing up hedgerows, cutting down trees and draining water-meadows, so making it yield more food at lower cost. New technology, and the high support prices offered to farmers in the EC, were further incentives to maximize output.

Animal feed can account for up to two-thirds of the cost of production in modern high-output systems. Abattoirs, knacker's yards, butchers and restaurants produce about 1.5 million tonnes of animal waste a year. Recycling this material, after processing by rendering plants, as a protein-rich feed supplement to boost animal growth seemed a sensible use for this waste. In the face of this powerful economic argument, those who questioned the propri-

ety of feeding animal protein to grass-eating ruminants such as cattle tended to be dismissed as unworried idealists.

We may now be paying the price for ignoring their concern. In the 1970s and 1980s, sheep offal was used in increasing amounts in cattle feed, for it was cheaper and more readily available than alternatives such as fishmeal and soya. The agent causing scrapie, a form of spongiform encephalopathy which has been known in sheep for at least 200 years, is now thought to have passed to cattle via feed and given rise to BSE. Salmonella in poultry may also have been exacerbated by the recycling of poultry litter as feed.

The 1989 Southwood report urged the Government to re-examine these "unnatural practices", which, it suggested, had exposed cattle "to ineffective risks against which they have not evolved any defences", and had opened up "new pathways for infection to farmed animals and

potentially from them to man via food and/or medical products".

Yet if this is true, why has BSE so far appeared only in Britain? Other countries, such as France, also have scrapie-infected sheep flocks. Apart from Britain, only one EC state — Holland — has so far banned the feeding of ruminant protein to other ruminants, despite the known dangers, and last year the rest of the EC doubled its imports of meat and bone meal from Britain. One possibility is that BSE exists in other countries but has not yet been noticed or reported.

Another is that an increase in the sheep population in the early 1980s, coupled with changes in the techniques of rendering plants in Britain, leading to lower temperatures being used for the sterilization of animal waste, may have exposed British cattle to a much higher risk of cross-infection from scrapie than cattle elsewhere. That, predictably, is challenged by the renderers themselves, but an EC-wide investigation is now to be launched into rendering methods.

The sorry BSE story may also stimulate a new interest in the merits of diverting more EC funds to support "extensification", which means keeping fewer animals and growing smaller quantities of crops on the same area of land as before, and moving away from high-output "factory farming". On the face of it, this is an attractive option that could bring EC production more into line with demand, while preserving the landscape and reducing the danger of further BSE-type shocks in the future.

Yet whether consumers, let alone farmers, are ready for such a change remains to be seen. The supermarket chains, which now parade their "green" credentials and offer organic food on their shelves, have helped to keep farmers on the chemical treadmill over the years by demanding blemish-free produce at low prices. Intensive pig and poultry rearing has made chicken and pork, once luxury items, available to everyone, boosting consumption from 51b a head 30 years ago to 40lb a head today. The achievements of modern farming are at least as striking as its failures.

Awake to all the realities

The strain on President Gorbachev was telling yesterday when he received Mrs Thatcher in his Kremlin office. Instead of a conventional reply to her "How are you?" as they met for the seventh time, our man in Moscow learns that he launched into a rambling response about insomnia. "I don't know what I have to do to get some sleep," he said. "I can't sleep at night. I would like to sleep in the afternoon. I almost fell asleep yesterday at the Warsaw Pact meeting." Perhaps it was jet lag. Mrs Thatcher suggested Gorbachev conceded that frequent flying did not help, and, in what could have been taken as a symbolic comment from a man whose prestige is now higher abroad than at home, he added: "It's all right travelling west but it is difficult going east."

Anxious to buck up the spirits of an old friend with whom she enjoys doing business, Mrs Thatcher consoled him: "Well, it was a successful summit." Even here the Soviet leader seemed less than sure of himself. "Do you really think so?" he asked. Mrs Thatcher repeated her assurances. Then he told her, partly joking: "I don't feel at home here. This is the president's office, and that is a new institution. I have not worked out how it works."

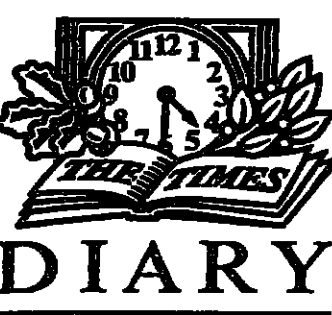
Mrs Thatcher, however, was clearly at her most confident. During her event-packed day, she made a telephone call home by Comstar, the joint British-Soviet telephone company, to her former

cabinet colleague, Lord Prior, now chairman of GEC, parent of the British half. In Britain it was not even 6am, and those in her party noted that, just like old times, the unfortunate Prior hardly managed to get a word in edgewise.

Stalin is to make an unlikely comeback in Estonia next month. The occasion is the three-day "Freedom-Fest", at which rock bands from around the world will celebrate "newfound freedoms throughout Eastern Europe". Not quite the sort of event to honour Uncle Joe's memory? Perhaps not, but Stalin is the name of one of the headline acts: a Japanese "anarcho-heavy metal band".

Fighting talk

China's protestations about the future of Hong Kong sound particularly hollow to Labour MPs Brian Sedgemore and Dale Campbell-Savours, who were humiliated while on a coach trip through south China. By way of relaxation after a fact-finding visit to Hong Kong, each paid £150 to China Tours, owned by the Chinese government, for the three-day trip. To the astonishment of the rest of the party, guards ordered them off the coach at the border with Macao, apparently for no other reason than their passports stated they were MPs, and left them stranded by the roadside for an hour in the midday heat. "In days gone by we could have threatened them with a gunboat and strode through," says Sedgemore, who has written a protest letter to Mrs Thatcher and the Chinese ambassador. Campbell-Savours is more diplomatic. The tour could not have been



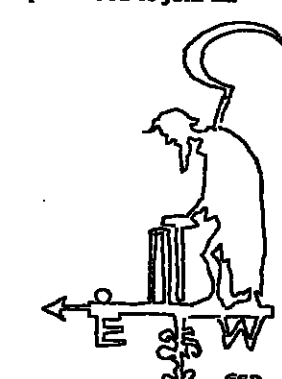
more harmless, he says, not taking them within 1,000 miles of Tiananmen Square. "We did not make a fuss, we wanted to avoid a diplomatic incident," he says.

Sedgemore at least managed to turn the incident to political advantage. He used their unplanned diversion to join a student demonstration marking the anniversary of the Peking massacre that just happened to be passing by. And Campbell-Savours: "I got my £150 back."

Slow right arm

The one nation which has remained resistant to the revolutionary changes sweeping Eastern Europe is, of course, Albania. But perhaps the missionaries due to depart from Britain on Monday can succeed where all else has failed. The gospel they will be preaching has nothing to do with religion, the free market or even democracy, but a far more civilizing influence in world history — cricket. The Phenix Philanderers Cricket Club, operating from a Chelsea watering-hole, the Phenix Arms, are due to play five matches on their

annual two-week trip to Corfu, and this year plan a boat trip across the narrow strait between Corfu and Albania to stage what will almost certainly be the first cricket match played under the country's forbidding communist regime. Noel Baptiste, organizer and captain, says: "We will land at Sarande and do what we did as schoolboys — look for the first suitable field to pitch stumps." He expects a "fairly amazed" reaction from the locals but hopes that the more sporting among them may be persuaded to join in.



Big top topless

Jack Lang, the French minister of culture, has accused British MPs of hitting back at the beef ban by trying to suppress a government-sponsored French circus. It is called *Archaos*, and features, among other things, chainsaw juggling, topless acrobats and burning cars. Last year it narrowly escaped being banned in Edinburgh, where it won a Fringe award, and Islington, where it went ahead only after anxious

telephone calls to Lang by the council leader, Margaret Hodge. Now *Archaos* is back in Britain, and because of the French beef ban, Tory MPs are determined to keep it out of their constituencies.

While admitting that he is relying entirely upon hearsay, Anthony Beaumont-Dark (Birmingham, Selly Oak) says: "I am very much against shows like this that can lead to disorder, but nothing would surprise me about the French government." Michael Stern (Bristol North West), who has not seen *Archaos* either, is also adamant that it should be banned. His local police force in Somerset and Avon is investigating — and officers are volunteering in droves to go to Manchester to see it. The last word goes to Jack Lang, who has given the circus a grant of £500,000: "England is run by petty bureaucrats," he says.

Publishers' hype grows ever more preposterous. It is only weeks since Jonathan Cape was telling us there was "simply no precedent" for a novel of the stature of Ian McEwan's *The Innocent*, thanks to the "haunting and subtle execution of its immaculate artistry". But now comes Harold Brodkey's novel *The Runaway Soul*. "Eagerly anticipated for twenty years," claims the blurb, "it stands comparison with the great novels of the 20th-century and like them it will find its passionate supporters and detractors." But even the most self-confident publicist, it seems, suffers the occasional doubt. "The use of cliché is impossible to avoid when describing Harold Brodkey's first novel," the blurb suddenly admits. Now there is an example of making a virtue of necessity.



Letters to the Editor should carry a daytime telephone number. They may be sent to a fax number — (071) 782 5046.

sponsor a grand
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Granny, Room
the Aged, FR
EC18 1BD.

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granddad. Please tell me what
Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms

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Postcode

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London,
EC18 1BD,
Reg. Charity No. 272986

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Cindy Salas-o
Granny, Room
the Aged. PH
EC1B 1BD.

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Mr Mrs/Ms/Ms

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Send to: Cindy Salas-Ortiz,
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London,
EC1B 1BD.

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I'm interested in sponsoring a granny
lads. Please tell me what I can do.

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Postcode

No

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Room-
1BD,
Charity No. 27796

Adopt a Granny
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Tanker mate on 'alcohol' charge

From Susan Ellicott
in New York

THE British first-mate of an oil tanker that ran aground this week in New York Harbour, spilling 260,000 gallons of heavy industrial fuel, was arrested after a drugs and alcohol test. Mr. Godfrey Gregory, aged 52, was released on bail on Thursday after surrendering his passport.

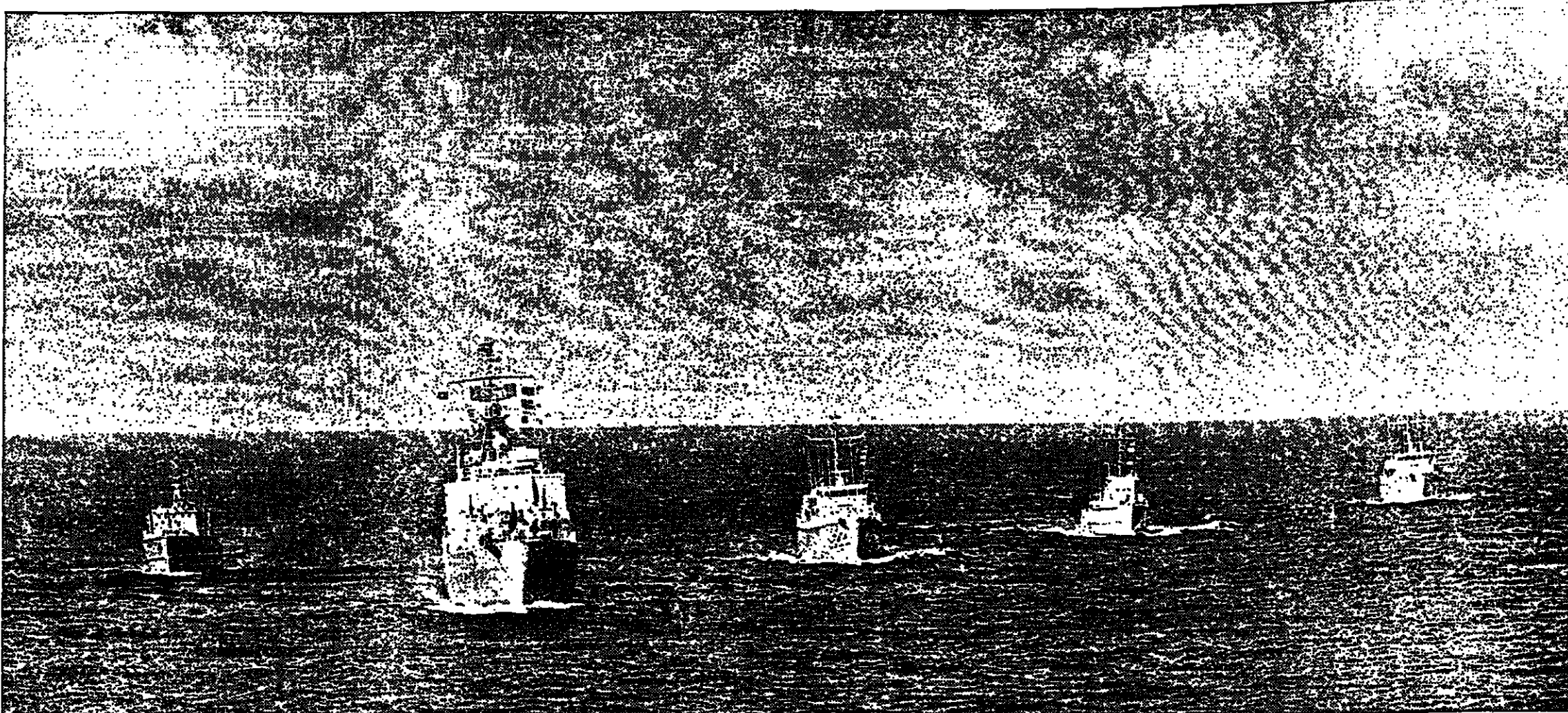
Mr. David Dinkins, the Mayor of New York, called for tougher laws and penalties governing the oil industry unless companies learn to operate in a "safer and more responsible manner". The spill was the third in the harbour this year and the New York Coast Guard estimates that about a million gallons of oil have been spilled in a series of 10 accidents, including pipeline leaks and barge explosions.

About 250 people worked yesterday with private and government rescue teams trying to skim up globs of oil congealed on rocks and the nearby shoreline. Environmentalists declared the accident a further setback in efforts to clean up the water around New York, where wildlife has begun to flourish recently after improved sewage treatment.

The Kill van Kull, the busy waterway where the British-registered *Nautilus* ran aground shortly before dawn on Thursday, was closed indefinitely while skimmer boats worked to remove clumps of oil up to one-foot thick. A specialist Alabama-based Coast Guard team arrived yesterday to help with the clean-up.

Mr. Gregory, of Merseyside, was acting as "forward spotter" when the accident occurred. He has pleaded not guilty to charges of negligence, dumping a pollutant and operating a vessel while intoxicated or under the influence of narcotics. A lawyer representing him said his client has been singled out as a scapegoat for "an unfortunate accident".

Divers found a 30-foot gash in the hull of the 81 ft ship, which was carrying 1.2 million gallons of oil to a terminal in Bayonne on the coast of New Jersey.



On guard: The West German minesweeper, Devosport yesterday. The squadron, which was set up in 1973, is made up of ships from West Germany, Belgium, Denmark, the Netherlands and Britain. The British member, HMS Hurworth, which saw service in the Arabian Gulf during the Iran-Iraq conflict, was already in Devonport for the East German naval training ship, Wilhelm Pieck, which is paying a courtesy visit.

Leading Aids researcher casts doubt on HIV as sole cause

By Nick Nuttall, Technology Correspondent

ONE of the world's most eminent Aids researchers yesterday publicly questioned the established scientific view on the true cause of the disease. Professor Luc Montagnier, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, indicated that it was possible that without other infections such as bacteria, HIV, the virus believed to trigger the disease, may be harmless to infected people.

His views are to be presented in a Channel 4 programme, *Dispatches*, next Wednesday. Last night the Department of Health attacked the "sensational and unbalanced tone" of Channel 4's information about the film. "It would be tragic if it undermined the public education and other initiatives which have already begun to reduce the spread of HIV

infection in the United Kingdom," the department said. The scientist, one of the co-discoverers of HIV (human immunodeficiency virus), said: "At first we thought we had the best candidate to be the cause of Aids." He said that his opinion had changed and he believed that "HIV by itself or some strains of HIV are not sufficient to induce Aids. Perhaps in order to have the disease we need more than one agent, a second infection, to have the destruction of the cells we see in Aids patients."

His doubts that HIV is the complete picture on the cause of Aids will be echoed by other scientists, some of whom go as far as to dismiss the importance of the HIV virus. Professor Peter Duesberg, an American molecular biologist who made the first "genetic

map" used to understand HIV, argues that Aids is far from a new disease but rather a collection or syndrome of more than 25 conventional diseases. He claims that the real cause of Aids may be drug abuse and malnutrition.

Yesterday, Mr. Jad Adams, author of *Aids: The HIV Myth*, published last year, said the views of these researchers highlighted a growing private doubt among others. "A number of scientists have not accepted HIV as the cause and have been steadily criticizing the theory."

Mr. Adams claims the established literature is littered with the unsound doubts of these researchers and says that in the flurry of enthusiasm to establish the discovery within national boundaries and patient the testing kit, the question

of proving that it actually caused the syndrome was neglected.

Dr Michael Browning, of the Department of Veterinary Pathology, at Glasgow University, a leading British centre for Aids, dismissed suggestions that HIV was irrelevant to the cause of Aids. "There is still a lot we do not know, but I am convinced that HIV is at the least partially responsible for the disease."

Researchers were assessing links between the rapid onset of Aids seen in some patients and bacterial or other infections. Some experts believed that a virus type called *Cytomegalovirus* might play an important role. The infection lies dormant, only indicating damage normally in transplant patients who have to take immuno-suppressant drugs.

Nato seeks to wrap up arms deal by the summer

By Michael Evans, Defence Correspondent

NATO foreign ministers announced yesterday that new instructions have been issued to the West's conventional arms negotiators in Vienna in a bid to break the deadlock with the Soviet Union over combat aircraft.

The aim is to get a deal wrapped up on all the "substantive" issues by the summer and the foreign ministers appealed to the Soviet Union to co-operate in trying to meet this deadline.

The new instructions, which offer more flexibility on numbers and type of aircraft, also include fresh ideas on tanks and armoured troop carriers, and different approaches on verification.

The foreign ministers, attending the two-day North Atlantic Council meeting in Turnberry, hope that the wording of yesterday's com-

muniqué will provide an incentive to Moscow to cast aside any misgivings it may have over reaching a conventional arms agreement as soon as possible.

In a special message attached to the communiqué, the foreign ministers extended to the Soviet Union and to all other European countries "the hand of friendship and co-operation".

They also welcomed the statement issued by the members of the Warsaw Pact after their summit in Moscow on Thursday which had shown "a positive spirit".

As soon as a Conventional Forces in Europe (CFE) treaty had been signed, the Nato foreign ministers promised yesterday the alliance would be prepared to undertake follow-on negotiations, leading to further cuts in forces. The

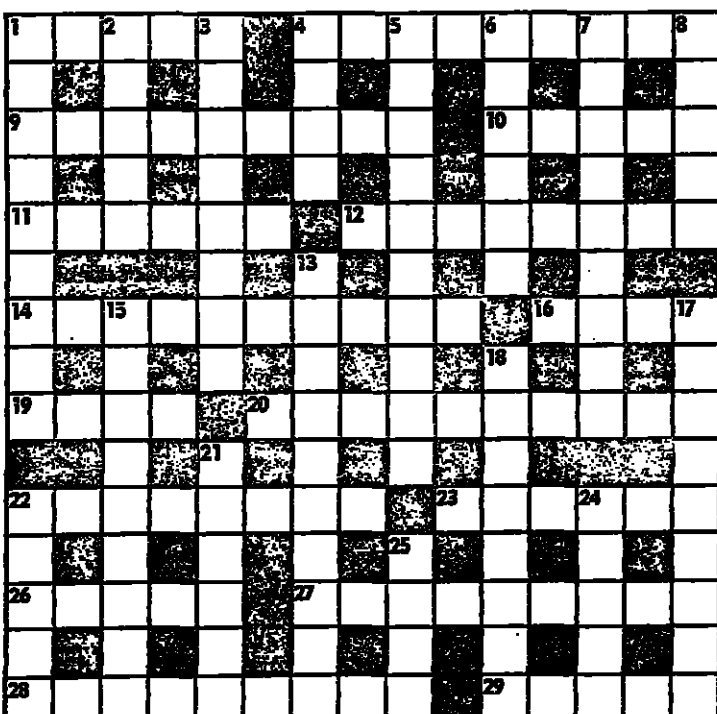
objective of these negotiations is to be considered at next month's Nato summit.

At a press conference, Mr Douglas Hurd, the Foreign Secretary, said no decision had yet been made on whether to include in the missiles talks sea-launched and air-launched weapons, as well as ground-based systems. One issue where there appears to be no real consensus at present concerns the future territorial status of East Germany.

Mr James Baker, the US Secretary of State, made it clear at Turnberry that as far as Washington was concerned, once the two Germanys were reunified there should be a transitional period during which NATO forces would be barred from entering East German territory.

Nuclear deal, page 9

THE TIMES CROSSWORD NO 18,316



- ACROSS**
- General's introduction confused battle (5).
 - Cheap city, so-called (9).
 - One of several moving scenes seen in the theatre (5,4).
 - A wit, having changed name (5).
 - Necessitate restriction on what's left (6).
 - Large piano's practicable for relatively young man (8).
 - Escape route George automatically takes (6,4).
 - Island that's small in relation to Jersey, say (4).
 - Take it easy in farmhouse (4).
 - Policy for those who are moderate - or poor (5,4).
 - Lent on condition (8).
 - Capital return on wine for barmaid, so to speak (6).
 - Honest and fair? On the contrary (5).
 - Repeating it in great confusion (9).
 - Politicians, say, taking me into partnership (9).
 - Duck a trick (5).

Solution to Puzzle No 18,310

CHANCELLOR CHOP
SILVER LING GIP
OSLO OUTPICTER
AUN REVE C
COMEDIAN HEARTH
UPPIE PRESPASS
TARAI IN P
OUG M IN SE
MISS TOLERANTLY
E A G R L
DILL SAFETYBELT

- DOWN**
- Imperious US army almost left in disarray (9).
 - Minimum is a pound and a quarter (5).
 - Seeing agreement secured by a number of the crew (8).
 - Jack's sound, taking vicar's place (4).
 - Substitute for player 19 as pupil? (10).
 - Marathon leader coming over slight rise (6).
 - Saw lagers distributed in this? (9).
 - Chap performing in opera (5).
 - No promises broken - hence Kurd wept? (10).
 - A sailor of Arabian type upset lover (9).
 - Enthusiast to keep in suspense? Nonsense! (9).
 - It's inappropriate to take section of gun to war department (8).
 - Riding for a place (5).
 - Intended one to usurp the King of France (6).
 - Naval administrator acts as a secret observer, we hear (5).
 - 22 Riding for a place (5).
 - 25 Formed when moving west (4).

Solution to Puzzle No 18,315

CROTCHET E O C
A A A E R E R C H
G T I S A R H U E
C G R A M M A M O S E
H G N U T M T
R E V E R E C H A P E R O N
R R R E S T U U
N O T H E A D T R I P L E T
C A A E E E
S U P P O E N A F I A S C O
E P F R N O N A
P L A Y I N G C A R D S V
J E E E M H O A X
P R O P O S E R E I T
E N T S T R I P P E R

WORD-WATCHING

By Philip Howard

- DINK**
- A salmon chicanery
 - A dollar coin
 - A fool
- MOTSER**
- A ball-room dancing coach
 - Lots of money
 - Meat porridge
- CALIGINOUS**
- Translucent
 - Misty
 - Made from calico
- SBOTTONARSI**
- Silver-and-gold pasta
 - To tell all
 - Wandering minstrels
- Answers on page 13

TIMES WEATHERCALL

For the latest region by region forecast, 24 hours a day, dial 0898 500 followed by the appropriate code.

Greater London	701*
Kent, Surrey, Sussex	702*
Dorset, Hants & IOW	703*
Devon & Cornwall	704*
Wilt, Glouce, Avon, Somers	705*
Berks, Bucks, Oxon	706*
Beds, Herts & Essex	707*
Northants, Suffolk, Cambs	708*
West Mid & Sh Glos & Wexm	709*
Shrops, Herefords & Worcs	710*
Central Midlands	711*
East Midlands	712*
Lincoln & Humbers	713*
Dyfed & Powys	714*
Gwynedd & Clwyd	715*
N W England	716*
W & S Yorks & Dalles	717*
N E England	718*
Cumbria & Lake District	719*
S W Scotland	720*
W Central Scotland	721*
Edin & Fife/Lothian & Borders	722*
E Central Scotland	723*
Glasgow & E Highlands	724*
N W Scotland	725*
Caithness, Orkney & Shetland	726*
N Ireland	727*

Weathercall is charged at 5p for 8 seconds (peak and standard) 5p for 12 seconds (off peak).

* Includes pollen count.

AA ROADWATCH

For the latest AA traffic and roadworks information, 24 hours a day, dial 0836 401 followed by the appropriate code.

London & SE traffic, roadworks	
C. London (within N & S Circs.)	731
M-ways/roads M4-M1	732
M-ways/roads M1-Dartford T.	733
M-ways/roads Dartford T.-M23	734
M-ways/roads M23-M4	735
M25 London Orbital only	736
National traffic and roadworks	
National motorways	737
West Country	738
Wales	739
Midlands	740
East Angles	741
North-west England	742
Yorkshire & E Midlands	743
Scotland	744
Northern Ireland	745

AA Roadwatch is charged at 5p for 8 seconds (peak and standard) 5p for 12 seconds (off peak).

The winners of last Saturday's competition are: M. Golding, George Street, Barry, S. Glamorgan; C. Collings, Dolphins, Rose Street, Wokingham, Berks; C. R. Illingworth, Stanley Road, Stockport, Cheshire; R. M. March, Pinewood Cottage, Bagshot, Surrey; J. S. Forbes, Little Wickham, Hill Brow, Bideley, Kent.

Concise Crossword, page 44

WEATHER

Most of England and Wales will start dry and bright. However, eastern England will be more cloudy with an occasional shower. Thicker cloud and some rain will arrive from the north later. Northern Ireland and Scotland will start cloudy with some rain. Fog is likely on coasts exposed to the north. Western districts will gradually become brighter, while the east will stay cloudy. Outlook: Sunny spells, showers.

ABROAD

MIDDAY: t-thunder; d-droizzle; f-fog; s-sun; st-storm; sh-shower; l-fair; cl-cloud; tw-twin.

Place	Temp	Wind	Cloud	Temp	Wind	Cloud
Algeria	23/33	SE	77	Algeria	23/33	SE
Amman	17/23	SE	77	Amman	17/23	SE
Amman	17/23	SE	77	Amman	17/23	SE
Amman	17/23	SE	77	Amman	17/23	SE
Amman	17/23	SE	77	Amman	17/23	SE
Amman	17/23	SE	77	Amman	17/23	SE
Amman	17/23	SE	77	Amman	17/23	SE
Amman	17/23	SE	77	Amman	17/23	SE
Amman	17/23	SE	77	Amman	17/23	SE
Amman	17/23	SE	77	Amman	17/23	SE

AROUND BRITAIN

Place	Temp	Wind	Cloud	Temp	Wind	Cloud
Southampton	16/27	SE	77	Southampton	16/27	SE
Southampton	16/27	SE	77	Southampton	16/27	SE
Southampton	16/27	SE	77	Southampton	16/27	SE
Southampton	16/27	SE	77	Southampton	16/27	SE
Southampton	16/27	SE	77	Southampton	16/27	SE
Southampton	16/27	SE	77	Southampton	16/27	SE
Southampton	16/27	SE	77	Southampton	16/27	SE
Southampton	16/27	SE	77	Southampton	16/27	SE
Southampton	16/27	SE	77	Southampton	16/27	SE

LIGHTING-UP TIME

Place	Time	Place	Time
London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am	London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am
London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am	London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am
London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am	London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am
London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am	London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am
London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am	London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am
London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am	London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am
London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am	London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am
London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am	London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am
London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am	London	9.16 pm to 4.44 am

GLASGOW

Thursday: Temp: max 6 am to 6 pm, 14C (57F); min 6 pm to 6 am, 10C (50F). Humidity: 6 pm, 27 per cent. Rain: 24 hr to 6 pm, 0.1 in. Sun: 24 hr to 6 pm, 0.1 in.

HIGHEST & LOWEST

Thursday: Highest day temp: Heathrow airport, 19C (66F); lowest day temp: Fair Isle, Shetland, 10C (50F); highest night temp: Tynemouth, 12.4C (54.3F); highest sunrise: Tynemouth, 11.4C (52.5F); lowest sunrise: Tynemouth, 11.4C (52.5F).

HIGH TIDES

Place	Time	Place	Time
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46

Tide measured at Lowestoft. Times are BST.

Place	Time	Place	Time
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46
London Bridge	3.46	London Bridge	3.46

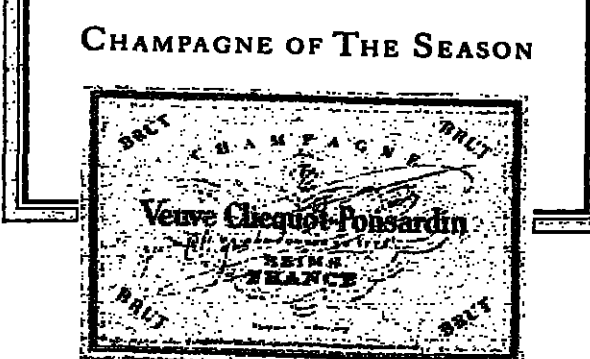
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CHAMPAGNE OF THE SEASON



VEUVE CLICQUOT

LA GRANDE DAME DE LA CHAMPAGNE

● COMMENT: KENNETH FLEET 19
● GAS: VOUCHERS 23
● SHARES: OWNERS FORGET 24
● PEPS: PENSIONS 26

SATURDAY JUNE 9 1990

Dunsdale solicitor decries regulation

THE collapse of Dunsdale Securities, with losses of up to £20 million, has raised questions about the effectiveness of the Financial Services Act. Mr David Pine, a senior partner of Alexander Tatham, the solicitor that acted for the Barlow Clowes investors, said regulation was not working and investors would be at risk unless it was reviewed. "All these regulatory bodies and safeguards the FSA brought in still do not cover this type of situation. There is only one type of protection for investors in this sort of case, and that is professional indemnity cover," said Mr Pine, who is acting on behalf of Dunsdale investors. Meanwhile, confusion over the last movements of Mr Robert Miller, the Dunsdale chief, deepened. The Serious Fraud Office confirmed it was continuing its investigations, but would not comment on reports that he was abroad. A meeting of Dunsdale creditors is to be held in London on Monday.

Lloyds coup

Lloyds Bank, veteran of the water industry privatization and the shambolic flotation of the Abbey National, has been made lead receiving bank for the float of the 12 regional electricity distribution companies this autumn and the two big generators in 1991. The bank's registrars will handle about half the total applications for the distributors and maintain shareholder registers for six of them.

Ramus warning

Ramus, the USM-quoted building products group, has given warning of a loss in the second half. The shares fell 13p to 55p on the news. Ramus does, however, expect the benefits of cost cuts to be felt in the year to end-June 1991.

News chairman

Mr Andrew Knight, executive chairman of News International, has been elected chairman of Times Newspapers Holdings, in succession to Mr Rupert Murdoch, who has been chairman since the acquisition of *The Times* and *The Sunday Times* in 1981. Mr Murdoch, who is chief executive of The News Corporation, will remain a member of the board.

INTEREST RATES

London: Bank Base: 15%
3-month interbank 15 1/4-15 1/2
3-month eligible bills 14 1/4-14 1/2
US: Prime Rate 10%
Federal Funds 8 1/4-8 1/2
3-month Treasury Bills 7 7/8-7 9/8
30-year bonds 103 1/4-103 1/2

CURRENCIES

London: New York: £/\$ 1.6830
C: \$1.6845
D: \$1.6810
E: \$1.6850
F: \$1.6820
G: \$1.6860
H: \$1.6830
I: \$1.6840
J: \$1.6810
K: \$1.6850
L: \$1.6820
M: \$1.6860
N: \$1.6830
O: \$1.6840
P: \$1.6810
Q: \$1.6850
R: \$1.6820
S: \$1.6860
T: \$1.6830
U: \$1.6840
V: \$1.6810
W: \$1.6850
X: \$1.6820
Y: \$1.6860
Z: \$1.6830

GOLD

London Fixing: AM \$353.60 pm \$353.50
close \$354.25-354.75 (\$210.50-211.00)
New York: Comex \$354.30-354.80

NORTH SEA OIL

Brent (Jul) \$15.45 bbl (\$15.85)
*Denotes latest trading price

TOURIST RATES

Bank	Buy	Sell
Australia	2.35	2.15
Austria	20.30	19.60
Belgium	61.65	57.50
Canada	2.15	1.95
Denmark	11.35	10.85
France	7.02	6.41
Germany	10.01	9.41
Greece	237	229
Hong Kong	13.72	12.82
India	11.15	10.45
Italy	2190	2080
Japan	272	250
Netherlands	3.25	3.15
Norway	261	248
Portugal	5.70	5.10
Spain	163.50	151.50
Sweden	10.72	10.12
Switzerland	2.54	2.38
Turkey	4085.00	4185.00
USA	1.755	1.655
Yugoslavia	24.00	18.00

MAJOR INDICES

New York: Dow Jones 2873.79 (-23.54)
Nikkei Average 32983.29 (-199.21)
Hong Kong: Hang Seng 3174.33 (+29.03)
Amsterdam: 120.91 (-0.2)
Sydney: 1504.1 (-5.1)
Frankfurt: DAX 1822.23 (-15.20)
Brussels: 6375.70 (-15.05)
Paris: CAC 548.71 (-0.12)
Zurich: SMI 3109.7
London: FT-A All-Share 1185.01 (-4.88)
FT-100 1279.05 (-4.61)
FT-250 185.1 (-2.8)
FT-Gold Mines 87.55 (+0.14)
FT-Fixed Interest 78.76 (+0.06)
FT-Govt Secs 3109.7
Barrans 444.2m
SEAO Volume 134.40 (+0.36)
USM (Dollars) 134.40 (+0.36)
*Denotes latest trading price

Attwoods adds to £700m rights calls

By OUR FINANCIAL STAFF



Foreman: acquisitions

ATTWOODS, the waste disposal company where Mr Denis Thatcher is non-executive deputy chairman, is raising £82 million by means of a heavily discounted rights issue.

The move adds to a rising tide of rights issues in recent months. Over the past fortnight, companies facing no urgent liquidity problems have announced issues totalling about £700 million, either to fund acquisitions or prepare for future expansion.

These included £140 million for Bowater, £80 million for Morgan Crucible, £30 million each for Body Shop and Ashley Group and one for £320 million by Tomkins.

Mr Michael Payne, director of strategy at the Legal & General insurance group, said: "We expected a spate this year. They can be welcome if they are made for positive reasons and not simply because banks will not lend any more money."

Stock Exchange market-makers are more cautious about the trend because they fear that a few big share issues could drain cash from the market. There has been speculation of more large rights issues next week. These include a £500 million issue by Rascal, although sources close to the company suggest this is extremely unlikely.

The spate of issues is likely to pause next month when the £1.5 billion second instalment on water privatization is due. The privatization of electricity distribution companies and a £500 million issue from Eurotunnel are due in the autumn.

The way was prepared by Rank Organisation, which raised £360 million in January. That offer was well received, breaking the aversion to big company issues caused by the stock market crash of 1987. This saw institutional investors incur large losses from a series of cash-raising exercises at the height of the stock market boom.

Unusually, several issues have raised the share prices of the companies concerned, because high interest rates have made equity issues less costly, and investors favour companies without excessive debt.

Mr Mark Cusack, head of research at Hoare Govett, said the cash-raising was not affecting markets significantly because financial institutions had plenty of cash from recent deals, including the French tender for Guinness shares.

At a time when share prices were rising fast in thin markets, issues by companies with well-regarded management have been seen by the big funds as a good way of investing money without driving prices up.

"They can be an easy way of getting money into the market provided they are well spread and not all at the peak," said Mr Payne.

Mr Ken Foreman, the chairman of Attwoods, said the money raised would be used to reduce the group's £79.4 million of borrowings and support its acquisition and development programme. The rights issue has been fully underwritten by SG Warburg and Robert Fleming.

The company is issuing 21.5 million new ordinary shares at 390p on the basis of one new share for every four held and one new share for every 14.28 preference shares held. Attwoods shares fell 2p to 476p. Laidlaw, the Canadian transportation group which holds a 36.9 per cent stake,

intends to take up all of its rights.

Attwoods is in an advanced stage of negotiation for the acquisition of a substantial minority interest in a privately-owned British waste management company. It is also negotiating to buy two landfill sites in Florida and Maryland. The price is expected to be £30 million.

Attwoods' gearing ratio is about 95 per cent, with interest cover of six times. The rights issue will take the gearing ratio down to zero and will allow the company to refinance existing credit lines on more favourable terms. After the rights issue, the company will have facilities of £90 million available to it.

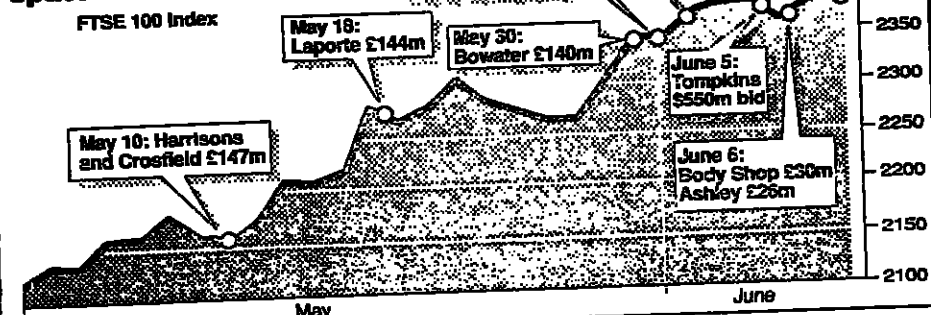
Mr Foreman said the group had not had a rights issue since 1984 despite spending more than £66 million on acquisitions in the last two years. In addition, the group has conditionally agreed to purchase Atlantic, a solid waste disposal business in New Jersey for \$19 million (£11.3 million).

Attwoods, through Warburg Securities, its broker, has also pioneered a move to remove the penalty rights issues usually pose on overseas shareholders. American investors, who own 20 per cent of Attwoods, will be able to take up their entitlement. Warburg thinks it is the first time this has been done for an underwritten British rights issue.

Mr Foreman said the waste management industry is resistant to economic recession and the group is benefiting from the trend towards recycling in the US. He thinks recycling will take off in Britain after legislation encourages it.

The rights issue was well received by the City. Mr James Mann, an analyst with Schroders, said the timing of the issue was good. Interest payable is set to fall by about £9 million next year as a result of the issue and Mr Mann is upgrading his pre-tax profit forecast for the year to July 1991 from £38.2 million to £46 million.

Market surges despite spate of cash calls



ADT lifts Christies stake

By JEREMY ANDREWS

ADT, the Bermuda-based burglar alarm group led by Mr Michael Ashcroft, has increased its holding of Christies International ordinary shares from 19.6 to 21.3 per cent, making it easily the largest shareholder.

Its 32.9 million shares in the auction house are worth £129 million at present prices. Mr Christopher Davidge, Christies' managing director, said he had not spoken to Mr Ashcroft since ADT's stake topped the 10 per cent level.

However, he noted that Mr Ashcroft's public statements suggested he intended to be a long-term shareholder.

Mr Davidge also thought the 62p rise in Christies' share price to 393p since the middle of last month was due more to the record \$82.5 million auction price for a Van Gogh painting of his physician, Dr Gachet, than to the rise in ADT's holding from 15 per cent at about the same time.

There has been no change in the holding of the Wallenberg family of Swedish bankers and industrialists, since it was raised to 6.9 per cent in March with the purchase of part of the stake held by Caledonia Investments, the quoted vehicle of the Cayzer family. Mr Davidge said the new 3 per cent disclosure threshold had not revealed any new investors.

Christies' shares have risen by 60 per cent from the equivalent of 245p when ADT's initial 5.6 per cent holding was declared in May last year. Including the A shares held by directors and former directors of Christies and their families, ADT's share of the overall equity is 19.1 per cent.

Company dismisses analysts' fears as nonsense

Thames TV 'made expensive blunder'

By MELINDA WITTSTOCK

THAMES Television made an "expensive blunder" when it paid £57 million last December to acquire Reeves Communications, the US independent TV producer, say City broadcasting analysts who fear the deal will cost the TV contractor £6-£7 million more in lost group profits this year.

Difficulties at Reeves, which were blamed on continuing weakness in the US second syndication market where former network shows are sold as reruns to independent stations, are said to be a significant factor behind Thames's warning last week of a "substantial" downturn in profits for the half year to June 30.

Reeves, the producer of *Kate & Allie* and *Gimme A Break*, is to lose between \$2 million and \$3 million in the first half, and analysts say trading conditions in the US are unlikely to improve in the

second. It will not be able to cover £6-£7 million worth of interest costs associated with the deal, while cash flow from its two syndicated sitcoms will be used to reduce Reeves' borrowings.

Analysts, who cut their full-year profit forecasts for Thames from £32 million to £28 million after taking into account a £7 million exchange levy and a £7 million downturn in advertising, are now giving a warning that profits could be as low as £23 million if Reeves fails to break even.

Mr David Elstein, Thames's programme director, dismissed the analysts' fears about Reeves as "nonsense," blaming sales delays in the US. He said it was unlikely Reeves would fall into trading losses.

Thames is anxious to avoid any comparison between Reeves and TVS Entertainment's disastrous £190.5 million acquisition in 1988 of MTM, but analysts say that although Reeves is much smaller than MTM and Thames is

bigger than TVS, the comparison is "unavoidable."

Reeves has only two pilots in production but industry sources say only 12 of 140 pilot programmes made each year are bought by the networks. However, *Doctor Doctor*, its one US network show, has been renewed by CBS for the 1990-91 season.

The disappointing news about Reeves, combined with a warning that there would be no real growth in UK advertising revenue this year, comes at a bad time for Thames, which is trying to complete the sale of 56.5 per cent of its shares before the Broadcasting Bill becomes law in July.

Shares in Thames have slumped by 10 per cent since the profits warning and analysts believe Thom EMI and BET, its two main shareholders, can now hope for only 550p a share rather than the original asking price of £6. Thames shares fell 5p to 498p.

Rhodes in tune with Tie Rack

JOHN CHAPMAN



MISS Zandra Rhodes, the fashion designer, has teamed up with Tie Rack for its autumn collection, which was launched in London yesterday. Mr Roy Bishko, the chairman of Tie Rack, said that despite static like-for-like sales, the group's "Glasnost" silk tie, featuring Soviet and American flags with a dove of peace is selling well.

Coloroll debts exceed £300m, says receiver

By MARTIN WALLER

DEBTS at Coloroll, Mr John Ashcroft's failed home furnishings group, are more than £300 million, according to Ernst & Young, the receiver.

Shareholders are likely to receive nothing, and the thousands of unsecured creditors, who are owed about £150 million and rank behind the banks and other secured creditors, may also not be paid anything. The 8,500 employees of Coloroll will learn more about their prospects on Monday.

Mr Nigel Hamilton, of Ernst & Young, said: "The outlook for the shareholders must be bleak. I don't think it would pay them to believe they would get too much out of it."

Asked whether the collapse of Coloroll and non-payment of some of its debts would trigger bankruptcies among its suppliers, he said: "It depends on how deep the creditors are in and how well they have read the tea leaves over the past months. They were given enough warning."

Analysts doubt whether a break-up of the group by the receivers in today's trading environment would raise even

the sum of nearly £200 million that secured creditors are owed.

Mr Peter Hyde, of Kleinwort Benson, the broker, said "the group has got enormous problems because it has failed too early in the economic cycle."

"Anyone who goes out and buys textile assets at the current time has got to be half-baked if they pay a high price, because there's no sign of an upturn. I would have thought that towards the end of the year you might begin to see some interest, because people



Hamilton: bleak outlook

will certainly, at that stage, be looking for an upturn."

Mr Hamilton said that the task of selling the businesses would be "quite a long haul."

Ernst & Young has teams in at the 19 sites from which Coloroll operates and expects to decide over the weekend which jobs will be retained.

Mr Hamilton said: "It may be that there are places where there will have to be redundancies. There's no point in us throwing away further creditors' money."

He added: "I'm confident that, given a little bit of time, we will be able to package some of the very good businesses, which will enable us to sell them as going concerns."

Analysts believe that the furniture-making operation, based in Bradford, will have to close, at the cost of several hundred jobs. Also at risk, they believe, are some of the carpet businesses. Managers at the Kossiet carpet factory at Bradford are trying to arrange a buyout to save 700 jobs.

Likely to join the list of unsecured creditors is Mr Ashcroft, who quit in March. His severance payment is still being negotiated.

Bass sells four hotels in Holland

By PHILIP PANGALOS

BASS, the brewing and hotels group, has completed the contracts for the four Amsterdam Crest hotels that are being acquired by Buckingham International, the hotels to nursing homes group controlled by the Jivraj family. The deal, which was announced on Wednesday, is worth £12.75 million.

In conjunction with the acquisition, which consists of 358 rooms, Buckingham will apply for a Holiday Inn franchise for the Hotel Estoril Praia in Portugal.

Buckingham also wants to develop a number of Garden Court and other Holiday Inn hotels in Spain, Portugal and Britain and will co-operate with Holiday Inn for hotel development in the US.

Including sales of most of Crest hotels earlier this year to Trusthouse Forte for £300 million, Bass has received more than £410 million from hotel disposals.

Bass is also transferring four Crest hotels in Britain and four elsewhere in Europe, with a total of 1,427 rooms and a combined book value of £115 million to Holiday Inn.

Bass shares firmed by 5p to 1065p.

PORTSMOUTH & SUNDERLAND NEWSPAPERS, plc

"CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT DESPITE MORE DIFFICULT TRADING CONDITIONS."

SIR RICHARD STOREY Bt., Chairman.

YEAR TO END OF MARCH	1990	1989	Growth
TURNOVER	£81.2m	£71.7m	up 13%
PROFIT BEFORE TAX	£5.9m	£5.8m	up 2%
EARNINGS PER SHARE	35.9p	28.5p	up 26%
DIVIDEND PER SHARE	7.90p	6.86p	up 15%

ANALYSIS OF GROWTH IN TURNOVER:-

Publishing	up 3%
Printing	up 15%
Retailing	up 24%

Copies of the Report and Accounts for 1990 will be mailed to shareholders on June 29, 1990 and will be available on request from

T F Lake Esq., Company Secretary, Portsmouth & Sunderland Newspapers, plc, Buckton House, 37 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AH.

RATES ROUND-UP

***** SL

Portfolio PLATINUM

From your Portfolio Platinum card check your eight share price movements on this page only. Add these prices to your running total for the week and check this against the weekly dividend figure on this page. If it matches this figure, you have won outright or a share of the total weekly prize money stated. If you win, follow the claim procedure on the back of your card. You must always have your card available when claiming. Game rules appear on the back of your card.

No.	Company	Group	Gain or Loss
1	Klein-Eze	Industrials E-K	
2	Bespak	Industrials A-D	
3	Widening Office	Draperies, Stores	
4	Jardine Math	Industrials E-K	
5	ERF	Motors, Aircraft	
6	Young 'A'	Breweries	
7	Hutchins Whampoa	Industrials E-K	
8	Old Newspapers (as)	Newspapers, Pub	
9	Watts Blate	Building, Roads	
10	Midland (as)	Bank, Discount	
11	Suter	Industrials E-K	
12	Eurotherm	Electricals	
13	Moscow	Properties	
14	Fitch Lovell	Food	
15	Zeitern Gp	Leisure	
16	Edbro	Industrials E-K	
17	More O'Farrell	Paper, Print, Adv	
18	Halmu	Industrials E-K	
19	Quadrant Group	Leisure	
20	GKN (as)	Industrials E-K	
21	Aus Oil & Gas	Oil, Gas	
22	De La Rue	Industrials A-D	
23	Gleeson (IM)	Building, Roads	
24	Eastern Prod	Industrials E-K	
25	CH Ind	Industrials A-D	
26	Douglas (RM)	Building, Roads	
27	Dale Elec	Electricals	
28	Wilson (Connells)	Building, Roads	
29	Ocean Group	Transport	
30	Lowker	Motors, Aircraft	
31	Schales Gp	Electricals	
32	Phos-Me	Industrials L-R	
33	Cope	Industrials A-D	
34	Pulkington (as)	Industrials L-R	
35	Rane Ind	Building, Roads	
36	CRT Gp	Textiles	
37	Campan	Leisure	
38	Calor Gp	Oil, Gas	
39	Norcor	Industrials L-R	
40	Mervale Moore	Property	
41	Nu-Swift	Industrials L-R	
42	Baxters PLC (as)	Building, Roads	
43	Rothmans 'B' (as)	Tobacco	
44	Third Mile	Industrials E-K	

Please take into account any minus signs

Weekly Dividend					
Please make a note of your daily totals for the weekly dividend of £4,000 in today's newspaper.					
MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT

Portfolio Platinum prize. Mr Allan Charlesworth, of Llandefan, Anglesey, Mr James D Winton, of Bearsden, Glasgow, Mr Kenneth G S Eamer, of Guildford, Surrey, and Mr Gary Slater of Hounslow, west London, receive £500 each.

BRITISH FUNDS

1990	High	Low	Stock	Price	Change	%	Gain or Loss
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

FIVE TO FIFTEEN YEARS							
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

OVER FIFTEEN YEARS							
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

UNDATED							
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

INDEX-LINKED							
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

BANKS, DISCOUNT HP							
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

STOCK EXCHANGE PRICES

Light profit-taking

ACCOUNT DAYS: Dealings began May 29. Dealings ended yesterday. \$Contango day June 11. Settlement day June 18.
\$Forward bargains are permitted on two previous business days.

Prices recorded are at market close. Changes are calculated on the previous day's close, but adjustments are made when a stock is ex-dividend. Where one price is quoted, it is a middle price. Changes, yields and price/earnings ratios are based on middle prices. (as) denotes Alpha Stocks.

1990	High	Low	Company	Price	Change	%	Gain or Loss
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

BREWERIES

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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BUILDING, ROADS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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FINANCE, LAND

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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FINANCIAL TRUSTS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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FOODS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

CHEMICALS, PLASTICS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

DRAPERY, STORES

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

HOTELS, CATERERS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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INDUSTRIALS A-D

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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1990	High	Low	Company	Price	Change	%	Gain or Loss
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

E-K

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

L-R

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

S-Z

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

OVERSEAS TRADERS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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PAPER, PRINT, ADVERTISING

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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PROPERTY

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

SHOES, LEATHER

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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TEXTILES

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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TOBACCO

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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1990	High	Low	Company	Price	Change	%	Gain or Loss
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

INSURANCE

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

LEISURE

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

MINING

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

MOTORS, AIRCRAFT

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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NEWSPAPERS, PUBLISHERS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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OILS, GAS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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TRANSPORT

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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WATER

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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ELECTRICALS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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1990	High	Low	Company	Price	Change	%	Gain or Loss
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

OVERSEAS TRADERS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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PAPER, PRINT, ADVERTISING

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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PROPERTY

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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SHOES, LEATHER

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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TEXTILES

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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TOBACCO

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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TRANSPORT

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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WATER

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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ELECTRICALS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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1990	High	Low	Company	Price	Change	%	Gain or Loss
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

OVERSEAS TRADERS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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PAPER, PRINT, ADVERTISING

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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PROPERTY

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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SHOES, LEATHER

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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TEXTILES

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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TOBACCO

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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TRANSPORT

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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WATER

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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ELECTRICALS

100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
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Portfolio
PLATINUM
© Times Newspapers Limited
WEEKLY DIVIDEND
£4,000
Claims required for +229 points
Claimants should ring 0254-53272

© Ex dividend a Ex all b Forecast dividend c Interim payment passed f Price at suspension g Dividend and yield exclude a special dividend h Pre-merger figures i Forecast earnings a Ex other b Ex rights c Ex scrip or share split f Tax-free No significant data.

THE TIMES UNIT TRUST INFORMATION SERVICE

[illegible]

UNLISTED SECURITIES

[illegible]

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

Exchange index compared with 1985 was same at 89.5 (day's range 89.4-89.6).				
STERLING SPOT AND FORWARD RATES				OTHER STERLING RATES
Market rates for June 8				
Range	Close	1 month	3 month	
New York	1.6820-1.6820	1.6825-1.6835	0.92-0.90p	2.73-2.71
Miami	1.9718-1.9870	1.9738-1.9737	0.22-0.14p	4.40-3.98p
San Francisco	3.2048-3.2189	3.21-3.15-2185	1.15-1.9p	51-51p
Amsterdam	2.4240-2.4240	2.4240-2.4240	1.1p-1.1p	84-85p
Copenhagen	10.843-10.8194	10.8681-10.8194	3.94-3.9p	11.1p-10.1p
London	1.0285-1.0287	1.0282-1.0286	41-38p	115-108p
Dublin	2.3420-2.3420	2.3420-2.3420	1.1p-1.1p	84-85p
Paris	25.83-25.144	25.93-24.131	18p-18p	39-35p
Madrid	176.53-176.53	176.53-176.53	8p-8p	125-125p
Stockholm	209.4-31.1022	210.76-210.53	3p-3p	9.9p-9.9p
Oslo	10.3233-10.5882	10.5604-10.3838	3.3p-3p	9.4p-9.4p
Warsaw	1.0225-1.0225	1.0225-1.0225	1.1p-1.1p	84-85p
Panama	10.2245-10.1048	10.3045-10.2274	2.9p-2.9p	6.1p-4.4p
Tokyo	257.36-259.32	257.36-259.32	1.1p-1.1p	11.1p-11.1p
Vienna	2.4328-2.4328	2.4327-2.4327	1.1p-1.1p	3.9p-3.9p
Zurich	2.4328-2.4385	2.4327-2.4381	1.1p-1.1p	3.9p-3.9p

Premium = pr. Discount = ds.

Argentina austral*	8405.00-8443.50	2.177-2.181
Australia dollar	2.177-2.181	2.177-2.181
Bahrain dinar	0.9310-0.9390	
Brazil cruzeiro	82.18-82.18	
Cyprus pound	0.9390-0.9390	
Cypriot mark	6.9585-7.7295	
Dutch guilder	2.4240-2.4240	
Hong Kong dollar	13.0781-10.7028	
Indian rupee	29.26-29.39	
Japanese yen	160.00-160.00	
Malaysian ringgit	4.5504-4.5549	
Mexico peso	4.700-4.800	
Netherlands guilder	2.4240-2.4240	
Saudi Arabian riyal	6.2765-6.3385	
Singapore dollar	3.1084-3.1101	
South African rand	4.40-4.40	
S. Africa rand (cont.)	4.40-4.40	
U.A.E. dirham	6.1475-6.2275	

*Uyeda Bank, Rates supplied by Reuters.

DOLLAR SPOT RATES			
15-15930	Denmark	6.4610-6.4680	Mark

Singapore	1.8480-1.8490	W Germany	3.4531-3.4550	Italy	1.2447-1.2457
Malaysia	2.7070-2.7080	Switzerland	1.5591-1.5595	Belgium (Com)	34.81-34.86
Australia	1.2953-1.2970	Netherlands	1.4470-1.4480	France	7.7800-7.7810
Canada	1.1757-1.1767	Spain	1.9060-1.9070	Portugal	148.55-148.75
Sweden	6.1175-6.1225	Japan	5.7050-5.7100	South Korea	104.95-105.05
Norway	6.5050-6.5100			Austria	11.91-11.92

Rates supplied by Barclays Bank GTS and Exel.

MONEY MARKETS

MONEY MARKETS
Banks 15 Finance Hqs 15% **EURO MONEY**

[illegible]

1 mdr 14¹⁸ 18
12 mdr 14%

Starting Cuts (Pc):			BULLION:			Per ounce
3 m: 15 ¹⁵ -15 ¹⁵	1 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	12 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	Open: \$353.50-354.00			Close: \$353.25-354.75
6 m: 15 ¹⁵ -15 ¹⁵	3 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	9 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	High: \$354.50-355.00			Low: \$353.25-353.75
9 m: 15 ¹⁵ -15 ¹⁵	6 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	12 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	COINS:			
12 m: 15 ¹⁵ -15 ¹⁵	9 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	15 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	Per coin (Ex VAT)			
15 m: 15 ¹⁵ -15 ¹⁵	12 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	18 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	1 oz: \$360.36-360.36 (\$200-217.00)			
18 m: 15 ¹⁵ -15 ¹⁵	15 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	21 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	1/2 oz: \$360.36-368.00 (\$100-212.00)			
21 m: 15 ¹⁵ -15 ¹⁵	18 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	24 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	1/4 oz: \$360.36-368.00 (\$50-217.00)			
24 m: 15 ¹⁵ -15 ¹⁵	21 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	27 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	American Eagle: \$360.00-365.00 (\$50-214.00-217.00)			
27 m: 15 ¹⁵ -15 ¹⁵	24 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	30 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	New Zealand: \$364.00-365.00 (\$50-215.00-217.00)			
30 m: 15 ¹⁵ -15 ¹⁵	27 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	33 m: 14 ¹⁴ -14 ¹⁴	Old Australian: \$364.00-365.00 (\$50-215.00-217.00)			
TREASURY BILLS						
Apples: \$26.92mm	almonds: \$25.00mm					
Apricots: \$26.95mm	cashew: \$25.00mm					
Avocados: \$26.95mm	coconut: \$25.00mm					

THIRD MARKET

[illegible]

INVESTMENT TRUSTS

[illegible]

LONDON FINANCIAL FUTURES

FT-SE 100					Open High Low Close Vol		
Jun 10	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 11	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 12	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 13	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 14	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 15	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 16	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 17	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 18	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 19	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 20	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 21	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 22	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 23	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 24	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 25	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 26	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 27	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 28	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 29	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 30	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jun 31	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 1	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 2	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 3	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 4	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 5	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 6	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 7	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 8	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 9	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 10	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 11	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 12	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 13	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 14	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 15	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 16	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 17	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 18	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 19	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 20	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 21	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 22	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 23	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 24	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 25	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 26	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 27	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 28	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 29	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 30	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Jul 31	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 1	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 2	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 3	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 4	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 5	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 6	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 7	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 8	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 9	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 10	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 11	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 12	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 13	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 14	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 15	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 16	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
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Aug 24	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 25	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 26	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 27	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 28	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 29	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 30	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Aug 31	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 1	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 2	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 3	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 4	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 5	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 6	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 7	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 8	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 9	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 10	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 11	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 12	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 13	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 14	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 15	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 16	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 17	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 18	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 19	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 20	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 21	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 22	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 23	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 24	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 25	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 26	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 27	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
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Sep 29	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 30	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Sep 31	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 1	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 2	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 3	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 4	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 5	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 6	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 7	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 8	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 9	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 10	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 11	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 12	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 13	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 14	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 15	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 16	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 17	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 18	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 19	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 20	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 21	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 22	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 23	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 24	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 25	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 26	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 27	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 28	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 29	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 30	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Oct 31	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 1	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 2	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 3	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 4	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 5	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 6	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 7	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 8	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 9	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 10	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 11	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 12	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 13	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 14	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 15	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 16	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 17	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 18	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 19	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 20	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 21	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 22	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 23	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	431		
Nov 24	2420.0	2428.0	2390.0	2391.0	4		

COMMODITIES

LONDON FOEX			LONDON METAL EXCHANGE			
COCOA AMT Futures Jun 825-265 Sep 822-283 Dec 819-283 Mar 817-263			Official prices/volume previous day (R/tonnes) Cash 3 month Val			
COFFEES AMT Futures Jun 844-249 Sep 844-245 Dec 844-245 Mar 844-245			Copper Gds A 1549.0-1550.0 1496.0-1497.0 371500 Zinc Spas H* 481.00-482.00 481.00-482.00 38400 Tin 1676.0-1678.0 1676.0-1678.0 140475 Lead 625.0-626.0 625.0-626.0 145475 Aluminiums H* 1577.0-1578.0 1580.0-1591.0 26675 Nuts* 7880-7970 7880-7970 13702			
SUGAR C Cancellations Aug 300-40.0 L Mar 280-40.0 Oct 285-40.0 L Aug 280-40.0 Nov 285-40.0 L Aug 280-40.0			(L/Cents per Troy oz. (\$ per tonne))			
AMT Futures Jun 151-25.0 Aug 151-25.0 Oct 151-25.0 Dec 151-25.0 Mar 151-25.0			LONDON MEAT & LIVESTOCK COMMISSION Avg fatstock prices at representative markings June 6			
WHEAT GRAIN FUTURES Jun 77 Aug 77 Oct 77 Dec 77 Mar 77			Live Pig Contract Open Close Jun 120.5 120.0 Aug 122.0 122.0 Oct 122.0 122.0 Dec 122.0 122.0 Mar 122.0 122.0			
BARLEY CEREAL (7/1) Jun 118.00 Aug 118.00 Oct 118.00 Dec 118.00 Mar 118.00			(kg/ha live) Cattle G/B (wt) 104.08 174.53 103.96 W/B (wt) -5.17 -7.58 -4.11 Eng/W (wt) 104.08 174.53 103.96 Eng/W (wt) -5.17 -7.58 -4.11 Scot/W (wt) 104.08 174.53 103.96 Scot/W (wt) -5.17 -7.58 -4.11 Scot/W (wt) 104.08 174.53 103.96 Scot/W (wt) -5.17 -7.58 -4.11			
SOYABEANS AMT Futures Jun 113-16.0 Aug 113-16.0 Oct 113-16.0 Dec 113-16.0 Mar 113-16.0			Pig-125 Cattle Estimated dead carcasses			

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EDITED BY LINDSAY COOK

FAMILY MONEY

Provisional liquidator moves in as investment adviser disappears

Dunsdale highlights information gap

By TONY HETHERINGTON

THE disappearance of Mr Robert Miller, the investment adviser, has brought to light a gap in the information available to Fimbria and other City watchdogs.

Fimbria suspended Mr Miller's company, Dunsdale Securities, at 5.30pm last Tuesday, barring it from disposing of any assets, or transferring them out of the country. By then, Mr Miller had been gone for at least four days, a fact known to only one of his estimated 100 clients.

Mr Harold Sorsky, of Sorsky Defries, the provisional liquidator, moved in on the company's Park Lane offices on Thursday, and began sifting through a list of potential creditors. Mr Sorsky said a "serious" amount of money appeared to be involved. He expects the total to reach £20 million.

On Friday last week, the one client who suspected Dunsdale was in trouble applied for a court order against the company. He had complained that he had been unable to withdraw funds due to him. Neither the client nor the court informed Fimbria, or the police, until the Tuesday after.

Mr John Pinnington, a Fimbria spokesman, said: "I do not know why the solicitors took so long to tell us what they were doing, and that a problem existed at Dunsdale. As soon as we knew, we gathered the necessary evidence at high speed. The suspension order was issued only an hour or so later."

Fimbria officials are un-

happy that it was possible for a court case of such seriousness to have taken place without their knowledge. "It has shown that what we need is a system whereby the courts, or solicitors, automatically inform us if an action is brought against one of our members," said Mr Pinnington.

There were no signs that might have alerted Fimbria sooner. Dunsdale was not a fly-by-night operation. It was set up in 1974, and was a member of Fimbria's top C3 category, empowered to advise on a wide range of investments and to handle clients' money.

Mr Robert Michael Gideon Miller, aged 39, was equally solid, it seemed. During his holidays from studying for an economics degree at the London School of Economics, he worked as a Blue Button, a junior stockbroking job.

He was known by leading City brokers, who thought highly of him, and for a time was on the board of directors of a small bank, City Trust, where Dunsdale Securities had accounts. Dunsdale, which he ran from smart offices in Park Lane, London, was his own company.

Behind the scenes, Mr Miller's personal life was messy. Although at least some acquaintances were under the impression that he still lived in a large house in St Johns Wood, a woman at the Clifton Hill property said this week that he and his wife were divorced, and she did not know where Mr Miller was living. Closer acquaintances



Heart of the matter: Harold Sorsky at Mr Miller's desk in the Park Lane offices

say he remarried, and that he and his second wife Naomi, aged 25, who is pregnant, were living in Shepherd Close, a few minutes walk from Dunsdale's offices. Mr Miller had been banned from driving.

The precise circumstances of his disappearance are curious. Last Saturday, staff at the Grosvenor House Hotel called the police after finding blood-stained clothing in a room occupied by Mr Miller. Whether the blood was Mr Miller's is unknown. The man himself was not to be found there.

Staff at Dunsdale Securities seem to have been unaware of

any problem. Last Monday, one caller to the company was told Mr Miller was simply out of the office and would be back at 5pm. He did not arrive.

Much of Mr Miller's business appears to have been conducted with a comparatively small circle of friends and acquaintances, many of them wealthy members of the Jewish community in north west London. Investors say he claimed to be able to trade in gilt-edged securities, bumping up the return to at least 18 per cent, and perhaps as high as 30 per cent.

Mr Jonathan Fisher, a solicitor who is acting for

several Dunsdale clients, said the amounts involved are "very high". At least one investor is at risk for £500,000.

It is impossible to know what eventual losses might amount to, but those close to the investigation believe Mr Miller handled at least £15 million on behalf of clients, and the actual total could be twice as much.

Metropolitan Police Fraud Squad officers attached to the Serious Fraud Office have spent the past three days in search of Mr Miller. His former home in St Johns Wood was searched on Wednesday, and inquiries

have been made in Israel and Canada, where he has relatives.

Meanwhile, Mr Miller's clients can only hope that a hoard of gilt-edged certificates turns up which will cover their investments. It is clear that the compensation fund set up to bale out investors in exactly their situation will be small comfort: the maximum payout to any one investor of a failed firm is £48,000.

In March, the Consumers Association lobbied for the limit to be raised to £100,000, arguing that the present limit was far too low. Claims pending from clients of two failed Fimbria firms, JGM Financial Services and Mildminster, along with any claims which may result from the Dunsdale affair, will increase pressure for the limit to be raised.

Dunsdale investors may have to wait several months before learning whether they will receive any payment from the scheme. The company has to be placed in full liquidation before the scheme board can meet to consider whether to accept claims.

If the company is found to be in default, investors are sent forms on which to list details of their transactions. The scheme then works with the liquidator to see whether the claims can be verified, and is then in a position to make payments. The scheme does not have to wait until the company has been fully wound up. In some cases, an early tranche of payments may be made to investors with straightforward claims, allowing more time to look at those

with more complicated claims.

Under the scheme, investors are paid 100 per cent of the first £30,000 of any claim, and up to 90 per cent of the next £20,000, making a total of £48,000. The shortest time in which claims have been settled was just six weeks, in the case of Allied Equity, the failed broker. Investors in Mildminster, the failed pensions consultancy, are still waiting for news of their claims more than a year later.

About 100 investors who dealt with another Fimbria member, Mr Denis Dale-Greaves, of Exeter, are still waiting for news of the £1.6 million they claim to have invested through him.

Most have filled in questionnaires from the Investors' Compensation Scheme. However, Miss Myra Kinghorn, the ICS chief executive, has issued a warning that they may not be covered, because their business with Mr Dale-Greaves may not rank as "regulated", if it was done during the year after his secret suspension by Fimbria, which barred him from taking on any new clients.

The Dale-Greaves affair has become an important test case for the ICS. During the year in which he was secretly suspended by Fimbria, prudent investors checking with the central register would have been able to learn only that he was a full member of Fimbria.

In mid-April, Fimbria had a total of 24 of its 8,010 members on secret suspension. A further 52 were publicly suspended.

Gas help on line for lost vouchers

A HELPLINE has been set up for British Gas shareholders who have lost the gas vouchers issued between June 1987 and the end of last year (Lindsay Cook writes).

About 50,000 of the 2 million vouchers issued have not been used. To qualify for the discounts of up to £250 on gas bills, they must be spent by the end of September. One £10 voucher was issued for each 100 shares bought up to a maximum of £250.

Those investors who cannot remember whether they received or used their vouchers can telephone the British Gas Enquiry Line on 0272-294188 from 8am to 6pm Monday to Friday and from 8am until on Saturday next week. The service is only available for the week, although other inquiries will be dealt with by National Westminster Bank Registrars.

Lost vouchers will be replaced by the registrars free of charge. Those holders who have moved house can still use the vouchers to pay bills at the new property.

If a shareholder has died, the vouchers can be used by a relative with the same surname or living at the address on the vouchers. Married daughters can apply to have the shares re-registered to use the vouchers, and if they have no gas supply can transfer the vouchers to someone who has.

Those with many vouchers and a small gas bill can use them to credit their account against future bills.

NatWest Registrars: Caxton House, PO Box 343, Redcliffe Mead Lane, Bristol BS99 7SQ.

Providing a tax-free home for cashing in at maturity

By LINDSAY COOK, FAMILY MONEY EDITOR

TWO guaranteed products from National Savings were launched this week to provide a new tax-free home for people cashing in matured certificates.

The 35th Issue National Savings Certificate will go on sale on June 18, paying 9.5 per cent tax-free over five years. This will replace the 34th Issue, which was launched almost two years ago and paid 7.5 per cent.

Investment is limited to £1,000 for new money, however, although existing investors can transfer up to £10,000 from matured certificates into the new issue.

The 5th Issue index-linked National Savings Certificate will be offered from July 2, paying a guaranteed 4.5 per cent in addition to index-linking if held for five years. There is a new investment limit of £5,000 on the certificates, which are also tax-free.

The issue will allow reinvestment of £10,000. Yearly Plan will pay 9.5 per cent tax-free on applications received after June 6, but the monthly contribution stays at £200.

This means that the thousands of National Savings investors who have complained for months that they had no new product to invest in when they cash in matured certificates will now be able to put up to £26,000 in the new products. Matured certificates only pay 5.01 per cent.

Investors who bought the full amount of each guaranteed certificate as it was launched could reap more than £14,000 from certificates maturing this year and a similar amount next year.

The 34th Issue will be available until the close of business next Saturday and the 4th Issue Index-Linked, which guarantees to cover inflation plus 4.04 per cent

over five years, remains on sale until the end of June. Investors who may want access to their money during the five years, or who believe that inflation may soon fall will be better off with the 4th Issue.

Like the 5th Issue, it will only return the original investment if withdrawn in the first 12 months. But after the first anniversary, investors receive 3 per cent plus inflation.

Those who invested a year ago could now withdraw their money plus 11.4 per cent free of any tax. The interest rate rises annually until the final year, when 6 per cent plus inflation is paid.

Because investors have used the certificates as a short-term investment, the Department of National Savings has structured the new issue so that only those who stay the full five years will receive a higher return than can be earned by the 4th Issue for one year.

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FAMILY MONEY

Discrepancies in share registers provide scent for the trail

SIR tracks down unwitting owners of forgotten shares

By BARBARA ELLIS

A LITTLE-known side effect of takeovers is the emergence of clues to the ownership of millions of pounds worth of shares and dividend arrears.

By comparing the two companies' share registers for discrepancies a few years after the event, specialist investigators can pick up the scent on a trail which can stretch as far back as pre-revolutionary Russia or Japanese-occupied Singapore.

Owners or their distant relatives can be traced with the help of public records, such as the register of births, deaths and marriages.

But unwitting owners often view approaches from investigators with deep suspicion.

When a Family Money reader in Sussex received a letter from Shareholder Investments Research asking for confirmation of his identity and address this February, he ignored it.

After a second request, he sent a brief confirmation. This brought a further letter from SIR signed by Miss Maria Kyriacou, one of the firm's directors.

She wrote: "We have located an unclaimed asset held in trust which we believe may be due to you. For your guidance, this asset is currently valued at £7,500."

Miss Kyriacou's letter offered the firm's services in claiming the entitlement and explained that if it succeeded the commission would be 25 per cent of the total value recovered plus VAT.

The reader was wary. He said: "If I put up the stake money of 25 per cent of £7,500, there is a substantial risk of receiving an asset which while normally having a face value of £7,500 could well turn out to be virtually worthless. If the unknown asset is genuinely worth £7,500, it is tantalizing to wonder if there might not be a less costly way of discovering its identity."

Miss Kyriacou emphasized that SIR operates on a "no result no fee" basis and always transfers assets direct to clients never becoming the owner itself.

The firm charges its commission on the market value of the shares involved on the day they are transferred to the owner, plus the actual value of any unclaimed dividends.

The share valuation is at the middle market price — half way between the market maker's buying and selling prices.

This means that SIR is at

risk of losing commission when the stockmarket crashes or slides during an investigation, but can also gain when share prices rise.

"We often just alert people to the existence of an asset," said Mr Basil Pounds, another SIR director. "They search it out for themselves and there is nothing in that for us."

In the year ended March 31 last year, SIR made a profit of £4,167 after paying its four directors a total of £65,116.

Business may decline as a result of changes in company law which have put firms under obligation to trace owners of shares and unclaimed dividends. However, as the changes do not apply retrospectively, the firm expects to have plenty of work for some time to come as investigations can last for years.



Searching for unclaimed assets: Maria Kyriacou

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Glasnost opens new market in art

THE more open society created by President Gorbachev has opened the way to art and antiques from the Soviet Union coming legitimately to the West (Conal Gregory writes).

The opportunity to purchase good, reputable items takes place next week with a major exhibition at the Roy Miles Gallery, London, and an auction of contemporary Ukrainian paintings at Christie's, South Kensington.

Roy Miles, a fine art dealer for over 25 years, has made a speciality of Soviet art. He travels to all the major Soviet cities and recently visited the closed city of Podolsk, near Moscow.

Good provenance is essential, particularly since few Soviet paintings are

signed on the canvass. More are signed on the reverse and if Mr Miles's gallery has to re-line a painting, it tries to leave a window for the signature. Mr Miles looks for sketches of the original work and advises against buying from a central store organized by the Ministry of Culture. He deals with artists or their families and pays hard currency to Russia's oldest trading company, Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga.

Prices are rising fast. Over the past year, prices paid for the work of Alexander Rusakov — a key member of the Leningrad Circle of Artists of the 1920s — have risen by up to 100 per cent.

On Thursday, Christie's will place the work of 17 Ukrainian artists under the

hammer. Before an exhibition earlier this year to raise funds for the Chernobyl Aid Trust, the work had not been seen in Britain. Traditional elements of Ukrainian art, such as saturated colour and realism, are evident. Estimates range from £200 to several thousand pounds.

Sotheby's confirms that there is an increased interest in Soviet art. It held a sale in Geneva on May 17, realizing over £972,000, and is to hold another next week in New York.

Soviet icons should not be overlooked by investors. The Maria Andipa Gallery, in Walton Street, London, reports price rises of 30 to 60 per cent over the past five years, depending upon the quality and the school of painting.

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FAMILY MONEY

Report points to demand and supply problems

Energy trusts boosted by long-term oil price hopes

By HELEN PRIDHAM

AFTER several years in the doldrums, commodity and energy unit trusts have started to make a comeback. In the past few months, the energy funds have performed particularly well, and despite the current summer weakness of oil prices, managers predict that the long-term prospects are excellent.

The oil price is falling due to high stocks and a squabble over production quotas among the leading producer nations. On past form, this will be settled by the autumn.

But with the Soviet oil industry in disarray, and huge volumes of energy needed to cope with the modernization of the Eastern European economies, longer-term demand trends look positive.

Save & Prosper, in its latest manager's report for its Energy Industries fund, outlines the possibility of an oil price shock in the mid-1990s.

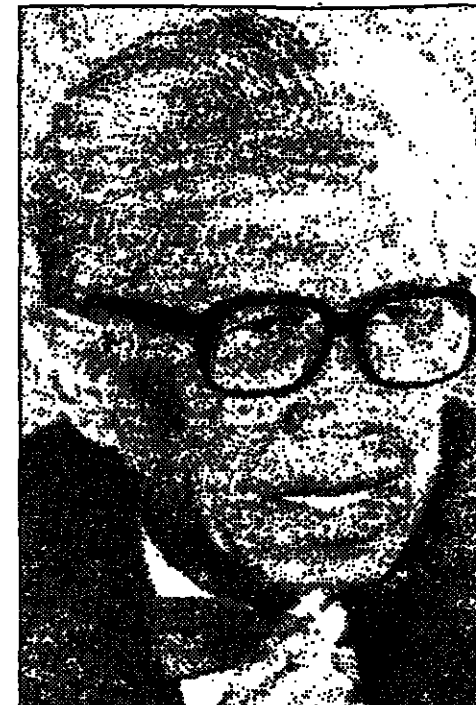
The report says: "Both Sheikh Yamani (Ahmed Zaki Yamani, oil minister for Saudi Arabia) and Dr Subroto (general secretary of the Organisation of the Petroleum Exporting Countries) have highlighted the problems Opec will have in expanding capacity to match future demand growth."

"It is doubtful that these capacity increases can be internally financed and it is unlikely that the oil industry will be able to plug the gap. Under this scenario it is likely that prices will rise significantly quicker than inflation, leading to the threat of an oil shock in the mid-1990s."

Save & Prosper is, therefore, positioning its fund more aggressively to take advantage of rising oil prices by increasing exposure to the exploration sector.

There are only three pure energy unit trusts, though most commodity funds have some kind of stake in the sector. The best-performing fund has been the Ballie Gifford Energy Trust, managed in Scotland, which last year came twelfth out of more than 1,000 funds in the unit trust league and is up 32 per cent over the past year.

Mr Douglas McDougall, the fund manager, has argued that it is possible to make money out of the energy sector, even when the oil price is falling, by investing, for example, in utilities which benefit from a



Outlining problems of expanding capacity: Dr Subroto (left) and Sheikh Yamani

lower oil price. But now he is taking advantage of the rising oil price trend.

BG Energy has 80 per cent of its investments in the United States, mainly in oil and gas service companies which benefit directly from increasing exploration. One of BG Energy's focuses is Schlumberger, its largest holding, at 8 per cent of the fund. Schlumberger is at the sophisticated end of the industry producing equipment for the electronic interpretation of drilling results. The fund also has a large holding in Oceanenergy International, a diving company which produces mechanical diving equipment. This company is increasingly in demand for tasks such as repairing underwater pipes.

Mr Bruce Ackerman, investment chief at Lloyds Bank unit trusts, is less optimistic about rising oil prices in the short to medium term. He said: "The price is very much a function of Opec discipline, which they have shown again recently is lacking."

Other factors which appear to move against an improvement in the fortunes of the energy industry are the economic slowdown in the West and the increasing concerns about the environment.

On the question of demand, Miss Kate Medd, manager of

Henderson's Global Resources trust, said: "Naturally a slowdown in the main economies of the world doesn't help, but demand for oil and other resources from other areas, such as the growing economies of South East Asia, has been increasing much more than anyone expected in recent years and looks set to continue. The opening up of the Eastern bloc is also likely to lead to increased infrastructure spending and a greater demand for resources."

Mr David Hutchins, commodity funds manager at M&G, also believes there is much demand for resources in Eastern Europe.

He said: "With their inefficient and polluting power

stations and smelting works, which may well have to be closed down completely, they will be unable to meet this demand themselves."

On environmental aspects, Mr Neil Honebon, of Save & Prosper, sees higher standards as not just a cost, but also as a chance for profit. He said: "It will provide new investment opportunities and the margins on the better grades of oil required are higher."

Gas companies are also likely to benefit. Miss Medd said: "Gas is environmentally friendly and is favoured by environmental legislation in the US. In Europe, two new power stations are likely to be gas powered."

Mr Hutchins says another factor working in favour of the commodities sector is that after the lean times of the 1980s, most companies are much fitter and more efficient. But he admits that such considerations do not necessarily lead to rising share prices.

He said: "In the commodities sector, all important is the perception of demand. Sentiment can change overnight and send share prices up or down. Commodity funds are for those who are prepared to take a high risk for the possibility of a higher reward. You are much safer in a boring blue-chip fund."

Top performing energy and commodity funds over 1 year to June 1

	Value of £100 inv
BG Energy	130.86
S&P Energy Ind	110.67
M&G Gold & General	107.55
Lloyds Bank Energy Int	107.29
Gartmore Gold Share	104.92
S&P Commodity Share	104.38
M&G Commodity & General	102.45
MIM Britannia Commodity	102.24
Royal Trust Gold Share	102.21
Hill Samuel Natural Res	101.90

Sources: Micropal. Figures on offer to bid basis with net income reinvested

Pension potential in Peps package

By JON ASHWORTH

ONE of the most comprehensive packages of personal equity plans was unveiled this week.

A pension Pep was part of the package unveiled by First Charter Investment Management - formerly Dominion Investment Management until management bought it this year. It has been relaunched, backed by Ensign Trust, a £480 million investment fund, and has teamed up with a range of life offices for its latest venture.

Mr John Wilson, managing director, said that the plans would be sold only through independent brokers, not "off-the-page" or through a salesforce. Mr Wilson, who brought the idea of Pep mortgages to British investors two years ago, hailed the pensions Pep as one of the most interesting launches so far.

"There is nothing quite like it in the marketplace," Mr Wilson said, adding that the plan was an excellent way for high-earners to unclog pensions. It was also a way for people saving by additional voluntary pension contributions to add a tax-free lump sum to retirement income.

However, Mr Wilson said that a Labour general election victory would cast a shadow over the future of Peps, although Labour seemed more committed to keeping them in some form. If anything did happen to Peps, the company could offer a flexible, even if less tax-efficient, alternative, probably a more conventional unit trust product.

The minimum investment in First Charter Peps is £25 a month, £250 a year or £500 as a lump sum. The charges on lump sums range from 5 per cent to 6 per cent, with an annual charge of 1 per cent to 1.5 per cent. There is another 0.5 per cent charge for Pep administration. Charges on regular-payment Peps are expected to be structured in a similar way to endowments. A no-commission option is available to brokers who prefer to charge a fee for advice.

First Charter has teamed up with NEI, Britannia and Canada Life for the launches. The investment adviser is Credit Suisse Buckmaster & Moore. The High Income Pep is based on Exeter High Income Unit Trust, run by Exeter Fund Managers. Other Peps draw on Grofund Managers' Grofund Equity Trust unit trust.

Banks weigh up benefits of 'free' credit cards

SMALL credit card issuers have been able to attract thousands of customers by pointing out their fee-less status since Lloyds Bank and Barclays Bank announced yearly charges for their cards (Barbara Ellis writes).

Other banks and building societies are calculating whether it would be worth

declaring an intention not to impose a fee for the raft of customers they could pick up.

Midland Bank's First Direct division and Halifax Building Society's Maxim account are the likeliest focus of this attention. Both were launched last October but have developed very differently.

First Direct, Midland's "branchless" bank had, by the end of 1989, attracted only 11,000 customers, but since then has refused to give figures.

Midland spokesman insist First Direct is on its internal target, with 80 per cent of new customers coming from outside Midland.

Halifax's Maxim had signed

100,000 customers by the end of 1989 and now has 210,000.

If First Direct has also managed to double its year-end figure, it could have 22,000 customers, which is not viable, according to a banking analyst, who says Midland's solution could be to keep the First Direct Visa card free of a fee.

Pick-your-own mortgages plan

MORTGAGE Trust has launched a "pick-your-own" mortgage scheme, offering investors a choice of interest rates between 9.95 per cent and 14.95 per cent.

The repayment rate on the self-selection scheme can be adjusted at any time for an administration fee of £125.

Plans that defer interest for up to five years are also available, as well as a standard scheme. The administration fee in all cases is £195, which is added to the loan.

TSB benefit

TSB customers can now use their TSB Bankcards at nearly 300 branches of J. Sainsbury as a result of the bank linking up with the Visa Electron scheme.

More than a fifth of Sainsbury customers already use debit cards to pay for their purchases, and many more are expected to turn to the benefits of cashless shopping. Bankcard, which is a debit card, can be used at any of the 330,000 shops linked to the Visa network.

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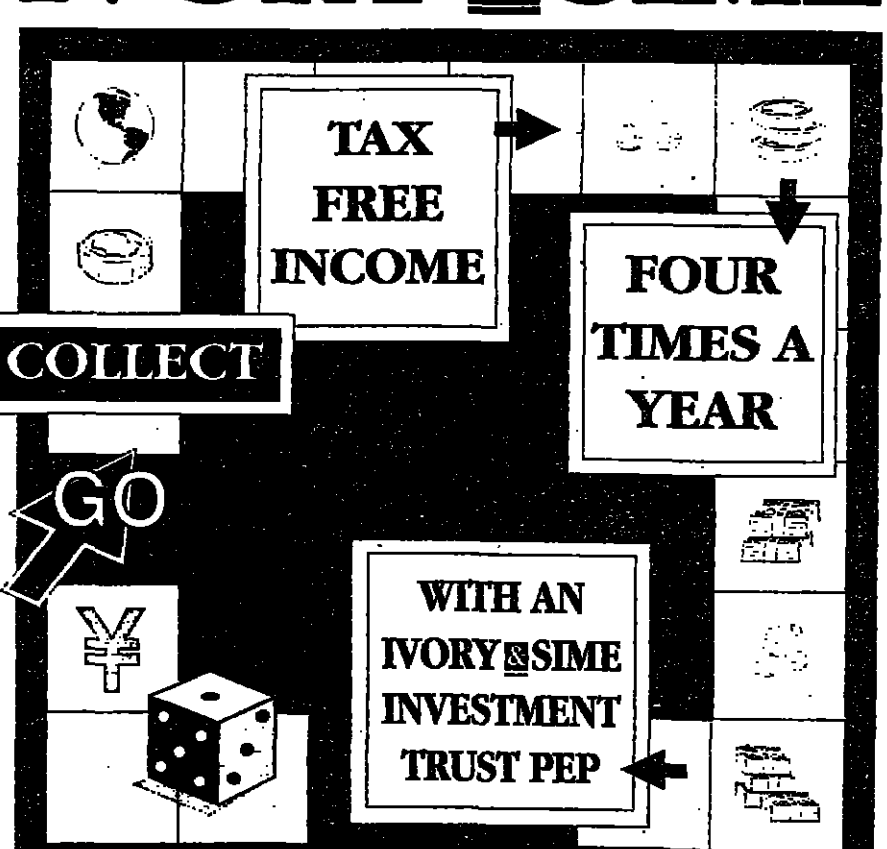
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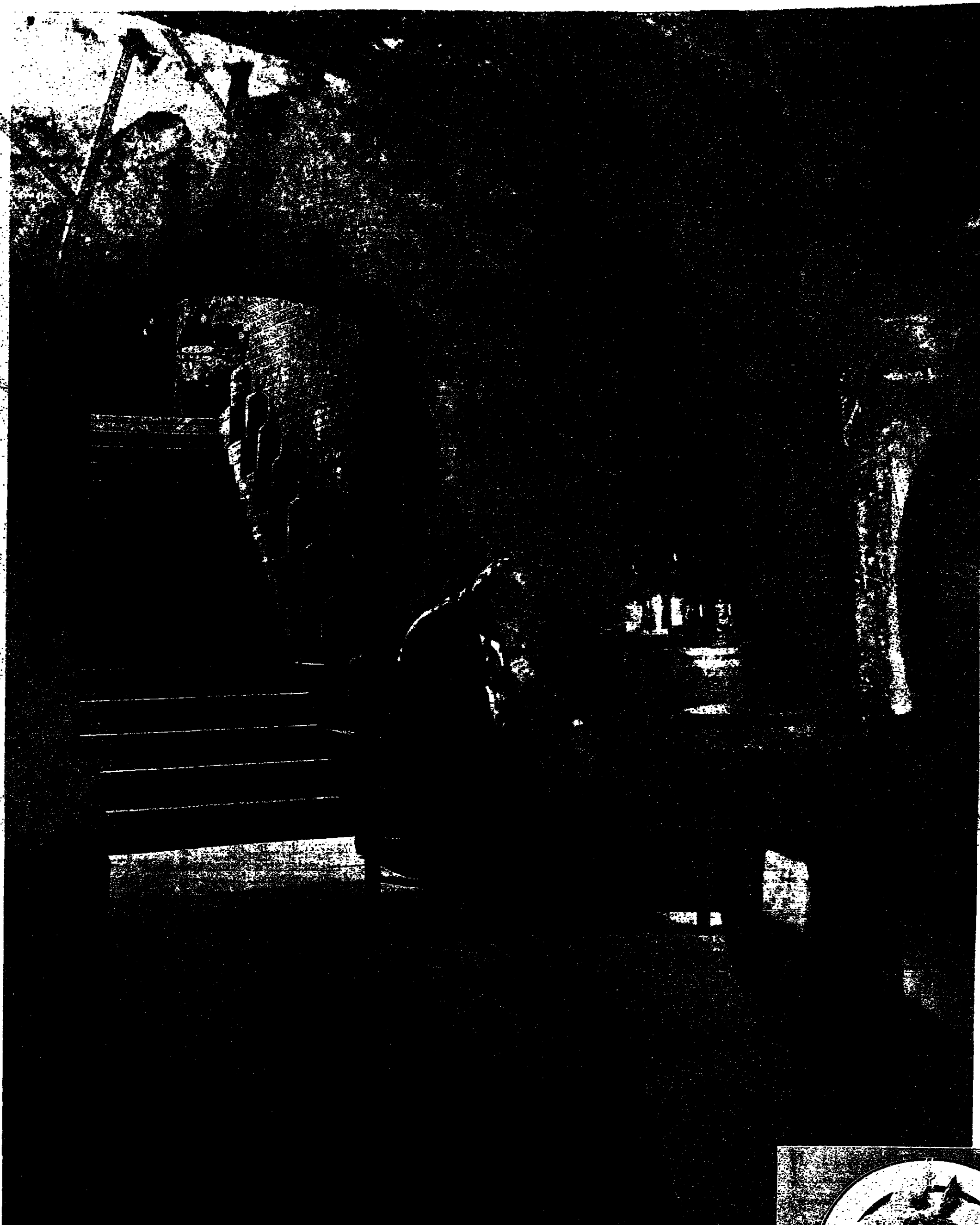
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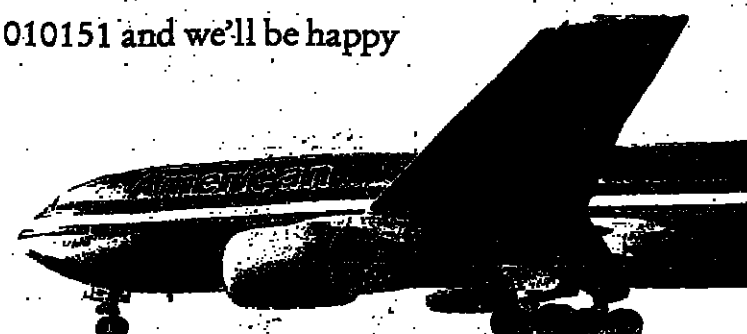
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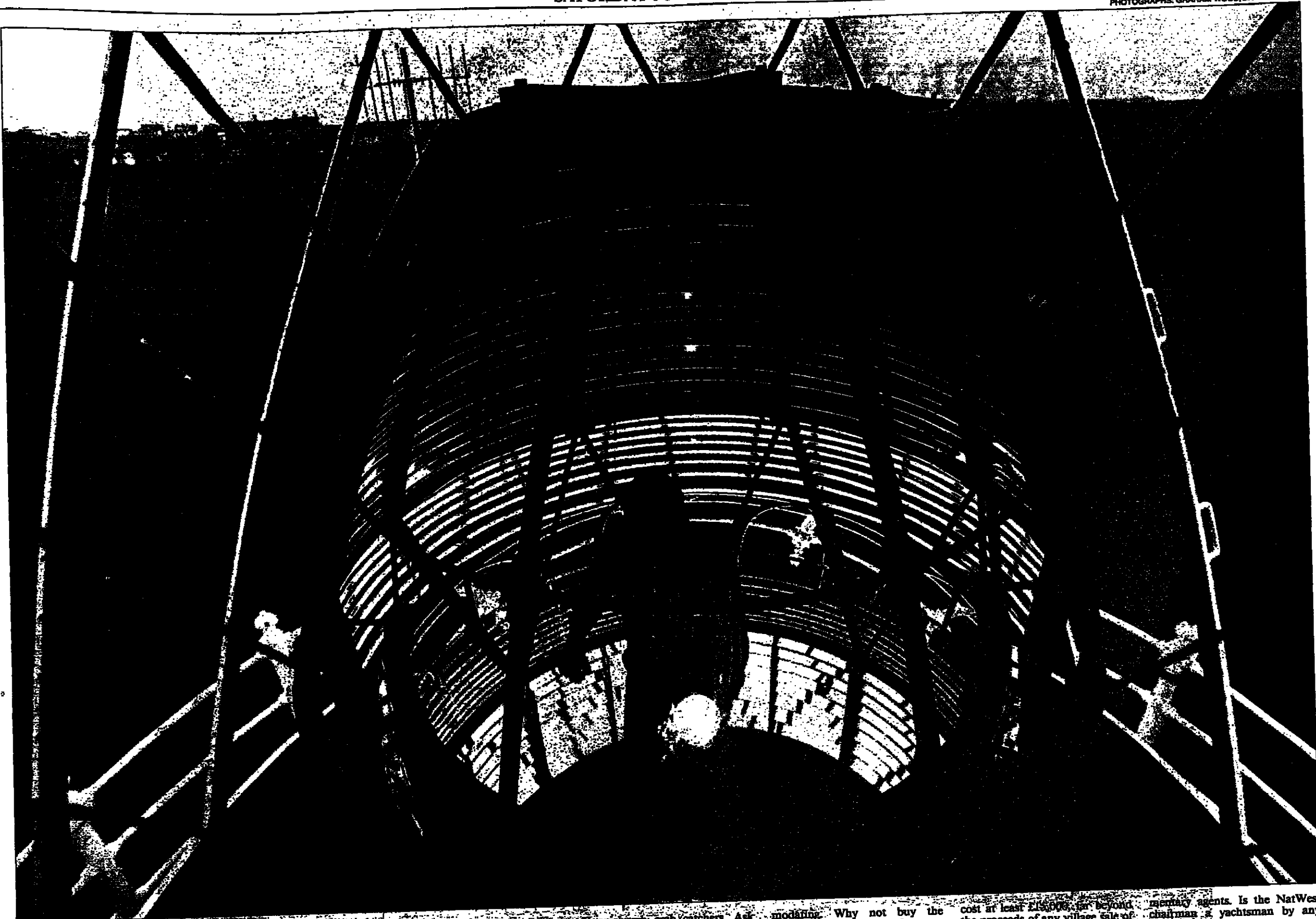
THE TIMES

REVIEW

SECTION 3

SATURDAY JUNE 9 1990

PHOTOGRAPHS: GRAHAM WOOD/BRYN COLTON



The light that now shines safely in private hands

When the people of a Norfolk village heard their lighthouse was to close, some feared the worst — and some took action. What happened next made parliamentary history. Brian James reports

Coming from the east, in darkness, the first glimpse of the lighthouse may have been the first sight of the sea. No matter how much further west they journey they will discover nothing more English than the battle just fought and won to keep Happisburgh's light burning.

Perhaps battle may not be strictly the proper term when victory left none defeated, for a campaign completed without a bitter word, in which one side often wondered aloud whether they were asking too much from an opposition that admitted freely it had offered too little. A campaign, what is more, that went to the Commons, yet involved no politics, was with the Lords and crept over the threshold of Buckingham Palace, yet neither boasted patronage nor begged favour.

about by radio beacons or use satellite positioning, that archaic collection of bulbs and prisms in the red-white striped tower is costly and obsolete, put it out.

There was a fair old load of local moaning about that, said Cedric Cox, who lives in a cottage in the shade of the tower but has been glad on countless occasions for its beam to guide home the inshore lifeboat of which he is senior helmsman. "But moaning was all we had. No one did anything. We were told there was nothing to be done. Then Kay came home."

Enter a local heroine. Kay Swann, then 31, and a marine geophysicist had been spending much of her time at sea. In mid-May 1988, she walked in to her parent's Happisburgh home bawling: "What's this about our light? Not needed? That's daft. I have been out there and I know. Who decided this? They've got to be told. And I'll do the telling."

In less than two weeks, Miss Swann collected 1,500 signatures on a petition, drawing the coast for every concerned fisherman and yacht-owner, every spring

visitor drawn by the Happisburgh beacon. Then to Trinity House, the body charged since 1514 with keeping coastal perils lit and marked: she expected a fight, for it was Wednesday and the following Monday the light was due to be hauled off the 85ft tower and sent for scrap.

What she got was an explanation. Darkening Happisburgh light was a useful economy, a saving of £2,500 a year in wages and upkeep. A review which had taken account of the views of the big shipowners (whose light dues are paid to Trinity House), concluded that Happisburgh waters were pretty well covered by Cromer's light 10 miles up the coast. Most boats had Decca navigation, so there really was no need.

No need? said Miss Swann. "Not all small boats have radio navigation. And those that do often have them go down, salt water and the violent bang of big waves, can play havoc. Out there are scores of capped oil and gas wells. Easy to avoid when you know where you are. But often the gleam of the light is the only visual fix, the only reassurance. Ask the

Happisburgh crab catchers. Ask fishermen. They will tell you there is a gap out there, that you cannot see Cromer until you are five miles off shore. Do you want a few corpses on the beach before you listen?"

Trinity House frowned, said it was most impressed, and would therefore postpone the breakup of the light, to give time for a reappraisal. But, they warned, it was unlikely they could be moved, so if the people of Happisburgh wanted their light as a keepsake (the plan had been to turn it into homes for weekenders) they had better start saving their pennies.

Miss Swann went home and swept up family and friends into a fighting force. Her mother, Hazel, wife of a retired teacher, who became treasurer then chairman of the committee, describes the mood: "Determined, but not angry. Anger would only antagonize people. That is why we did not go to the parish council, we knew they would have to worry about the effect on the rates. We did not go to our MP, this would involve politics. We kept clear of the fishermen, they were already involved in an argument about whether they must pay light dues, this would upset their case. We even decided to avoid having events at our church — the parish has enough on its hands getting money for the church tower."

But support flowed in. Mrs Swann points about her: "That lady living there needs the light to help bring in her cats. The elderly lady over there said it was her friendly policeman, he comes and shines his torch on her front door every 30 seconds to see she's OK. Down there, our crab fleet, they get their boats back up the slipway by the light."

Cedric Cox said: "If the light had gone, so would the village. You don't come to Happisburgh only by sea. Our visitors for hundreds of years have been told 'just follow the light'."

He might have added that no non-local would have ever found the place by asking the way. Seeking "Happisburgh" produces blank stares east of Norwich the village is only ever pronounced "Hais-bro", the name of the maps.

The Swanns and other older residents were now in full flow, warning to business houses, banks and insurance companies that what would it cost you if a tanker gets stuck on the sand banks? they cheekily asked the latter, and rattling collecting tins at visitors. They also wrote to the Duke of Edinburgh, Master of Trinity House, and have no way of proving or otherwise a story that reached them of how HRH put on his best quarterdeck manner when demanding of the Elder Brethren (Trinity House management committee): "What the hell's all this about Happisburgh?"

For whatever reason, Trinity House continued to be accom-

modating. Why not buy the building, they asked the new Happisburgh Lighthouse Trust — but of course we are not bound to take the highest bid."

Mrs Swann said: "We explained they had missed the point — we did not just want the lighthouse, we wanted to keep our light."

But to run a lighthouse, you have to be a lighting authority. How do you become such a body? Well, that would need an Act of Parliament. How do you get an Act? Well, the usual way is via a Private Member's Bill. How do you get one? Well, if you are really serious let us set out all the steps for you. A Bill, they soon learned would

cost at least £150,000, far beyond the proceeds of any village sale of plants or village-hall socials. The trustees — now Miss Swann, Mrs Evans, a farmer and parish councillor, Michael Payne, a retired vicar, George News, a retired surgeon, and Neil Sandis, a machinery designer — started writing again to the big banks asking for a loan. Mrs Swann: "People were astonishingly generous. A bit more from local more from visitors, cheque from sea captains who had remembered spotting our light and did not want it put out."

Then came a letter from NatWest bank. No loan, but they had given us the £15,000. We could start our Bill with the parish-

mentary agents. Is the NatWest chairman a yachtsman by any chance?"

There was still one reef to be tacked. As their Bill approached its Third Reading, the House of Commons went into session. Andrew Bennett, the Labour MP for Denton & Reddish, declared war on the procedure and said he would formally "object" (thus negating the passage) to all private bills. "Mr Bennett came on," Mrs Swann said. "We expected he would all hate him. But we think he had a good point for private bills."

Nevertheless, she sent an express letter to Mrs Thatcher. Next morning a Whip called: "Don't

Continued overleaf

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'What's this about our light not being needed? Who decided this? They've got to be told. And I'll do the telling.'

Kay Swann, lighthouse campaign leader



THE NED SHERRIN COLUMN

For one night, I owned the Ritz

I have never been to a Royal Academy dinner before but, come to think of it, I've never been to a king's fiftieth birthday party or a musical celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of President Eisenhower either. All this, plus Hickstead, the Derby and two helpings of Stephen Sondheim. The summer season is under way.

King Constantine's birthday do in and around Spencer House was very jolly. Lady Elizabeth Anson is an old hand at running these things, but planning a massive pink marquee with a placement for 650 guests on a raised ballroom floor, with field kitchens underneath, sounds a nightmare to me.

The royals were apportioned at one per table. The Queen had the one nearest the dance floor. At our table we drew the Earl of St Andrews. This was a particular distinction, as I learnt later he is the one member of the family who David Frost has not met. King Constantine pretended irritation because his son's speech, dwelling on the king's youthful indiscretions, went better than his own.

Before dinner I bumped into a delightful Greek who was admiring the flamboyant restoration of the Great Hall of Spencer House. "It is a wonderful job — and I know, I am in construction," he said. I ventured

a comment on the cost of this sort of thing, reminding him of the trouble there was in doing up the "marble halls" of the Ritz. They had to bring craftsmen out of retirement to achieve it. "Ah," he nodded sagely, one very rich man to another, "you own the Ritz." He stroled on before I could deny it.

The pianist was playing Rex Harrison's song "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face" as I entered Spencer House a few hours after hearing of his death. He is released not only from cancer but also from near-blindness. When he opened in New York in *The Circle*, Marti Stevens sent him first-night flowers. When he rang to thank her he said: "So kind, darling, I can't see the bloody things but they smell marvelous." He had learnt the script of the play from a blown-up text with about one sentence per page.

A certain vagueness was setting in. A visiting English producer saw him during the out-of-town tour.



"How's Glynnis?" he asked of Rex's co-star.
"Glynnis who?"
"Glynnis Johns."
"Delightful girl," said Rex.
"Haven't seen her for years."

ON SUNDAY I combined the worlds of showjumping and show business with the Nations Cup at Hickstead and supper with Sondheim at the Caprice. The Cup had as exciting a finish as I have seen at Hickstead. Great Britain just pipped Ireland, the favourites — France, West Germany and Switzerland — having faded earlier. In a fit of patriotism, the Master of Hickstead's wife had been feeding British beef to her French and German guests in the days leading up to the Cup. This gesture may have had something to do with the result.

At dinner with Sondheim I sought to authenticate the new stories I have collected. Madonna has just recorded his songs for Warren Beatty's new movie *Dick Tracy* and the attendant album. The session was held up because Sondheim was not happy with the tone of the piano. It had to be changed and then tuned. Headlines had been screaming that Ms Ciccone earns between \$30 million and \$50 million a year.

According to a studio engineer, an impatient Madonna Louise sighed,

whined and drummed her fingers at the delay, and finally moaned: "I wanna earn my money", eliciting from Sondheim a bitter, "Impossible!"

THE other story is of an older vintage. At dinner after the first night of *Company* (apart from *A Funny Thing*, this was Sondheim's first Broadway show as a composer), his table lavished compliments on the brilliant score. Finally it was Leonard Bernstein's turn to testify. He found exactly the

right scalpel to twist: "Another Gilbert!" he enthused.

Sondheim would not confirm the stories. Where Roger de Grey's was witty and to the point, Julian Spalding, replying for the guests, and Richard Luce, responding to "Her Majesty's Ministers", go to the bottom of the class. The Minister for the Arts actually trundled out "in a world where the flame of freedom is burning ever more brightly..." with a straight face.

I didn't know that you could have pictures accepted by the Academy and not have them shown. The Duke of Buccleuch told me he had submitted three, of which two were accepted but not hung — the other, a still life, seems to have been lost. He pointed enviously to a picture of billowing white cliffs painted by his cousin and hung prominently. He said ruefully that he supposed he would have to buy it.

WHEN I first started this column just over a year ago, the theatrical producer David Kirk corrected me on a couple of points. Now he is protesting about that Chips Channon story of the Chief Rabbi at Dunkirk time advising George VI to put some of the colonies in his wife's name.

Mr Kirk ascribes it to an earlier war. On the eastern front, Kaiser Wilhelm II sought assurances for victory from the soldiery. He spoke to a patriotic Jewish German sergeant. "There were many in that war, as instanced by the middle-aged Jews with Iron Crosses victimized by Hitler 20 years later." The sergeant reassured the king, adding: "But I'd put Schleswig-Holstein in your wife's name."

It could be that the Chief Rabbi knew the story and was reworking it; or perhaps they both recalled the occasion in 1218 (researched by my man in Deal) when Genghis Khan, at the height of his Asiatic conquests, consulted a soothsayer who warned him: "All will be well, Great Lord, but I would still recommend that you put Tibet in the name of your second son, Jagatai."

AND then there was the Epsom Derby. I went to Sheekey's derby, which is more chic. You eat seafood and watch the gee-gees on television. Robert Nesbitt, the old master of theatrical spectacle, has won two recent Sheekey's sweepstakes but this year, like me, he failed to draw a horse. Then he nearly backed River God because Cole Porter wrote a song of that name for *The Sun Never Sets*, which Robert did at Drury Lane in 1938. But he had no more faith in it now than then. He finally backed Quest for Fame at 7-1 and cleaned up.

EDWINA CURRIE

If I were...

If I were David Owen, I would quietly pick up my teacup and look longingly at the leaves inside. My future is obscure, I have to earn a living, of course, and I am beginning to think that the wise voters of Plymouth Devonport might just mark their papers in favour of another candidate at the next election.

The first question I have to consider is: do I try to stay on as an MP? There are definite advantages, such as an office in the best part of London, with free phones and postage, an allowance for staff, free transport between here and the West Country and modestly subsidized canteens, although Woy is quite right that they're better in the Lords. Now, there's a thought: if I'm nice to Margaret at Question Time in the next year or so (I wonder, will Mr Speaker still let me have such generous floor-time now that I don't have even the tiniest party to lead?), maybe the old battleaxe will do the honours in due course? I can't see the Labour Party nominating me: when I stand next to men of small stature, I have a sad tendency to put them in the shade. It happened with poor David Steel, and it would be the same with Neil. I'm afraid I just can't help it — talent will show.



... David Owen

Better not put the hair spray away just yet. Maybe I could do something on television? I quite fancy an important, up-market, mould-breaking interview series on Monday evenings, a sort of "Face to Face with David Owen", maybe? If Robert Kilroy-Silk or Brian Walden are anything to go by, then the days of grey-haired, middle-aged failed Labour politicians making a packet on telly are here to stay. I'll bear that one in mind.

I couldn't go back to being a doctor. I don't think I could bear real blood on the carpet any more. And the patients these days are so uppity — demanding to see their records and refusing to take their tranquillizers. It's all that Edwinna Currie's fault. To be perfectly honest, I haven't taken much interest in health matters at all since I founded the SDP and became too important; I suppose I'd need a seminar from Kenneth Clarke on self-governing hospitals and all about the new GP contract before I could sign one. The whole idea makes me shudder.

Maybe I could try business. Now who would take me on? Unlike other recently retired Cabinet ministers, I haven't privatized any industries, so there are no obvious candidates who would like me on the board. Maybe I could try the IMF — after all, 14 years ago I helped ensure Britain was a good customer. Perhaps my mate in Sainsbury's could whisper a good word for me here and there. But are dogs' dinners and jam turnovers quite my style?

No, it has to be a more glamorous business. A British firm, but something with a bit of foreign inward investment. A transatlantic one would be best, but it has to be in London, and in a smart, modern, growing service industry. I've got it: what about publishing? That's intellectual enough, with the added advantage that even if I produce utter drivel all those silly left-wing writers will defend my right to do so. Now, here I do have a contact. One of the most successful agents in the trade is right here in Limehouse, and is in need of a secretary. Debbie...?

SETTING SAIL

Life on the ocean wave

The Two-Handed Transatlantic Yacht Race starts from Plymouth tomorrow

YOU really want to spend the best part of a month being cold, wet, tired and frightened? You must be mad! Such was the response when I announced my participation in the Two-Handed Transatlantic Yacht Race which starts from Plymouth tomorrow.

The stormy North Atlantic is certainly a strange place to spend one's summer holidays. But I have been fantasizing about sailing to America for several years. It was only when I cruised to the Azores last year (thus qualifying with sufficient sea miles to enter this year's race) that the dream took on any semblance of reality.

People inevitably ask: why do it? Everyone entering this race has their own singular reasons for competing. At the top of our mixed bunch of about 40 entrants are the gigantic 60ft monohulls and lightweight trimarans incorporating the latest technological gear and built on huge sponsorship budgets, their skippers like professional racing drivers, travelling between race circuits with their own

back-up teams. Then there are un-sponsored amateurs, in boats as small as 30ft, without a hope of winning any honours, who consider the adventure and personal experience reason enough for competing.

Food has been a problem. My skipper doesn't eat fish and I eat little red meat. This has had me reaching for my vegetarian cook-book and working out how many bags of lentils we might need. With no refrigeration on board, most meals will come from tins or packets. Every item on the boat, from stem to stern, has had to be checked and, if necessary, replaced or repaired. This has included sails, halyards, electronic navigational and safety equipment, every nut and bolt, electrical connection and length of rope. Because my skipper and I both work full-time, these things have had to

be carried out by many others who have helped in preparing our 39ft yacht, *Piper Rising*, for her voyage.

As we cross the Atlantic we are likely to see more refuse and pollution than marine and

wild life. Every year six million tons of plastic, glass, metal and wood are dumped into the world's seas. Containers, bottles and drums, oil, wire, old drugs and outdated medical equipment are a health hazard and a threat to wildlife. According to the Marine Conservation Society, ropes, nets and plastic waste kill more than two million seabirds, 100,000 marine mammals and large numbers of turtles and fish each year. Much comes from ships dumping garbage at sea, but small yachts plying the world's oceans are also contributing to the debris.

We felt that the passage was a good opportunity to draw attention to the state of our seas. We are asking other competitors to record their observations.

We are also aiming to raise money for the World Wide Fund for Nature's marine conservation projects by means of a simple competition among friends and colleagues which involves guessing the number of days, hours and minutes we will take to complete the voyage.

As the start looms closer, all the positive reasons I had for doing the race are being nibbled by what must be the usual anxieties that all competing amateurs must feel. I am as apprehensive now as Tracy Edwards must be joyful in completing her circumnavigation aboard *Maiden* in the Whitbread Race. The passage I will begin on Sunday in no way compares with her enormous achievement, but I am certain that I will experience a similar "high" — the magic of realizing a dream — when Newport, Rhode Island, eventually comes into view.

Nicole Swengley

A beaming tribute to the volunteers

Continued from previous page worry. We have had a word with the others. Your Bill will slide through. You are safe." That day last December the Bill was passed, getting its Royal Assent on April 26, and making Happisburgh the first and only private lighthouse of the 83 still ringing our coasts. And provoking a village bonfire celebration? "Not really," Mrs Swann said. "Don't go in for that sort of thing. We will have a Lighthouse Day entertainment in August to say 'Thank you'."

"In any case, the job is not yet done. None of us is going to live until our lease — for which we will pay a peppercorn £1 rent — runs out in 99 years. So we have to make sure we leave behind the money for electricity, bulb, paint and a part-time keeper. The cost of running the light is £3,500 a year now — what will it be in 2050?"

For the past 15 years, Charlie Fordyce, the keeper

passed this way and noted: "Farmers and country people have scarce a barn or stable but what was built of old planks, beams and timbers... from the wreck of ships and the ruin of mariners." Today's Trust notices intone: "As a cliff-top village on the edge of the sea, we have a duty to show a caring attitude to our fellow men... particularly unknown sailors."

And the local heroine? Miss Swann is now living in New Zealand, because — and this is horrible — she was driven away by persistent obscene telephone calls after her efforts to save the lighthouse resulted in her photograph appearing in the local papers.

This is the only ugliness in a tale that her mother describes

as "a real hoot". She says it has been "a sensible arrangement arrived at by sensible people."

"Do you know, Trinity House did not even charge us for the electricity we have been burning these two years? The marvellous thing is that it has never been a battle. All so polite. So English."

But a different England. An England of the vicar's lady carrying soup to the stricken, lifeboatmen and the squire quietly paying fees or buying the footwear for promising pupils. An England of obligations taken up because they have been seen to exist, and of small duties that are their own reward.

Therefore, the fact that perhaps fewer wrecks will need to be marked down for Haisbro Sands over the next 99 years is not the only reason for wanting to applaud the kind and continued shining of this light.

NOT EVERYONE IS LOOKING FORWARD TO 1992.

This young foal has nothing to look forward to. He's dead. He was trampled to death in the goods wagon that was taking him and 130 other horses to the abattoir. He was with his mother. Until she broke a leg in the crush.

Cruel, barbaric treatment of horses in transit occurs every day of the week on the continent. Fortunately, because of British legislation, our horses are no longer exported to face such suffering. But by 1992 that legislation will have

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Founded 1977

A CHILDHOOD: LORD SIEFF

'I was brought up by my family to get fully involved in worthwhile causes'

By Ray Connolly



Top shop keeper: Marcus Sieff (Baron Sieff of Brimpton) and, left, seated between his two brothers. "Our parents were busy, but we always had Friday supper together. We were a very Jewish family, although not orthodox"



I has always seemed to Marcus Sieff that he was born just in time. A year or two later and his mother, the formidable Becky Sieff, would have been too busy with the Women's Zionist Movement to have had him.

Like the collection of 23 antique clocks he keeps in his London office, this grandson of one of the founders of Marks & Spencer, and now honorary president of the company, always enjoyed fortunate timing.

In business, as in all forms of life, timing is everything. But, of course, families like the Sieffs, and companies like Marks & Spencer, not only make their own timing, they are frequently instrumental in making the timing of everyone and everything around them.

In effect, they have the abilities to change the course of things. When Harold Macmillan was very old, he took Lord Sieff to lunch and told him quietly how he often wished the country had put into practice more of Lord Sieff's father's (Israel Sieff) recommendations to Political and Economic Planning. We would have had a very different country had that happened, he believed.

Many of those economic principles have been the basis upon which the success of Marks & Spencer has been built. Now aged 76, Baron Sieff of Brimpton has not only been a part of the

development of 20th-century retailing, he, like his father and uncle, Simon Marks, has been largely instrumental in dictating the course of that development. In a nation of shopkeepers, Marcus Sieff is a grand master.

He was born in 1913 in Didsbury, Manchester, into a closely knit and ambitious Jewish community which had escaped the East European pogroms of the late 19th century. His grandfather's company was originally Sieff and Beaumont - a textile company later sold to the management when his father became deeply involved in the running of Marks & Spencer.

Marks & Spencer had been started as a series of market stalls in the northern towns at the end of the 19th century with the slogan "Don't ask the price, it's a penny". But it was the collaboration of Simon Marks and Israel Sieff (who were to marry each other's sisters) that began the building of the company into the part of British culture which it is today.

Right from the start there were two main influences in the Sieff home: the family business and Zionism. As a small boy, Marcus would go and listen while both his mother and father addressed meetings: his father quiet and thoughtful, his mother fiery and energetic.

Why should that be, he asked.

"Surely you must know of the role your mother played in the move-

ment?" came the reply. Until that moment he had not known.

"They were both very busy, but we always had Friday night supper together," he says. "We were a very Jewish family, although not orthodox. And right from my earliest days I can remember Dr Chaim Weizmann (later to be the first President of Israel) coming to talk to my parents."

His earliest recollection is of being taken at the age of four, in November 1917, to a meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to celebrate the announcement of the Balfour Declaration, when Weizmann was the principal speaker.

His father told him it was a joyous occasion, but when he asked why so many people were in tears, his father replied that they were crying tears of joy.

At four, Marcus did not know what that meant.

Like his elder brother Michael (another brother, Daniel, "far more brilliant than either Michael or I" was killed in an accident when he fell and broke his neck), Marcus was sent at first to Manchester Grammar School, where he proved reasonably bright. Manchester United was his football team then and he still regularly keeps check on their progress.

"We lived in a quite prosperous part of the city - in those days Didsbury was two or three miles away from the centre. I was not

really aware of poverty until into the Twenties, when I would travel further afield and see some of the slums of Manchester.

"But I remember that my father and my uncle were visiting one of the stores one day and saw that one of the assistants didn't look very well. When they asked her if she was all right she said she was, but subsequent enquiries revealed that her entire family were out of work and all were having to live off her wage. The result was that she was not getting enough to eat.

"So, from then on they decided that all their employees must have enough to eat and introduced canteens where they could get a three-course lunch for threepence a day. If they couldn't afford it they didn't have to pay, but no one else was told about it."

This was "capitalism with a human face", which has resulted in Marks & Spencer having regular medical, dental and even chiropodist checks ("remember shop assistants are on their feet all day") for its employees, as well as rest homes, pension rights and sports and social facilities. This has sometimes been criticized as being done only because "it's good for business".

"I answer that by saying, well, if it is good for business we'd be fools not to do it, but it's also because we have a responsibility to take care of our employees. I was brought up to be involved in worthwhile causes. And that has

been part of the philosophy of this business.

"We have 60,000 employees in this country alone, and we have found that if you treat them well and encourage them then they are prepared to accept criticism for work badly done. If you are always criticizing them, then the employees think that whatever they do it is wrong.

"People must be praised and rewarded for work well done." (All of which is explained further in his latest book, *Marcus Sieff On Management*).

The other philosophy of the business was the notion of quality which was something of a shibboleth to his uncle.

Simon. On one occasion when Simon went to Manchester, he took the 10-year-old Marcus around a store, talking to him as though he were grown-up as he scrutinized the articles for sale and made notes. "I caught sight of a pair of knitting needles which had no knobs on the end and asked him how you could knit if the needles didn't have proper ends."

Uncle Simon looked at them and said they were lousy goods, should never have been allowed to leave the factory, and should never have been put on display. They were not good quality.

A little while later Simon returned to Manchester and, while

staying at the Midland Hotel, had breakfast with Marcus. This time the subject was kippers, one of Simon's favourite dishes. First one, then two kippers were sent back to the kitchen until the third arrived and was just right. This kipper had quality, Simon judged. The lesson was going home.

When Marcus was 13, the Sieffs left Manchester and set up home in St John's Wood in north London. School now became St Paul's and it was while there that Marcus paid his first visit to Palestine in 1929.

"In those days it was three-fifths desert, one-fifth swamp and one-fifth semi-fertile land with a population of about 300,000 Jews and 400,000 Arabs. And my first thought was how the hell are they ever going to make a liveable country out of this?"

"They have. There is now a population of over five million without the West Bank. I've seen the desert turn green and the swamps drained. To me it's a miracle of development, but a tragedy of the relations between the Jews and the Arabs.

"I can understand how some of the Jews feel, because I was there for three years, involved in the War of Independence from 1948 to 1951, but I think they were wrong not to take part in the peace talks that President Mubarak wanted. I used to think I would see peace in my time in Israel. But I'm not at all sure now."

Cambridge followed St Paul's and he did not even have to take an exam to get in. Bored in his final year at school, he one day began to examine the school roof and was unfortunate enough to fall through a glass dome on to a master taking a class. Summoned to see the high master, it was suggested that as all his friends were older and were leaving school, perhaps he ought to leave, too.

Replying that he was intending to go to Cambridge and was trying for an exhibition, the high master promptly pulled strings with the master of Corpus Christi and off to Cambridge he went, en route for a second in economics.

His degree may have been second-class but his contacts were definitely first-class. One night, invited to dinner by John Maynard Keynes (who was at King's at the time), he got into conversation with Sir William Beveridge, who wanted to know what branch of economics he was teaching.

"I'm only a third-year student," he replied.

Beveridge was nonplussed. This boy did not talk like a student. "What did you say your surname was?" he was asked.

"Sieff," came the reply.

"Any relation to Israel Sieff?" asked Beveridge.

"He's my father."

"Ah," said Beveridge. "That explains everything."

Hold on to your hat

Should the monarch be fortunate enough to have a winner at Royal Ascot later this month, a cry of "Hats off for the Queen" will result in the removal of a sea of top hats, each, these days, worth a tidy wager in its own right.

A top hat, a badge of position and privilege, might be considered an anachronism in the 1990s. But there is always someone left to impress, and the predominantly long-necked British male usually looks far less banal, and sometimes even noble, in an elegant tall hat.

Silk top hats have become increasingly scarce since the last manufacturer of silk plush suddenly closed his business in France 27 years ago. When the hatmakers discovered his dastardly deed they were distraught, so were the rich young men who wanted to buy this enduring symbol of power and position. And thus existing real silk hats became heirlooms. Parvenus wanting to look the part for weddings and garden parties must buy them second-hand.

Many of the silk hats available are very small, having been bought new for 13-year-old Etonians, but those of reasonable adult size will cost £295 to £350 from Hackett in Covent Garden, and £450 (reconditioned and made to fit) at Herbert Johnson in New Bond Street.

The market for men's hats, worth about £100 million in Britain, has undergone a renaissance in the last five years. Edward Bates, of Jermyn Street, reports a sharp upturn in trade, with felt hats and, particularly, panamas popular with young men. Herbert Johnson, always

the most expensive hatter in New Bond Street, passed to a new owner last February. Anthony Marangos, formerly managing director of Cartier in Britain and of Laura Ashley in Europe, was attracted by one of the remaining wholly British companies with 200 points of sale around the world. He aims to open a second shop in Knightsbridge as soon as possible and a third in the City, with his own outlets in Paris, New York and Tokyo within five years. "I don't want more people to wear hats," he says. "I want elegant people to wear hats. Then others will be jealous of their style and will come here, buy a hat, and walk out feeling worth a million dollars."

Most of the fashion in men's hats is set by films. Men still walk in and buy Herbert Johnson's Poet hat, which was shaved at the sides and folded into a deep crease on the crown for Harrison Ford as Indiana Jones. If there was not much spin off from Jack Nicholson's special purple felt for the Joker in *Batman*, the firm confidently expects a big reaction to *White Hunter, Black Heart*. Clint Eastwood has chosen a high-crowned elegant trilby called Grosvener and Nomad, a stitched cotton twill that has been on sale for more than 70 years and which was a favourite of Cecil Beaton and Louis Jourdan.

Robert Gieves, managing director of Gieves & Hawkes in Savile Row applauds the revival in the wearing of hats: "There's the pleasant option of raising your hat to a lady," he says. "Perhaps if young men wear a hat, they will learn the manners that go with it."

Geraldine Ranson

Recently, I celebrated my 33rd birthday. In my early twenties, I came to believe that 33 was the age when youth disappeared and middle age took over. The slow speed on record players was 33rpm, and this may well have influenced me. Keen to disprove my younger self, I went out and bought a copy of *Melody Maker*, the rock newspaper that I used to buy, week in, week out, between the ages of 10 and 23. This, I thought, would revive my energy. This would make me feel young once more. Then I read this: "Magazine might seem like a distant memory now, and when the technologically versed Noko tempted Devoto back into the public arena at the beginning of 1988 with *Luxuria*, it seemed that sufficient time had elapsed to at last bury that legacy and start afresh."

I read that sentence about *Magazine* and *Noko* and *Devoto* and *Luxuria* once, and then I read it again, just to make sure that I couldn't understand a word of it. After a third read, I had to acknowledge to myself that I knew nothing of Noko nor Devoto nor *Luxuria*, and *Magazine* was not even the most distant of memories. I turned the pages in search of something a little more accessible.

"Unlike their more infamous friends, Silverfish, who owe a (partial) debt to the metallic overkill of AC/DC or the Buttholes, the Healers' sound isn't rooted anywhere," I read. My eyes skipped again. "Because of their looks, because of their attitude and because of their unfortunate sense of timing, The Front will doubtless be lumped in with The Black Crowes, Burning Tree and Nuclear Valdez." I had realized, of course, that I had let my subscription to teenage culture lapse some time ago, but I had still been expecting to gain entry once more without too much

CRAIG BROWN Putting aside childish things



bother. I do my best to switch on *Top of the Pops* every Thursday. I tend to listen to Radio 1 in the car, and every now and then I buy a new pop record and pretend to myself that I am not disappointed. I turned to the *Melody Maker* letters page. "Revenge are riding piggy-back on the reputation of New Order, who in turn rode on the back of Ian Curtis's Joy Division," complained one reader, but I found that, however hard I tried, I simply couldn't make head or tail of it.

The news pages announced that Megadeth, Slayer, Testament and Suicidal Tendencies were joining forces for a Clash of the Titans package tour of Europe. A spokesman said: "Clash of the Titans will not be relying on stage props. No skulls or graveyards, no demons rising or corpses dancing, none of that type of gimmickry... when giants meet, there simply isn't time for the peripheral rubbish." The highlights of my teenage years involved going to such concerts. "I really enjoyed Suicidal Tendencies last

night" would once have been my proudest boast, but now I could find little enthusiasm for catching up with them at Wembley Arena on October 14, even with the additional promise of Megadeth, Slayer and Testament and the unavoidable absence of Primal Rubbish. My wife, who not so long ago toured America playing guitar with a band called Terminal Breakdown, felt similarly indifferent. We decided to mark down that evening for a quiet night in.

My pleasure in recognizing the odd name - Madonna, for instance - was swiftly pooh-poohed by *Melody Maker* journalists, who have traditionally taken the view that the smallest hint of popularity is a sure sign of worthlessness. Interestingly, in all the music papers a "sell-out" is a term of abuse. "The average single mother living in a Vauxhall squat does not feel inspired by Madonna's 'achievements'," wrote a journalist reviewing her new album, adding, "Be-littled and crushed, perhaps." Whoops, I remembered how I, too, had always favoured the

unknown and the uncared-for, rarely buying a record that was not the product of a group which had broken away from a group which had broken away from another group which had become "too commercial" when their twelfth record had entered the top 50 at number 47.

Reviews which might once have sent me scuttling to the record shops now fill me with a strange sort of dread. "One guitar washes over us in great waves of delirium, the other cleans our ears with scorching solos on overload," writes one reviewer of the group Teenage Fan Club, but I no longer feel like sitting under a wave having my ears cleaned with a torch every time I go to the turntable. Another reviewer writes that "The Mothers' music is so cosmos torching, you almost expect the sun to fly out of the sky, the moon to turn to blood and explode above our heads drenching the inhabitants of this fair isle with a million and one starfish". So if ever you spot a million and one starfish looking a little peeved, you can be sure that The Mothers have been playing nearby. A group called The Front are likened to Led Zeppelin and The Doors, with "the former's flesh and bone crushing intensity painted black with the latter's nightmarish preoccupation with death, violence, disgust and despair". In *Melody Maker* terms, this is high praise indeed.

I must now admit, with regret, that I was probably right about 33-year-olds all those years ago. Frank Zappa once said that rock magazines were written about people who can't talk by people who can't write for people who can't read, and this is some consolation. But still quite a large part of me wishes that I was back in the days when I could read that "Mazzy Star is reminiscent of the Junkies' Margo Timmins" and know what on earth they were on about.

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(7 out of 10 people leave it too late)

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Your GUIDE to making A WILL

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

The battle continues 175 years after Wellington's victory, Michael Binyon reports, as the Belgians try to restore pride in the fields of Waterloo



Once again the fields of the Belgian heartland will resound to the roar of cannon, the thundering of horses' hooves, the clash of swords and the music of regimental fifes and drums; 175 years after the fateful encounter on a rainy June day which sealed the fate of Napoleon and changed the face of Europe, the battle of Waterloo will be fought again.

This time, however, it will be volunteers who will re-enact, in a colourful and far less bloody fashion, the slaughter of June 18, 1815. Some 2,000 men, comprising more than 40 battle units from 10 countries, will don their uniforms and engage in the same struggle for the high ground, the Hougomont and Papelotte farms and La Haye Sainte, the farmhouse at the centre of the Allied lines, where Marshal Ney broke through in the evening of the battle.

Most of the countries engaged in the Napoleonic wars will be represented. Volunteers and history buffs will come from France and Britain, Germany, the Soviet Union, Italy and Lithuania. But, unlike Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher's Prussians, they will not be late for the fight; in fact they will arrive a day early, as the second battle of Waterloo will be fought on June 17. And, at 2pm, 100 fifes and 200 drums will accompany the warriors three miles north from the battlefield to the centre of Waterloo, now a prosperous suburb of Brussels with a population of 25,000, including a large American representation. There they will take part in an official ceremony marking the end of the festivities which began in January.

The celebrations include a photography competition, displays of Belgian and Dutch military costumes, an exhibition of contemporary newspaper reports and prints, a film festival of the Empire period with projections on a giant outdoor screen on the battlefield, a performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in a Waterloo church to commemorate the 48,000 who died in the battle. There is also a *son et lumière* performance on June 16, and an exhibition in the inn, now a museum, which Wellington made his headquarters, covering unusual aspects of the lives of soldiers and officers and including unpublished correspondence of a soldier in Napoleon's army.

All this, the Belgians hope, will focus world attention on the 800 hectares of historic fields and five farmhouses, preserved from dev-

Up, guards, and at them again



elopment, and rekindle interest in the "mournful plain", as Victor Hugo called it. Many hope that it will also remind the country's politicians that something must be done about Waterloo. For, as everyone admits, the site today is a mess: a parking lot at the foot of a huge artificial mound, with tawdry souvenir shops, a barely functioning miniature car ride, restaurants boasting surly service and battlefield specials. There is no proper museum, no chance to explore the key scenes of the fighting, no sense of history.

Even the 40-metre mound, surmounted with a 28-tonne hollow metal lion, is something of a deception. It is not, as most British visitors expect, a monument to the victor, the Duke of Wellington, but commemorates the spot where one of the minor

participants, the Prince of Orange, was wounded. Tourists climb the 226 steps for a rare view — although the coin-operated telescopes no longer work — but from above the undulations of the land, they cannot see the ridges that played key roles in the battle. In any case most of these have changed, as 32,000 cubic metres of earth were scooped up to build the mound, a Dutch idea, between 1823 and 1826.

Access to the mound was always free. But last year the local authorities, sensing a chance to make a few francs, put up a turnstile and charged admission. In return, they also erected a large tent containing some placards of engravings — only in French — showing key scenes of the battle. The tourists objected, and so did nature: the tent blew down in a

storm in the winter, and now the turnstile has been removed.

There are more serious moves afoot to do for Waterloo what the Americans have done so successfully for their Civil War battlefields: to sweep away all commercial development and landscape the whole site, with self-guided walks, introductory film shows and explanatory displays.

Until now any plan has been bedevilled by bickering between the mayors of the four local communes, each of which owns a bit of the battlefield and has different ideas, the provincial government of Francophone Wallonia, and the

central government in Brussels. Last year the King Baudouin Foundation, a charitable organization, launched a European Community competition to create an international tourist centre that respected the natural environment, the agricultural aspects and the memorial components. There were more than 569 entries, and 222 people sent in detailed plans, from Germany, Belgium, Britain, France and The Netherlands among other countries. The winner, Rik Nijls from Ghent, was a student at the Architectural Association in London.

Mr Nijls designed an elaborate pair of overlapping walls that stretched across the site at the point where the two armies met, bridging the main Charleroi road that bisects the battlefield, and faced with explanatory panels and

quotes on war and peace from Verdi's *Aida*. Other entries included the construction of a museum in the shape of the old farm; replacing the lion monument with a modern structure of metal sheets and concentric flying buttresses; the establishment of a second tourist area at La Belle Alliance, the farm at the south of the battlefield that served as Napoleon's reconnoitring post; a series of paths around the fields for pedestrians and horse-drawn carriages; and the setting up of occasional tall fences, all of the same altitude, so that visitors could see the all-important contours of the land.

None is likely to be realized. Serge Kubla, the mayor of Waterloo, has his own ideas for commercial exploitation of the site and thought many of the competition

entries were too ambitious and would involve complicated expropriation proceedings. An MP who visited the United States for ideas has set up a foundation called 1815, and has raised about £35,000 from investors.

Work has already begun on one proper museum; and the round panorama of the battle, with dusty replicas of horses and soldiers that look too tired ever to have fought, is likely to be replaced.

The souvenir shops are confident they will stay, and are looking forward to a bonanza. They sell the usual kitsch: small bronze busts of Napoleon, plates bearing his picture and Talleyrand-made ashtrays with "Waterloo" written around them. Napoleon is everywhere; curiously, there is hardly a sign of the Iron Duke.

Visitors will be welcomed by 25 English-speaking guides, who will take them on three-hour tours. The guides, including half a dozen British, Irish and Americans living in the area, have all been to lectures on the battle and have had to take an exam to ensure they had absorbed the facts.

The present Duke of Wellington has promised to attend, but on the day of the battle he will be back in Windsor, where he is to be made a Knight of the Garter. But although many other British will join the celebrations, there will be no Duchess of Richmond to throw a ball in Brussels. The duke's ancestor remarked after his victory: "I hope to God I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing always to be fighting." It was indeed a bloody day: 25,000 of Napoleon's men were killed and more than 9,000 captured; Wellington's casualties were 15,000 and Blücher's about 8,000.

But Wellington's triumph was undoubted, although news travelled slowly. It was not until June 22 that *The Times* published the official bulletin from Downing Street: "The Duke of Wellington's dispatch, dated Waterloo, June 19, states that on the preceding day Buonaparte attacked, with his whole force, the British line supported by a corps of Prussians; which attack, after a long and sanguinary conflict, terminated in the complete overthrow of the enemy's army, with the loss of 150 pieces of cannon and two eagles."

"During the night, the Prussians under Marshal Blücher, who joined in the pursuit of the enemy, captured 60 guns, and a large part of Buonaparte's baggage. The Allied armies continued to pursue the enemy. Two French generals were taken."

MUSEUMS

THOMAS HARDY: exhibition depicting his love of architecture, music, dance and visual arts, and marking the 150th anniversary of his birth. British Library, Great Russell St, London WC1 (071-323 7595). Weekdays 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm; free.

LEONID PASTERNAK: watercolours and drawings by the Russian painter, who died in Oxford. Ashmolean Museum, Beaumont St, Oxford (0865

EXHIBITIONS

278000). Tues-Sat 10am-4pm, Sun 2pm-4pm; free (donations welcome); until Aug 9.

JOHN WARD RA: 50 years of portraits and other work. Cheltenham Art Gallery and Museum, Clarence St, Cheltenham (0242 237431). Mon-Sat 10am-5.20pm, Sun 2pm-5.20pm; free; ends Jul 1. London's Pride: evolution of the capital's parks and

gardens. Studies include John Evelyn's 17th century Deptford Museum of London, London Wall EC2 (071-800 3899). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2pm-6pm; £2, children and concessions £1, family ticket £3; until Aug 12.

CAMILLE PISSARRO: 70 paintings, drawings and watercolours. The Burrell Collection, Pollok Country Park, Glasgow (041 6487151). Daily 10am-5pm, Sun 2pm-6pm; free; until Jun 17.

The temples of art

Lincoln is giving a new twist to the theories about the relationship of art and the Church, Simon Tait says

Waldemar Januszczak, the arts commissioning editor at Channel Four, believes that museums have taken the place of churches as centres of spiritual nourishment, and that the great new museums springing up over Europe in Stuttgart, Nantes, even Glasgow, are the new cathedrals.

For centuries our churches and cathedrals were our art galleries. The greatest sculptors' work could often only be seen as tomb adornments or as parts of the architecture; painters who depended on church commissions for altarpieces were almost always confined to liturgical subjects, and, in any case, many of them were priests.

Now the Usher Gallery in Lincoln has added a new twist.

"We wanted to look at the role of contemporary art in spiritual life rather than the influence of the Church on artists," said Judith Robinson, the assistant keeper of art at the Usher who came up with the idea with photographer and painter Garry Fabian Miller.

Some of our best contemporary artists have been asked to make pieces, including paintings, sculptures and installations, to take visitors on a voyage of inspiration, with each artwork and location being a stage in "The Journey", the title of the exhibition. The Usher will hold a separate display linking the whole project together.

Lincoln is one of our most glorious medieval cities, built around the Romanesque minster. On the cathedral's west front is the astonishing frieze, the 12th-century creation of which is unknown but who was a master of international reputation whose hand has been detected in France and possibly Italy. It was one of the great achievements of the age, and is now being painstakingly conserved.

The works of art seen by visitors this summer in "The Journey" will be anything but pious statements of faith. Helen Chadwick's sculpture, "One Flesh", is deliberately being put on safely unconse-

crated ground of the Usher for fear of offending devout sensibilities: the subject is a female Christ.

This is a unique experiment, costing the gallery more than £45,000, with money coming from the arts community through such bodies as the Henry Moore Foundation,

It is not simply a philosophical, or even theological, idea. Contemporary art is an unknown world to most people, and it is the task of museums to engage the interest of the public not only in past but present culture. Judith Robinson is offering a guided exploration, interpreted by the city and its dominating features.

The list of artists intrigued enough to take part reads like an extract from an art tutorial on contemporary accomplishment as well as Chadwick there is Richard Long, Craigie Aitchison with his more conventional treatments, Leonard McCabe and Jon Groom, and 10 others.

Born in Wales, Mr Groom left Britain four years ago to work in Italy, Germany and, now, New York, and on the way he developed an international reputation for his abstract paintings. His contribution is a five-piece installation of copper and mahogany for the cathedral itself. "There's nothing particularly religious about the piece, and I'm not religious, but I think if anybody's work is spiritual it is the abstract artist's," Mr Groom says. "If this painting works it will help me in my understanding of religion. I paint to find out."

Not only is the cathedral welcoming the experiment, it is embracing it. From June 21 to 23 the dean and chapter are hosting a conference on the place of contemporary artists in the life of the Church. "The New Age syndrome seems to be at work in most other walks of life," said Canon Rex Davis, the sub-dean, "why not in the Church too?" He believes that the interaction of culture and art with religion is indispensable for an understanding of any religion. "To understand Rothko, for instance, you almost have to be in a mystical frame of mind."

"We've got to find fresh metaphors for spiritual excitement. 'The Journey' offers an opportunity to bring contemporary work into the cathedral to challenge our vision and our minds."



Jon Groom and his five-piece installation

COLLECTING

There's a run on walking sticks

The better class of walking stick is no longer merely a companionable accompaniment to a walk in the country. It has become a collector's item. In a sale at Christie's South Kensington £2,200 was paid for an ebony example mounted in gold and with the names of famous circus acts studded in rose diamonds.

A few years ago, the demand for new walking sticks had shrunk so much that only three major firms in Britain were producing a quality product. Now there is a revival of interest in everything from the trusty ash plant, starting at £4, to the country craftsman's rustic creation or the Continental stick with moulded resin handle, imitating carved ivory or bone, for which as much as £50 may be asked.

There are also American imports with handles carved in real buffalo horn — removed, it is to be hoped, from animals that have died from natural causes. We are on equally sensitive ground with many of the older sticks. Some of the finest specimens, particularly those made in India and Japan in the last century, have handles, and sometimes shafts too, of carved ivory.

As the export of ivory artefacts, of whatever age, is now widely forbidden, it would be unwise to stroll through customs swinging the malacca cane circa 1900, topped with an ivory finial and an engraved silver mount, sold for £77 at a recent Sotheby's Chester sale. Another, carved with "a semi-naked nymph", was lotted with one surmounted by a

bust of someone looking like Raphael. Together they made £726. Both were carved in ivory, and though far from new, they might vex the conscience.

Such problems are avoidable. In the same sale there was a late 19th-century spherical handle made of Meissen (Dresden) porcelain, painted with a *féte galante* scene of lovers in the style of Watteau, that sold for £132, while at South Kensington, an unusual Art Deco number in stained wood went for £242.

Some walking sticks are interesting for what they conceal: the innocent-looking sword-stick with the rapier blade hidden in its shaft, or the contraption, invented in France about 1850, disguising a gun that fires a bullet through the opened ferule — quite literally a shooting stick.

From Elizabethan to Victorian times, many gentlemen favoured a stick incorporating a vinaigrette — a container for a sponge soaked in scented vinegar that, when opened, offset the odours of the streets. I once saw a stick that had a briar pipe, complete with windshield, built into it.

Walking sticks of coloured glass were made at Newcastle and elsewhere about 1815-45. They belong to a group of oddities known as "fingers", and were carried in procession by apprentices, in much the same way that drum majors carry batons. They had a practical use, too, as a means of drawing curtains hung from wooden poles. When not in use, they are hooked over the ends of the poles, to reflect the light of candles and oil lamps.

Peter Philip

SALES GUIDE

WINE LOVER: 11 silver-mounted cut-glass claret jugs from £120-£150 and £350-£400 provide attractive taster to 72 lots of spirit flasks, wine funnels, corkscrews and other wine-related items in middle-range silver sale.

POT LIDS: Addison's Bear Grass to Yardley's toothpaste among various monochrome and colour-printed pot lids. Estimates vary from £50-£80 for a pair of "war" and "peace" to a group of 21 for

between £150-£250. Sotheby's, Summers Place, Billingshurst, West Sussex (0403 783933). Sales Mon 1pm, Tue 10.30am-2pm, Wed 10.30am-2pm.

BETJEMAN: Among the books and letters in this sale is an eight-line signed typescript poem, believed unpublished, by John Betjeman beginning: "For forty years the south coast waves have soaked its shingly shores and caves. Look for lot 30 (£80-£300). Phillips, 101 New Bond Street, London W1 (071-629 6602). Viewing Tues and Wed 9am-4.30pm, sale Thurs 1pm.

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John Groom 1.520

OUT AND ABOUT

Knole, historic home of the Sackville family, is building on the grandest scale. Nigel Andrew feasts on its rich fare

TONY WHITE



If luxury is your cup of tea...

As with food, so with historic houses. There are times when you only fancy a snack — an Alfriston Clergy House, say, or a Coleridge Cottage — and there are times, particularly near the beginning of the season, when only a real blow-out will do. A Blankenham, a Wilton, a Burgley — or a Knole. There is a house reputed to have the calendar total of 365 rooms, 52 staircases and seven courtyards. Nobody has had the energy to check all those figures, but what is certain is that Knole is huge — and in ways that go well beyond the mere physical scale.

But size is as good a place as any to begin. There are four acres of buildings here, stretching 500ft from west to east, set in a thousand acres of parkland. As you make your way across this vast, rolling estate, with its clumps of ancient oak and beech and its herds of grazing deer, what eventually hoves into view looks more like a small fortified town than a single house.

Embellished towers and turrets and an army of tall chimneys rise above long, surprisingly low roofs of homely reddish-brown tiles, punctuated by countless gables. The walls — including a prodigious bounding wall which encloses the grounds — are all of silver-grey Kentish ragstone. The whole thing seems — like a town — to have grown organically over the centuries, eventually nesting down into its broad acres, becoming part of the scenery.

From the outside this enormous house is, contrary to all expectations, the least intimidating of

stately homes — ex-stately homes. I should say, for it is now in the hands of the National Trust. The approach can be stage-managed as a sequence of transformation scenes, if you do it on foot (park in Sevenoaks, or take the train and walk).

The first transformation comes after you pass straight through the bustling, comfortable, traffic-afflicted town, by way of an entrance opposite the church, into a tranquil, unchanged and fairly improbable deer park.

The second transformation comes after you have gone through the entrance gate in the West front — a long, low range, just two storeys with gables, and a modest gate-tower in the middle — and suddenly you are in one of the grand courtyards of Hampton Court, or the quadrangle of an Oxford college. It is in fact Green Court, and there are more transformations to come. The three outer sides of this huge courtyard were tacked on by Henry VIII to accommodate his retinue, for Knole was at one time a royal palace.

The inner side, with its (second) tower gatehouse, was built by Knole's first important owner, Archbishop Thomas Bourchier, in the late 15th century; yes, Knole was an archbishop's palace too.

Family ownership began — and ended, after three and a half

centuries — with the Sackvilles, the first of whom, Thomas Sackville, 1st Earl of Dorset, did most to create the house we see today. A man of enormous wealth, cousin to Queen Elizabeth and Lord High Treasurer of England, he spent £40,000 of Tudor money on Knole in one 10-month period alone, importing skilled craftsmen from

Duke of Dorset. The Sackvilles seem to have been disproportionately gifted with good taste, and the happy knack of marrying big money. Thomas Sackville himself was a poet when young, writing the first English tragedy in blank verse (*Gorboduc*, by all accounts unreadable). The literary gene, of course, carried right through to Vita Sackville-West, daughter of the 3rd Lord Sackville and a great lover of Knole (also the setting for her friend Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*). Thanks to the keen collecting instincts of the Sackvilles, what has come down to us is not only a prodigious Jacobean house, but a glittering treasure heap of 17th century furniture in warehouse quantities, of gorgeous carpets and tapestries, including Van Dycks and

this room was always a showpiece, the contents imported from Whitehall Palace by the 6th Earl).

Knole, not content with one long gallery, has three, one of which is hung with huge Raphael cartoons — copies actually, but good ones. The light, particularly in the aptly named Brown Gallery, is sepulchrally dim, thanks to the Trust's conservation-minded exclusion of sunlight.

The Ballroom, with its breathtaking marble chimney-piece and exquisite ceiling, is one of the greatest of all Jacobean interiors. Thomas Sackville probably used it as his dining room, but of course he had an immense Great Hall as well, and just off that a grand staircase clearly designed for show, with every surface painted or carved or worked in coloured stone.

At the foot of the stairs — nothing to do with Thomas Sackville — reclines the sexiest bit of statuary you are ever likely to see in any English house. It is a nude plaster figure of the 3rd Duke's Italian mistress, lying on her front, displaying a shapely bottom that seems, I swear, to follow you up the stairs.

Yes, in more ways than one Knole is a feast for the senses, a long and various banquet of delights. You stagger out at the end of it, sated, footsore, in a pleasingly exhausted daze — and gasping for a cup of tea. Now I hate to end on a negative note, but I must warn you: Knole, the house that has everything, has no tea shop.

● Knole, Sevenoaks, Kent, open until the end of Oct. Wed-Sat and bank holidays 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm (last admission 4pm); £2.50 (Fri £3), child £1.30 (£1.50).



Transformation chamber: the Stone Court at Knole, Kent

Italy to supplement the native talent.

Essentially it is his house that you enter, after crossing a second, very different courtyard — the Stone Court, flagged, and with Thomas Sackville's elegant Doric colonnade along one side. But later hands have also left their mark on Knole, particularly in the 17th century, the 5th Earl of Dorset, who married the beautiful Lady Frances Cranfield, and the 6th Earl, poet, patron and Restoration courtier; then, in the 18th century, the cultivated 3rd

duchess, who married the 3rd Duke of Devonshire, and a whole roomful of Reynolds (he was a pal of the 3rd Duke's).

The most sumptuous display of all is the Aladdin's cave known as the King's Room, where even the furniture is silver, and the state bed, with its matching chairs and stools, is entirely covered in gold and silver brocade.

The National Trust permits us to view this dazzling sight only through a glass screen, as if we were in a museum rather than a house (which is fair enough, arguably, as

OUTINGS

The archers — a medieval story

Shrewsbury in the shadow of Henry V: living history event with re-runs of the battles of Shrewsbury and Agincourt. Trial by combat and archery championships between the Marcher Lords and the Shrewsbury Archers. Also falconry, early gunnery, the arming of a knight, period music and crafts. Shrewsbury Castle. Today, tomorrow 2.30-5.30pm; £2, child £1. Information on 0743 50761.

BALLOON AND BENTLEY FIESTA: Twenty-five hot-air balloons with pilots from Great Britain, France, Germany and America, and the international balloonist Per Lindstrand; 25 Bentleys, belonging to the Bentley Drivers' Club, act as ferries between the castle and balloon landing points. Flights early morning and late afternoon. Full refreshments, including early morning breakfast, and champagne marquee. Leeds Castle, Maidstone, Kent (01822 763400). Today, tomorrow 8am-6pm; £3.70, child £2.20.

ST ELIZABETH'S APPEALS GARDEN OPEN DAYS: Two delightful Hertfordshire gardens open tomorrow in aid of victims of epilepsy. At St Elizabeth's Hospital, Hemel Hempstead, near Ware, 2.30-5.30pm, an opportunity to see a medium-sized mature garden with old-fashioned roses, vegetables, fruit and wide variety of plants. Homemade teas, parking and access for wheelchairs; £1, child 50p.

At the Japanese Garden, Cottered, near Buntingford, 2-8pm, you can see a tea house, waterfalls, and an embroidery mountain in the garden named Koraku En (meaning the Garden of Good Luck and Long Life). Teas, parking but not suitable for wheelchairs; £1.50, child 75p.

THE BORDERS ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: Quality fair in castle dating from the 11th century, externally restored to its medieval appearance. Superb surroundings and views. Alnwick Castle, Alnwick, Northumberland. Today tomorrow, 10am-5pm; £2, accompanied child free.

CHATHAM FOURTH ANNUAL MODEL RAILWAY EXHIBITION: Twenty-five different layouts, expert demonstrations and advice, and a large selection of trade stands. Chatham Historic Dockyard, Chatham, Kent (0634 812551). Today, tomorrow 10am-5.30pm; £2.50, child £1.50.

SALTASH TOWN REGATTA: Now in its 154th year. Rowing events today and tomorrow, pulled in traditional Cornish rowing boats, plus Cornish gig racing (gigs being 32ft long and of the type once used to pull out to sailing ships in the last century). Sailing races tomorrow including, for the first time, Chinese Dragon Boats. Festivities ashore include displays, exhibitions, side-shows and stalls. Saltash, Cornwall. Today, tomorrow, information on 0752 842365.

MOONLIGHT MEMORIES AND MOONLIGHT: Dance the night

away with the Syd Lawrence Orchestra at the home of Sir Winston Churchill, now managed by the National Trust. Picnic by the lake or book a restaurant table. Chartwell, Westerham, Kent. Tonight 8.30am-2pm; £20 bookable on 0732 886368.

SINGLETON HEAVY HORSE DAY: More than 40 horses representing all the heavy breeds, plus the Whitbread shires from the City of London, and other turnouts including horse-drawn pantomimic. Competitions from noon, grand parade 4pm. Weald and Downland Open Air Museum, Singleton, Chichester, Sussex. Tomorrow, information on 0243 633448.

SEAFA INTERNATIONAL DISPLAY: Organized by the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association, an international airshow with Nato air forces and civilian aerobatic and military displays. Pleasure flights. RAF Church Fenton, near Tadcaster, North Yorkshire. Tomorrow. Gates open 9am, flying 1-5.30pm; £5, child (five-14) £2, under-fives free.

MYATT'S FIELDS FAIR: Organized by Myatt's Fields Fair Association to commemorate the 101st anniversary of the opening of the park. Displays, local stalls, music and children's entertainments. Refreshments. Myatt's Fields Park, Knightsbridge Road, London SW5. Today 2-6pm; free. Information on 071-7337711.

FOURTH ANNUAL WOODEN BOAT SHOW: Traditional wooden boats on display, with boat builders and marine chandlers. The Captain Cook exhibition and newly-restored Queen's House are worth a visit. National Maritime Museum, Park Row, London SE10 (081-858 4422). Today, tomorrow, 10am-6pm. Admission to boat show free. Passport ticket to the museum, Old Royal Observatory, Queen's House and exhibitions, £8, child £3.

BRAMHAM INTERNATIONAL HORSE TRIALS AND COUNTRY FAIR: Cross-country all day today. Tomorrow, finals of the three-day showjumping event, and plus two ESJ showjumping classes with internationally famous riders such as Harvey Smith, taking part and the country fair. Bramham Park, Wetherby, West Yorkshire (0373 844265). Today (£5, child £2.50), tomorrow (£4, child £2), 9am-6pm. Admission today adult £5, child £2.50. Tomorrow adult £4, child £2.

Judy Froshaug

FARMYARD DIARY

Paul Heiney answers his critics on the way he works down on his Suffolk farm

I was advised early in my television career that "you should allow the critics to spoil breakfast, but never lunch". In other words, get the pain over with quickly and forget it. It was good advice, which I have adapted well to the farming side of life. My critics, of whom there are several, can make me miserable for an entire morning's mucking-out, but by feeding-up time I have usually managed to put them out of mind.

Of course, I have my supporters too, but one sharp word in a letter can negate a thousand words of praise. It's like that when you care deeply about what you are doing.

To remind you what that is, we have about 40 acres of Suffolk land which we intend to work by cart-horse, farming in harmony with nature rather than fighting her with complex synthetic chemicals, the long-term effects of which are still unknown. I am taking as my model the farming practices of the first few decades of this century. I believe that farming then had certain values, which have been lost in the name of progress. What I am doing is not vastly different from what is now known as "organic farming", except for the horses, which are an experiment. Or perhaps an eccentricity.

Since I first expressed those views some months ago, my mail has bulged with accusations of "single-handedly dragging the Western world towards starvation", of turning the clock back to the days of "farmer's lung, anthrax and orf", and conjuring up a "Boy's Own image of farming." This seems over-the-top, given the scale of what we are doing (nobody gets vilified for putting 40 acres into set-aside, or building Alton Towers on it), but I shall give the critics a fair response.

First, I stand accused of romanticizing what were, in fact, depressed and exploitative times. "Where will you find the men willing to break their backs the way my father broke his?" asked one writer. I am warned that I shall be turning the clock back not to "the days when farming made sense", but to the times when "farming made nothing".

The troubles sprouting from Brussels



Feeding time: Farmer Heiney with his fleeced sheep

These themes recur. There is no doubt that farm-workers always have been (and still are?) exploited. But that is not part of our experiment. We exploit nobody. Wouldn't know how to start. It is not the social conditions I am trying to re-create, but the science. I am interested in a system of farming which was good for the land and, in turn, produced wholesome corn and animals.

I am not sure why critics are so convinced that my farming with horses requires the local children to develop rickets and pregnant milkmaids to die in every ditch. This small farm is not cut off from the outside world, not "self-sufficient" or isolated: it is merely a test-tube in which I am conducting a very pleasant experiment.

If it makes the more heated of my critics feel any easier, I'm happy to be dismissed as an eccentric, rural boffin. However, I might add that we

have several old horsemen and farmworkers who help out, and that not one of them finds modern farmwork any improvement on what they did 50 years ago, or any less stressful.

Then comes the economics of the operation. I have been bombarded with essays on "the price structure of the international grain market", and dire warnings that "we hold only a few weeks' supply of corn in store as a buffer against hunger on an international scale". All of this is intended to persuade me that the economics of labour-intensive, low-tech farming does not make sense.

I agree. But, equally, if my figures do not add up, nor do the ludicrous sums on which hi-tech modern farming has been based. I cannot explain why, and nor can most farmers. The whole system is tainted by the touch of Brussels, which has cunningly contrived a system beyond

human comprehension and interwoven farming with social engineering and national electoral politics so that they can never, now, be untangled.

As I dimly understand it, the system guarantees a price for corn and then penalizes those who produce too much, having previously provided incentives to produce even more. Now we have a "set-aside" scheme to pay people to do nothing at all. So, if a deluge of money is needed anyway to prop up agriculture and ensure the supply of food, would it not be better used in supporting a system that has none of the distasteful facets that modern farming is exhibiting? I would quite like a grant of some sort, and I think I may be the only farmer who has never had one.

Now for the olive branch. I recognize that farmers get a heavily kicked ball in the cross-Channel game of European politics. And, just as a punch-drunk victim will lash out at anybody who gets in his way, I can see why they should find me such an inviting target.

A Yorkshire farmer's wife explained why our farming experiment gives rise to angry outbursts. "It's because so many farmers just wish they could do what you are doing," she said, "pull up the drawbridge and get on with it. They're sick of the stupid system too, and simply want to farm."

So that is what we are doing for all of them. Since Brussels will not help financially, and we do not have the knack of exploiting anyone yet, our experiment is heavily subsidized by forays back into television and journalism.

However, the farm's first, tiny income was earned this week, by 15 gallant sheep, which, after some skittish reluctance, allowed themselves to be deprived of their fleeces. They are now looking naked and deceptively innocent. I am told, insultingly, that their wool will probably be "good only for carpets". Something I can chew on in frustration, perhaps, when the next lot of letters comes in.

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EATING OUT

Jonathan Meades explores the difference between aspirant English exquisiteness and sheer Japanese virtuosity

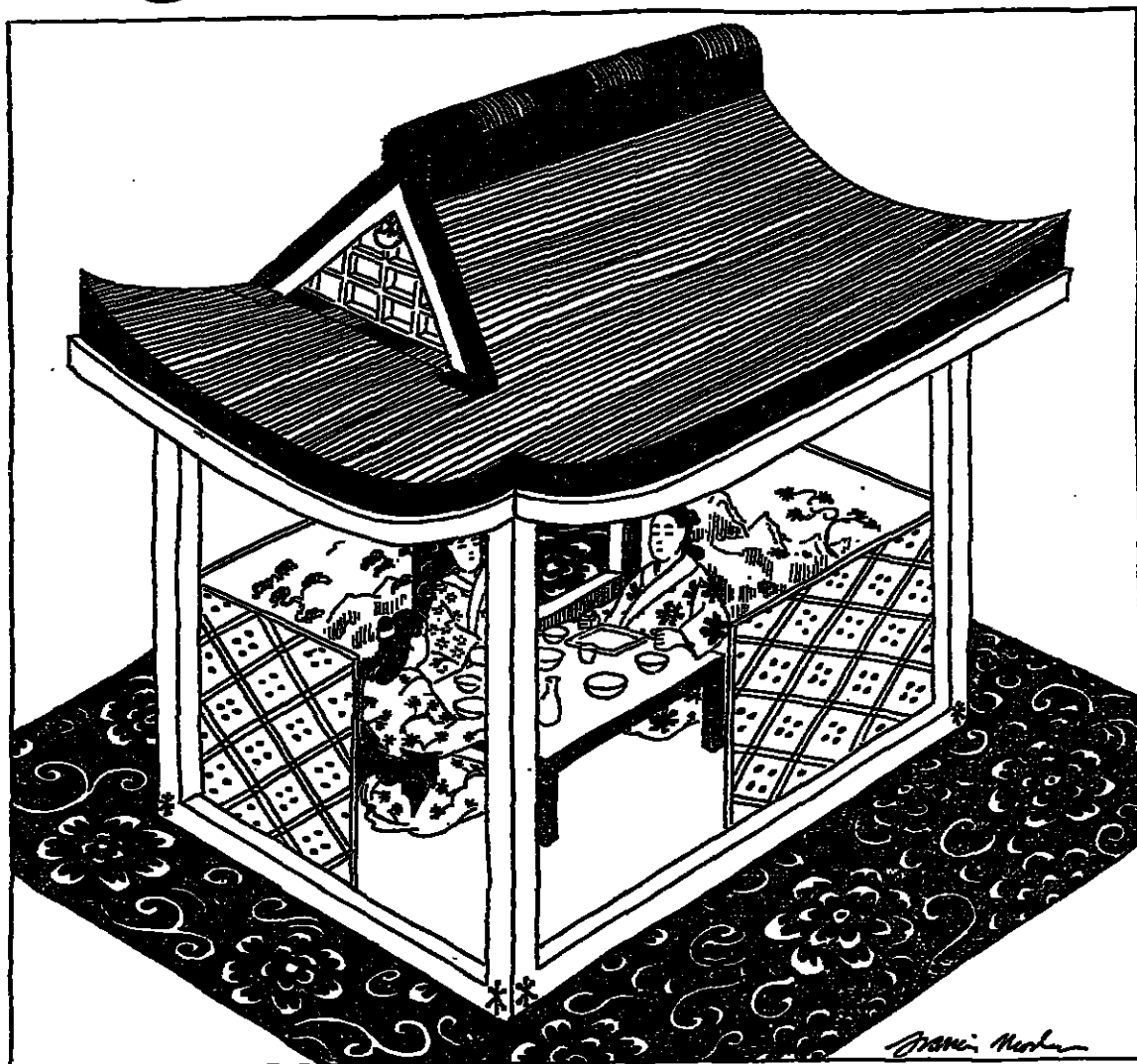
Dining in the doll's house

The unmitigatedly exquisite is a gastronomic idiom that is today less zealously pursued by the mass of professional cooks than it was in the past. The exquisite has, rather oddly, become the province of the ambitious home cook. I can think of a novelist in Dartmouth Park, a lexicographer and a psychotherapist in Maida Hill, a designer's wife in Camberwell, all of whom cook not merely with prowess and invention but with purposeful elaboration. These people belong to a particular stratum of the metropolitan middle class and it is, I suggest, no coincidence that such chefs as Rowley Leigh at Kensington Place, Alastair Little in Soho, and Simon Hopkinson at Bibendum have enjoyed such success and acclaim; they are of that class and are, if you like, cooking for their own kind, their own people. They know the form, are insouciantly attuned to the gastronomic consensus. Their infrequent forays into the exquisite are sure-footedly based in a tradition they have invented for themselves.

The aspirant exquisiteness of the cooking at McClements at Twickenham Green is not, perhaps, so soundly founded. Everything is at the same pitch of elaboration; there is no relief, no chiaroscuro. And while some of it is fully flavoured, there seems to be as much concentration applied to the achievement of daintiness, which is not exquisiteness at all. It is all rather reminiscent of doll's house food. The chef-proprietor of this tiny and rather twee restaurant at a busy junction (sit in the window for long enough and you'll convince yourself that a bus is going to come through it) either lacks a measure of boldness or keeps himself on too tight a rein.

The place is within a whisker of being really rather estimable, but so long as it persists with such practices as "garnishing" black pudding in pastry with half a quail's egg or serving a thimbleful of cognac with chicken it will not be of much more than parochial interest. The black pudding was first-rate though, and apparently home-made. The chicken dish was further let down by the indifferent quality of the fowl itself.

Needless to say, everything here is fancily laid out. Design is given as much emphasis as content. I think that this actually lessens the appeal of certain dishes. Lamb with an aubergine charlotte was fine but would have been no less fine had it not been mugged by a window-



dresser. The same might be said of a dish of scallops with ratatouille. All the time spent on creating minute vegetable dice is time wasted. The puddings and the sweets with coffee are, predictably, outstanding. Fussiness seems appropriate here. A plate of mini-portion of crème caramel, blackcurrant mousse, three sorts of chocolate mousse, raspberry millefeuille etc was tremendous: Mr McClements has the lightest touch. And his truffles and chocolates are probably as good as you'll get in this country. He is a truly talented confectioner.

He is a less talented buyer of wine. The list is clearly aimed at "special occasion" diners. There is very little worth drinking under £20, and though there is a fair selection of half bottles they are not cheap. A half of English-bottled 1971 Ch Cos-Labory was no good and was

replaced without demur by a half of 1970 Ch Cissac, which was a bit more like it. With nothing else to drink, the bill for two, including a 10 per cent service charge, was £84. The gulf between mock exquisiteness and the real thing could hardly be more patently illuminated than by contrasting McClements with a newish Japanese establishment called Nakano. This occupies a basement in Beauchamp Place that used to house an outfit called Ports,

which was almost certainly the best Portuguese place in town. Nakano is very likely the best Japanese place in town. No attempt has been made to lay on national colour. The point of the place is the cooking alone. The menu is an inventory of the bizarre, the rare, the recherché. The imagination behind it possesses the toughness and rigour of real dandyism.

Because the majority of London-Japanese restaurants are formulaic and confine themselves to a limited repertoire, and because I have not been to Japan, I have no real measure by which to gauge Nakano's chef Saburo Kikuchi. I do not know for instance whether he produces dishes of his own devising or whether his *outré* creations belong to the normal store and would seem commonplace in Tokyo or Osaka. Either way, it is

impossible not to discern the sheer audaciousness of many dishes and the sheer virtuosity of their maker. The cooking combines, with fastidious abandon, the subtle and the deftly brutal, and thus more accurately mirrors Japan, or a particular conception of that country, than the usual run of tempura and noodles does. This cooking seems congruent with the culture that it comes from.

But it is not its exoticism and its strangeness which render the cooking exquisite; that quality is intrinsic. It is the very quiddity of this cooking, not its unfamiliarity, that distinguishes it. Nakano offers a number of standard, or standard-sounding, dishes as well as arcane. But even tempura gets a twist: the battered vegetables include asparagus, nettle leaves, chilis. French beans wrapped in seaweed. White noodles are served with flecks of batter, strands of seaweed and an unusually gentle rice vinegar. This is classy nursery food.

A number of the dishes meld the blandness of (a peculiarly white and very delicate) bean curd with items of the utmost piquancy or strength. Salmon entrails for instance. These are puréed, the colour of Burgundy mixed with squid ink, and belligerently gamy. If you like juggled hare, cod liver oil and things of that ilk this should appeal. Another bean curd dish is done with cod roe and chili; a classic Mutt and Jeff combo. Cod roe appears again as a sort of dressing on cuttle fish. Sea cucumber: this is like eating a piece of evolution dressed with ginger and vinegar. Hokke fish is vaguely akin in flavour to salt cod but inferior to the salt cod Ports used to do. Dried sardine fry resemble microscopically reviewed spermatozoa: they are vermicular, eel-like and really delicious. Grilled salmon skin is deliberately made un-crisp by something called ponzu vinegar. Rubbery fishcake is kinkie-but and an improvement on the usual. Balls of, apparently, mashed potato are fried in flour. Raw tuna is served with grated yam. Cooked tuna is of the density and sweetness of pork cooked for hours.

All these dishes are served in small "tasting" portions. With two Sapporo beers and a green tea ice-cream, two will pay about £80. This is a restaurant which will go some way towards reforming its customers' conceptions of Japanese cooking and, I think, of Japan itself. And in a baser, more utilitarian way, it is enjoyable and endlessly fascinating.

DIRECTORY

Stars - up to a maximum of 10 - are for cooking rather than swags and chandeliers. Prices on this page are for a three-course meal for two. They include an aperitif and modest wine in the case of French places, tea in the case of oriental ones and so on. Prices change: they usually go up. Dishes also may have changed - they are given only as an indication of the repertoire. I accept no responsibility for disappointments and claim no credit for happy surprises. Always phone first. J.M.

THAI

Behn Thai
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
21a Fifth Street, London W1
071-437 8504
Charming, gloomy but commendable because the cooking of standard Thai dishes is sound and because the menu goes way beyond the usual repertoire into trotter dishes and offal dishes. The green curry is probably the finest in London. No one should drink wine with Thai food but, in case someone should want to, there is a singularly impressive list. Without wine: £42.

Thai Pavilion

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
42 Rupert Street, London W1
071-287 6333
Elegant premises, variable cooking. Chicken in pandan leaves is worth investigation and so is the prawn soup. Better give a miss to the green curry. Service is rather chaotic and very slow. £34.

Bedlington Café

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
24 Fauconberg Road, London W4
081-994 1965
By day a greasy cafe, by night a Thai diner. The Thai cooking has some affinities with greasy cooking - notably in the deep-fried battered dishes. The "red" and "green" curries are all right, though might be improved if the frozen peas were omitted. Very friendly, very rough and ready. £22.

Sri Siam

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
14 Old Compton Street, London W1
071-434 3544
Thai cooking done with European flair - and all the better for it. The restaurant is long, narrow, noisy and rather effortfully decorated. The cooking, with the exception of staples, is impressive: sampran of vegetables, fine fish cakes, marvelous "red" curry, grilled beef with coriander and mint. £20-£25.

The Blue Elephant

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
4 Fulham Broadway, London SW6
071-385 6555
Offshoot of Brussels' top Thai restaurant and the cookery is mediated by Belgian nous. It is far from the peasant-battered gear of most Thai places. Marvellous grilled scallops, fish cakes and satay owe as much to Belgium as to Thailand. Good lamb with ginger and garlic, and beef with chili and baby aubergines. The place is jungle-thick with plants and the menu is by no means in martial uniform. Expensive wines. £80.

Chaopraya

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
22 St Christopher's Place, London W1
071-486 0777
Cavernous Thai basement. The pricing is ferocious. Be warned. Much of the cooking is impressive - Chinese sausage salad, beef with hot basil and noodles etc. £42.

WEST LONDON

Kensington Place

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
201 Kensington Church Street, London W8
071-727 3184
Large, loud, vital. This is a moult-greaser, the metropolitan venue of the moment. It is fashionable precisely because of its cooking: it may become a classic - despite it. A combination of chef (Rowley Leigh), restaurateur (Simon Slater) and Nicholas Smith (cook) has created something far beyond a mere showplace for kitchen excellence. Nowhere else in London is so varied in its clientele. Its persistent success suggests it may become a classic. The way great Paris brasseries have, but the cooking is better than that of any brasserie on earth. Mr Leigh is the most intelligent English chef of his generation. His own inventions are remarkable: chicken and goat cheese mousses; warm oysters with cucumber and wild rose or chardonnay; sole gras with sweetcorn pancakes. He also puts an inimitable spin on such staples as veal blanquette, pheasant chasseur, tongue with horseradish sauce. The sweets are ace, the wines well chosen and the prices reasonable. The entire operation makes most so-called grand restaurants look meagre. Also: great classic cocktails. £50-£55, £25 at lunchtime.

Bouché's

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
3 North End Parade, London W14
071-603 0613
A paste jewel in an acre of asphalt; the most colourful restaurant for miles. The colour is yellow, and it is used with camp assurance all over the tiny dining-room. The cooking is new-wave British, well executed. The daily changing menu will include such things as fish pie, chicken with tomato and peas, steak with grain mustard sauce. £45.

Hiroko

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Kensington Hilton, 179 Holland Park Avenue, London W11
071-803 5009
Good quality Japanese cooking served in a laid-back, light wood dining-room approached through the airport-like hotel. Tartar steak with sesame, fine sashimi, aubergine spread with soy sauce, grilled mackerel and ool. £25.

Casa Santana

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
44 Goltborne Road, London W10
081-868 8764
Portuguese cafe cum restaurant. Dead basic grub, totally unrefined. Perhaps the best thing along the lines of God's first try at cassoulet. The grilled squid is good, and so are the amazingly cheap wines. Service is informal and fairly friendly. £22.

RESTAURANT AND CATERING GUIDE

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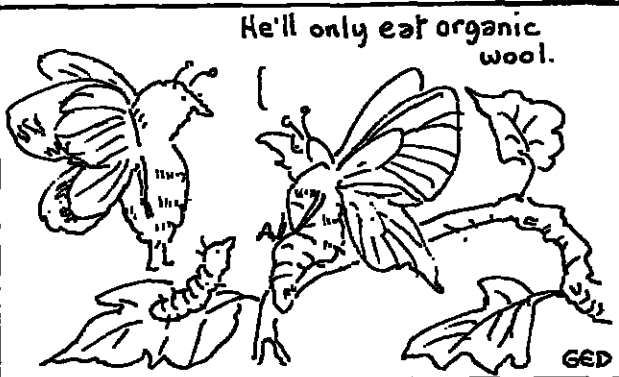
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FOOD

Quaintly curved carrots

A new survey shows customers taste to looks, Robin Young writes



Our village shop had the first of the season's broad beans and freshly pulled carrots last weekend. Nothing tastes so vividly or is so suggestive to me of the goodness of the earth - unless, possibly, one adds baby turnips and fresh garden peas.

However, I cannot claim that these vegetables I bought so eagerly were organic in the modern sense of the word. They did not come, that is, from Soil Association-approved plots. Their fresh and distinctive flavour might not have owed so much to the goodness of the earth as to pesticide and chemical fertiliser.

I buy what I think will taste best. It is not a criterion many customers apply. Most people, retailers insist, buy what they think looks best.

But now a survey commissioned by Safeway, the pioneer among supermarkets of organic fruit and vegetables, suggests there is a growing and largely unsatisfied demand for organic produce. The survey of 2,000 shoppers, the largest of its type yet carried out, revealed that more than one in eight shoppers now claim to purchase organic produce regularly. Half Britain's shoppers say they have bought organic items at one time or another.

They pay dearly for the privilege. The shortage of supply is such that the price of organically produced food is forced up by an average of 88 per cent over that of conventionally grown fruit and vegetables - and that is after the shops have, in many cases, sold organic produce at lower profit margins to help keep their prices down.

The survey reveals that there are many potential customers waiting who say they would buy organic food if it was more readily available. Safeway estimates, on the basis of the survey, that sales of organic food, at present worth about £120 million a

year, might treble in the next three years.

At present, though, less than one half of one per cent of Britain's farming acreage is organic. So the Association dreams that one-fifth of the farmland may be converted to follow organic farming principles by the year 2000 look wildly optimistic.

Safeway claims that organic food can no longer be regarded as only a niche market, yet it remains the only supermarket chain to make organic produce available in all its stores. There, too, availability depends on the seasons: "We sell all we can get," I was told. "We cannot get enough."

In an attempt to proselytize the cause, the company is sponsoring a project run by the Edinburgh School of Agriculture on 100 acres of the organic Jamesfield farm near Perth in Scotland. Field trials include a flock of Merino lambs, which are to produce organic wool, cattle to provide organic beef, and the cultivation of organic vegetables such as cauliflower, cabbage, broccoli, potatoes and lettuce.

The first food from the project went on sale the week before last, when some of the beef went into Safeway's Edinburgh store, but the long-term object is to prove to farmers that organic farming can be profitable on a large commercial scale.

The shoppers who already buy organic say their principal reasons for doing so are the belief that the produce tastes better and is good for them. They also believe they are making a positive contribution to the environment.

The actual taste of organically produced vegetables is not, the survey reveals, as important as had been thought. It was originally supposed that mis-shapen vegetables which often appear among those grown organically might turn off some shoppers. Instead, it seems that, for some people at least, the sight of a quaintly curved carrot is reassuring.

CULTURE CULTURES

A guide to food in artistic surroundings

Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester

The first theatre performance at the Royal Exchange, Manchester, was Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer* in 1743. A century later the magnificent hall boasted a dining room to seat 300 and an orchestra. The present theatre, opened in 1976, is a tubular steel structure on several tiers which seat a most surprising 700. So large is the old building that there are generous foyers for eating, drinking or socializing.

The buffet and bar are found in what must have been the old news room of the Exchange (1988). The buffet/bar had only one choice, barbeque chicken and rice, which was dreary with a ghely sauce and dead

peppers. The salads are better, and my mushroom and cucumber with a thin yoghurt sauce was refreshing. It is fully licensed and serves (warm) fruit juices from plastic cups. For all that, it was reasonable at under £5, and it is possible to sit in the hall and enjoy at least the historical and aesthetic experience.

Birmingham Rep
The Bull Ring in the centre of Birmingham is a forbidding labyrinth of underground tunnels below the steel and glass, but a corner is emerging as an arts complex. Alongside the Birmingham Repertory Theatre will be the new hall for the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, and the Rep's Café and Bar are already open. The Mexican lunch menus indicated that enchiladas are popular, while cocktails and Mexican beers are served from the long bar. The Rep Café does

breakfast all day, and Sunday lunch for £5.50. The service is good and the staff have won a well-deserved training award. The food, alas, lets things down. The chef has recently discovered pastry baskets and serves everything in them. My crudités (which were a bit limp) came with mayonnaise and taramasalata in a basket, but then so did the unforgivable coleslaw with my club sandwich. It was dry and breadless, as the coleslaw was sliced too thick. It all came to a hefty £10.50. I look forward to the opening of Symphony Hall, not only for its much-vaunted acoustics but to see if good eating really can be combined with the arts in Birmingham.

Walker Gallery, Tate Gallery, Liverpool
The buildings in Liverpool's centre used to be black with soot and double-decker buses trundled up and down in front of Lime Street

Station. Now there is a wide pedestrian way and the Walker Gallery, one of the finest art collections in the provinces. The entrance rotunda has opened a small food concession which is simple - only salads, quiche and pastries - but it looks and tastes good. The mushroom quiche was light and full of flavour with a wholesome crust, and the salads were delicious.

The Tate Gallery on the Albert Dock, a magnificent waterfront development of old warehouses and ships' basins on the Mersey, was opened two years ago. It also has a small independent canteen in a minute self-service that boasts of 50 lunches daily and double that on weekends. The pizza and sausages were a bit hard and breadless, but the new potato salad and the lentil cake and flapjacks were excellent. Both gallery menus were good value at about £3.50 a head.

Rita Cruise O'Brien

THE TIMES COOK

DIANA LEADBETTER

A cool look at hot ice-cream

For a new and tantalizing taste, deep-fried ice-cream takes some licking, says

Frances Bissell, who invites you to try some

Here is a little mystery that readers will, I feel sure, help me to solve. Earlier this year, an ice-cream manufacturer launched a "new" and intriguing product, deep-fried ice-cream: slices of ice-cream, dipped in an egg wash and cake crumbs, ready to be deep-fried from frozen. Some months later, a friend gave me a 1954 edition of *L'Art Culinaire Français*, published by Flammarion, and from between its pages, as I lifted it off my shelf for the first time, fluttered a few faded hand-written recipes in English on flimsy paper.

Two were ice-cream recipes, one for a Bombe Novello, the other for a Surprise Caprice, which was none other than deep-fried ice-cream — slices of vanilla ice-cream, dipped in a mixture of cake crumbs and ground almonds before re-freezing. Just before frying, it is dipped in batter, which is the only difference, as far as I can tell, between this earlier product and the "new" one.

Where did this manuscript recipe come from? Who invented deep-fried ice-cream? There is nothing like it in *L'Art Culinaire Français*. I turned to Le Caprice restaurant in London, but no such recipe exists on their current menu, and partner Chris Corbin was unable to find any trace of it in Mario Gallati's writings of the early days at Le Caprice.

Certainly the application of heat to ice-cream recipes is not new. Baked Alaska, or Omelette Norvégienne, is well known. The origins of this dish, ice-cream placed on a sponge base and completely encased by meringue before baking, are not entirely certain either. American sources claim it was created in the kitchens of Del Monico's in New York to celebrate Alaska joining the union in 1867. But *Larousse Gastronomique*, while crediting an American doctor with the discovery that beaten egg white is a poor conductor of heat, describes how the chef

to a Chinese delegation visiting Paris showed the chefs at the Grand Hotel the "art of cooking vanilla and ginger ices in the oven". The cookery column in *La Liberté* of June 6, 1866, recounts this event.

Professor Nicholas Kurti, Professor Emeritus of Physics at Oxford University and an expert in these matters, having invented, with the help of the microwave, a reverse baked Alaska, frozen on the outside and hot on the inside, has also perfected the technique of deep-frying flavoured ices, or ice-lollies, which he also believes to be of Chinese origin, but he has no information about the deep-fried ice-cream.

Alan Davidson, who is writing the *Oxford Companion to Food*, has no entry yet for deep-fried ice-cream and was unable to trace its origins for me. Neither was Charles Perry, whom Mr Davidson consulted. Mr Perry, a food historian specializing in early Arabic cooking and also food writer and restaurant reviewer for the *Los Angeles Times*, did comment, however, that in California these desserts are considered somewhat old-fashioned. We think he was being rather kind and that what he really meant was that such things are absolutely out. Indeed they are, but, like fondues and flares, worth bringing out of the cupboard every so often as a historical curiosity.

Hot ice-cream desserts are great fun to try and most spectacular. In 1923, Mrs C.S. Peel, a noted cookery writer of her day and, during the First World War, director of women's service at the Ministry of Food, described a dessert that she had been served at the Piccadilly Hotel in London. My recipe for baked ice-cream with blazing fruits is based on her description. I was very pleased with the effect, and my guests all enjoyed the contrasting textures, flavours and temperatures.

Use a good quality cake base or make your own, and use only the



very best vanilla dairy ice-cream. I include a recipe for the real thing in case you are unable to buy good quality commercial ice-cream and, while on the subject of ices and in the hope of another warm summer, a blue-print recipe for fruit sorbet.

But first, here is the deep-fried ice-cream recipe. I feel sure, by the way, that it was a Chinese invention, from cooks ever in search of novel gastronomic sensations.

Surprise Caprice (Serves 6 to 8)
2 egg yolks
2oz/60g caster sugar
4tbsp Marsala or other sweet wine
1lb/455g block vanilla dairy ice-cream
3oz/85g cake crumbs, mixed together with...
3oz/85g ground almonds

Beat the egg, sugar and wine. Slice the ice-cream, and dip the slices into the egg mixture before coating them in the cake crumbs and ground almonds. Freeze the slices very hard.

Batter
4oz/110g plain flour
pinch of salt
1tbsp caster sugar
1tbsp groundnut or almond oil
½pt/140ml water
1 egg white
groundnut oil for frying

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl, and stir in the oil and water, beating until the batter is smooth. Allow it to stand for an hour. Whisk the egg white to firm peaks, and carefully fold into the batter. Heat the oil to 190°C/375°F. Dip the ice-cream slices into the batter,

allowing any excess to drip back. Deep-fry for approximately 30 seconds. Drain and serve immediately, dusted with icing sugar.

Baked ice-cream cake with blazing fruit (Serves 8)

1lb/455g vanilla dairy ice-cream
Scoop into balls or quenelles, place on open tray and freeze very hard.
Cake
2 rounded tbspcaster sugar
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
2 rounded tbspcaster-raising flour, sifted

Beat the sugar and egg yolks until pale and foamy. Whisk the egg whites to firm peaks. Stir the sifted flour into the egg and sugar mixture, and then fold in the egg whites. Spoon the batter into a greased, floured, shallow sponge tin, and bake in a pre-heated oven for 12 minutes at 180°C/350°F, gas mark 4.

Allow to cool slightly in the tin before turning out on to a cake rack to cool.

Fruit
½lb/340g stoned cherries or blueberries
1oz/30g caster sugar, or to taste
4tbsp kirsch or white rum

Heat the fruit and sugar with a little water until tender. Stir in two tablespoons of spirit, and put to one side.

Meringue
3 egg whites
3tbsp caster sugar
Whisk the egg whites until firm

but not granular. Stir in the sugar, and whisk until you have glossy firm peaks.

To assemble

Place a small ramekin in the centre of the cake. Arrange the frozen balls of ice-cream around it, and spread the meringue all over, from the edge of the ramekin to the edge of the cake, sealing in the ice-cream. Bake in the top half of a hot oven (pre-heated to 200°C/400°F, gas mark 6) for three to four minutes, until the meringue is just golden. Remove from the oven. Spoon some of the hot fruit into the ramekin and, just before serving, pour on the kirsch and light it. Hand the rest of the fruit around separately.

Vanilla ice-cream (Serves 8)
1pt/568ml full cream milk
1 vanilla pod
4tbsp caster sugar
4 egg yolks
½pt/280ml double cream

Put the milk and split vanilla pod in a saucepan, and bring to the boil. Beat the sugar and egg yolks together, and pour on the scalded milk, stirring continuously. Strain the mixture into a clean saucepan, scrape in the vanilla seeds, and stir over a low heat until the custard thickens enough to coat the back of the spoon. Remove from the heat, and allow to cool. Whip the cream, and fold into the cold custard. Freeze.

Stock syrup for sorbets
2pt/1.15l water
2½lb/1.10kg sugar
Put the water and sugar in a

saucepan. Stir over a low heat until the sugar has dissolved. Bring to the boil, and boil for one minute. Remove from the heat, cool, and then pour into a plastic bottle to keep in the refrigerator.

Use equal quantities of syrup and fruit puree or fruit juice to make sorbets. The juice of half a lemon and a splash or two of an appropriate white spirit or liqueur can be added for extra flavour before freezing, but do not overdo this, as too much alcohol will prevent the mixture from freezing.

An alternative way of using the spirit is to pour it on just before serving. Some favourite combinations are apple sorbet with calvados, pink grapefruit sorbet (using a carton or bottle of juice) with vodka, blood orange sorbet (also using juice) with eau-de-vie de framboise, and lemon sorbet with white rum.

If you want to make a sorbet on the spur of the moment and do not have the syrup, then use a mixture of ripe fresh fruit and icing sugar which dissolves quickly. Melons and strawberries make very good quick ices.

Fresh strawberry water ices (Serves 6)
1lb/455g ripe fresh fruit
½lb/110g icing sugar
½pt/140ml water
juice of ½ lemon

Put the fruit and sugar in a blender, and blend until smooth and the sugar dissolved. Add the water and lemon juice, and blend for another 30 seconds. Pour into a suitable container, and freeze, or freeze in a machine according to the manufacturer's directions.
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DRINK

It needs bottle to invest

Putting your money where your mouth is can be costly, says Jane MacQuitty, who explodes some wine trade myths

Wine is not a liquid asset, nor is it a good investment. This statement is unlikely to endear me to the wine trade but, for the ordinary wine drinker, there is more truth in it than in a thousand "Investment you can drink" articles. The myth, believed by most people, that wine is a cast-iron, blue-chip investment which will lead to riches, is one fostered by self-interested wine merchants and auctioneers. The reality is that investing in wine, rather than putting your hard-earned cash into something safe such as bricks and mortar, is like entering a minefield of few negotiable securities.

It is not the public who are the keenest supporters of the wine salerooms, the investors' major outlet, but the trade, which is busy buying and selling with insider knowledge, not outsider half-truths. There is only one basis on which to start buying wine as an investment: you, and your family, must enjoy it.

To invest well, you must spend many hours learning the subject and become as knowledgeable as a layman can. Putting your money and trust entirely into someone else's hands, such as a wine merchant or consultant, is risky. Remember, they are in business to make money for themselves.

Above all, if you find wine talk boring, give up all thought of investing in it. If, however, you prefer wine lists to company reports, then buying wine and eventually drinking it, whether it turns out to be a good investment or not, will always give you pleasure.

Having passed this fundamental wine investment test, you must then have enough money. I do not mean a few hundred pounds, more like thousands. In these days of high interest rates, those with mortgages and school fees to pay need to be very sure that they have the money to spare. Do not embark on wine investment unless you are flush with funds, otherwise you will be forced to sell early and lose money as a result.

current purchase will, when sold, finance future wine buys, your initial outlay will have to be steep. Honest wine dealers admit that this first investment should be about £5,000 to £10,000 to get to the elusive position, if ever, of downing fine wine for free: a notion much-banded about by the wine trade.

Patience, to the tune of 10 years-plus, perhaps five if you are very lucky, is another essential prerequisite. Unlike

they drank last month, and then multiply by 12 to calculate their annual requirements. The most fool-proof method of doing this is to keep a notebook on your dining table and to jot down every bottle that appears on it. Make whatever seasonal adjustments you think are necessary (most people drink more white wine than red in the summer), and then multiply by 10 to find out what wines you should be buying over the

costs, reduced the overall profit considerably.

Yes, on a few leading wines such as '82 Cos d'Estournel, you could double your money, provided you bought the wine at the beginning of the 1982 en primeur campaign, and provided, in most instances, that you bought several cases of it, which is the minimum that auction houses will handle of even this top '82. Sadly, the profit margins on the majority of the '82s look not much better than the interest you might have accrued if you had left the money in the bank.

The moral is unless you are a high roller and prepared to take the risk, buy only what you know you will need. (This is particularly true in the current claret market, where a glut of fine wines from recent bumper vintages is depressing prices.)

Later, you can always sell a case of a star vintage claret for a profit, using the money for other wine purchases. The truth is that, if you are a dedicated first-class vintage claret, burgundy and port drinker then you can save money by buying en primeur, or early on when the wine is still in cask, but very rarely will you make money from these transactions.

One way of edging the investment odds in your favour is to concentrate on first-class wines from first-class vintages, preferably vintage claret and port. To do this successfully, it is essential to shop around. This entails reading everything you can find on the vintage and acquiring lists from all the wine merchants' who deal in the wines you want to buy, so that you can ascertain their star wine tips for the vintage.

These will not always be accurate, but as great wines are produced only when a complex combination of factors relating to soil, climate, grape variety and man's own input all come happily together, the lists should help.

It is also vital to compare everyone's prices, which often vary dramatically, and, although I would recommend the more conservative en primeur merchants who are likely to be around for as long as you are, it is as well to know what other outlets charge.

The best advice I can give to potential investors is, *caveat emptor*: let the buyer beware.

costs, reduced the overall profit considerably.

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WINE BUYS

● 1988 Catarina, João Pires, Oddbins £3.95; Winecellars, 153-155 Wandsworth High Street, London SW18, £3.95. Everyone knows by now how good Portugal is at producing unusual, robust, spicy reds but this rich, buttery, oak-aged white that would be delicious with poached salmon. Made by Australian winemaker Peter Bright, it paves the way for impressive Nineties whites.

● 1988 Domaine des Lembricq, Grenache-Merlot, Mistic Wine Warehouse, £2.58. Serve this easy-to-drink, rich, juicy-fruit French country

wine, that reminded me of red and black summer fruits, on cooler summer days and none of your guests will grumble.

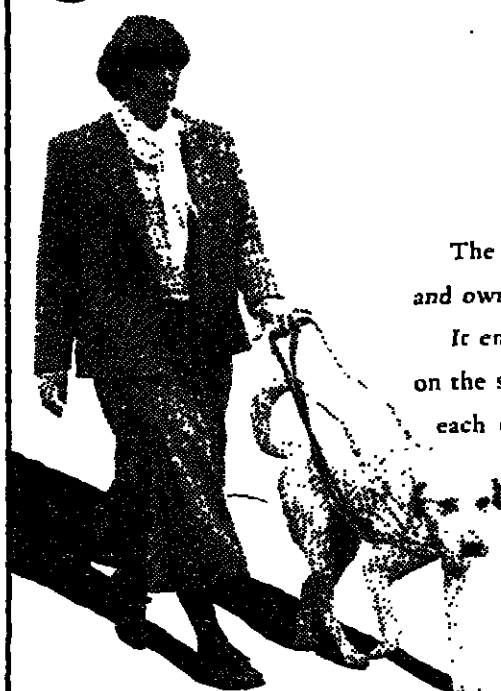
● 1988 Bourgogne Drouhin Rouge, Joseph Drouhin, Lay & Wheeler, 6 Culver Street West, Colchester, Essex £5.51

This beautifully made, glorious, rich, ripe, plummy-velvety wine is what every bottle of humble Bourgogne Rouge should always be like, but, sadly, rarely is.

● 1986 Chablis Premier Cru, Cotes des Lechets, Sainsbury's £9.95. Up-market supermarket Chablis is worth buying, and this delicious rich, chesny-nutty wine is a splendid example. Its greeny-gold colour and full flavour has plenty of lemony bite.

● 1989 Reaulty, Henri Beurdin, Adams, The Crown, Southwold, Suffolk, £5.10. Elegant alternatives to over-priced Sancerre are becoming increasingly available. This zesty Loire Sauvignon is a refreshing combination of lime, lemon and grapefruit-like fruit.

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GUIDE DOGS, THE EYES OF THE BLIND.

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☐ Enclosed my donation for £ _____ ☐ Please charge my Access/Visa Card No: _____

Name _____ Address _____ Postcode _____ Signature _____

THE GUIDE DOGS FOR THE BLIND ASSOCIATION, ALEXANDRA HOUSE, 9 PARK STREET, WINDSOR, BERKS SL4 1JR. TEL: 0753 855711. T1 3



It has been calculated that if the Sultan of Brunei (currently the richest man alive) were to spend his entire fortune (£25 BILLION dollars) on Petite Liqueur, he'd have enough bottles of the world's most SUAVE after dinner drink to stretch from the Ritz Bar to the far side of the moon, and back to about half way up Park Lane. (That's 530,000 miles and six thousand million bottles!)

If the Sultan is reading this, and is TEMPTED to such extravagance, we respectfully suggest he would be well advised to hold back a couple of billion quid for the purchase of enough ICE to keep his Petite Liqueur at optimum drinking temperature. GREENLAND should be about sufficient.

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★ PETITE LIQUEUR MOÏT & CHANDON

THAT there is a huge difference between the biologically based ethic of Aristotle, with its concentration on the excellence of man as a particular species of animal, and that of Christian morality, influenced by Christianity, is a fact increasingly well understood. The thesis of John Casey's book is thus far from new. But he presents it well, and offers good reason for affirming the truth that not all moral ideals are compatible, and that each individual may hold, and probably hold permanently, a number of conflicting ideals.

The significance of this cannot be exaggerated. We live by developing our ideals, the visions we have of what is admirable. If we freely acknowledge, even welcome, the fact that there are a number of incompatible things of which we may say "I admire that", or "I am ready to make sacrifices for this", then we come to recognize the necessary trade-off between ideals as something likely to end not just in compromise but in a workable settlement. We may be more inclined to give up the fundamentalist view that there is one and only one correct moral truth.

In so far as John Casey's book upholds this thesis, it is important, and should be read by anyone with

The language of ideals

Mary Warnock

PAGAN VIRTUE
An Essay in Ethics
By John Casey
Oxford, £27.50

a tendency to oversimplify the moral scene. Yet the book is itself somewhat simplistic. In contrasting Greek with Christian ethics, Mr Casey only occasionally raises the question of how a Greek word should be translated into English. He tends to use the stock translation of a word, and then marvel at the contrast between the Greek view and our own.

For example, he says that the Greeks held beauty to be an object of moral reverence. He does not notice that *to kalon* and *to agathon* are inexorably linked together in Greek in a way that "beauty" and "goodness" are not. When Aristotle

says of the brave man that he maintains his stand in battle because to do so is *kalon*, it would be wholly misleading to translate that as "because it is beautiful". The *kalon* is how Aristotle refers to something that is intrinsically worthwhile — worthwhile for its own sake.

Similar doubts can be raised about the propriety of always translating *dike* as "justice". And there are other examples. The comparison of two moral cultures is, in fact, more subtle than Mr Casey allows. It essentially, not just accidentally, involves different languages of ethics.

There is, of course, much to enjoy here. Discussions of the moral theory lying behind the novels of Jane Austen are always fun, starting with the admirable essay by Gilbert Ryle on that theme. But there is little here, even in the chosen examples, that was not in Marilyn Butler's 1975 dis-

cussion, although it is worth rereading, none the less.

In only one particular would I seriously disagree with Mr Casey. In his discussion of friendship he quotes Aquinas with apparent approval as saying that one cannot love animals, and he adds: "Of course many people believe that they love animals; they seem also to believe that the animals love them in return."

I think this is wrong. One may get to know an animal, and love it, without supposing anything so foolish as that the animal does or could love in return. There can be a love for an individual animal, for example, a horse, that is akin to the love of a child, a mixture of admiration and tenderness.

I believe that such feelings are important ingredients of the moral consciousness. For what you love, you will not willingly injure. And a love not only of animals but of other features of the natural environment may increasingly be a sentiment we should cultivate.

To deny the possibility of such a sentiment may mean that, to use Jane Austen's phrase, we do not "feel as we ought".

I may not have the right sentiments, but I confess to feeling that this book is too expensive by more than half.

Blue-eyed boy of childhood

Isabel Raphael assesses a new attempt to unbutton the life and tempestuous family relationships of A.A. Milne, the elegant, remote inventor of Pooh, Piglet and the gang

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh. There's always Pooh and Me...

A.A. Milne: humorist, novelist, playwright, polemicist, but in the end, always and above all, author of *Winnie the Pooh*. Readers of Ann Thwaite's biography are likely to fall into two categories, either devoted to Piglet and Pooh, Tiger and Eeyore and the rest, or veering towards the Dorothy Parker school of criticism ("Tonsil Weader frowed up"), drawn because of or in spite of two books for children that have undeniably become classics.

These are Milne's immortality — and how he hated it, almost as much as his son. The shadow cast over his life by the fictional Christopher Robin. Milne's four enduring works for children — two "Pooh" collections and two slim volumes of verse — came out between 1924 and 1928. Is there really enough to say about Milne to fill 486 pages of biography?

For Ann Thwaite this has clearly been a labour of love. Her research has been widespread and meticulous, to such an extent that Milne's niece told her that she knew more about Milne than those who had known him. She writes lucidly and fluently, with a good storyline and a skilful use of quotation, although her own interest in and knowledge of odd connections and snippets of information sometimes made me feel, uncharitably, that I was learning more than I needed or wanted to know.

For Milne remains as remote a personality as he made himself in real life. This is the man of whom his son said, "His heart remained buttoned up throughout his life", and whose detachment of outlook made a greater impression on his contemporaries than the romantic and passionate disposition that Ann Thwaite detects. She romanticizes her hero, and knows it. "If I met him, I doubt if I would have come to love him. I doubt if he would have let me." In the circumstances it is her triumph as biographer that the "other" Milne still comes through, "warm, yet with a thin lip and an ice-cold eye that might, if you said the wrong thing, be pretty chilling". This again from the son who, for 25 years, was so closely bound to his father. Or, as E.S. Shephard, his most intimate collaborator, said: "A rather cagey man, Milne. It was

difficult to get beyond the façade, as it were."

The façade was certainly elegant, charming and successful. Milne had moved effortlessly, it seemed, from a scholarship at Westminster to a scholarship at Trinity, Cambridge, and although he lost his taste for mathematics and came down with a Third, he had edited *Granta*, and developed such a light touch with both verse and prose that at barely 24 he was appointed assistant editor of *Punch*.

Doors flew open for a witty and personable literary young man, and "Blue" Milne — so called because he wore blue to match his eyes — was able to indulge his lifelong passion for games with all the right people. He made a fashionable marriage into the wealthy De Selincourt family, and enjoyed a year of the bright London life he chronicles so gaily, before the First World War swept him off to France and a grimmer reality.

Yet two years later, invalided out of the army with trench fever, he was presenting the first of those highly successful plays which were to be characterized as "gossamer", and to which the ominous adjective "whimsical" would be attached. With the birth of Christopher Robin in 1920 a new opening into children's literature presented itself, set in the Milne's idyllic weekend home in Ashdown Forest. Then the Pooh balloon went up, and away. It looked like a charmed life.

What went on behind the façade is harder to guess. Marriage to Daphne appears no different from many of those described by E.M. Delafield or Ann Bridge at the time, and it was perfectly normal to hand over a child to the care of a professional nanny.

Less comfortable is the increasing distance between Milne and his family, especially his beloved brother Ken, whom Christopher never met, although he was eight when his uncle died.

Except for golf and the Garrick, Milne's life contracted to an intense relationship

with his small son, a flutter with an autobiography, at 50, called *The Second World War*. The rejection of Milne's views and, even more mendacious breach was coolly described in two autobiographies. It is here that credibility, not surprise, Milne is still alive, write about his dislike of Daphne, the start. But a vast gulf of bitterness is the writes, of the but later, after Alan's, R.

Scant study of episcopal form

Eric James

BELIEVING BISHOPS
By Simon Lee
& Peter Stanford
Faber, £11.99

IT WAS an imaginative idea of Simon Lee — the youngest law professor in the United Kingdom (according to the blurb of the book), and Peter Stanford — who had become the youngest editor of a national newspaper in the UK, the *Catholic Herald* (according to the same blurb), to band together to write *Believing Bishops*. But for the idea to have been of lasting value and significance (as distinct from affording entertainment and passing delight — which the book undoubtedly does), it would have needed to have been treated with a rigour which the subject deserves, but which the authors, alas, have failed to give it.

In their end is their beginning: "So who should lead the English churches into the next millennium?" is the first sentence of the book's last chapter. And presumably the significance of that little word "so" is "after all we've said over the previous 170 pages" about the biblical basis of bishops, their role in church history, and what they are today.

But the chapter "The Basis for Believing Bishops" contains some thin theology: "There is biblical authority for a threefold episcopal role at the very end of St Matthew's Gospel: Matthew 28, 16-20". And in the ensuing chapters there are some ill-founded *obiter dicta* of the authors themselves: "The Free Churches eschew personality cults." There are easily confounded pontifications from self-styled authorities such as John Selwyn Gummer: "The Church was ignored in the 1960s and 1970s by the world as a whole." This ignores, for instance, *Honest to God*, 1963, which sold a mere million copies. A characteristic passage, evaluating the stance of the Archbishop of Canterbury on this ordination of women — a subject not important in a book on *Believing Bishops* — states: "The Archbishop of Canterbury, whose international office is essentially *primus inter pares*, has neither the status nor the personal inclination or dynamism to give a strong lead. In any case he is said to feel in his heart that the ordination of women is simply not possible for the Church of England, his own national church. His indecision is merely storing up problems for his successor." And one of the authors is professionally concerned with justice!

The authors divide the bishops into "prophets, and pastors, and peacemakers", and treat us to a study of the episcopal stud, "form



Michael Campbell-Johnston

ian Dominican liberation theologian, Frei Betto, who had spent four years in prison, and, since then, much time in the slums of Sao Paulo. Betto had been asked to write on how he saw us, after a sojourn in Britain. It was a brief but perceptive article. On the basis of what he wrote, there is at least one man who is now an obvious candidate for the cardinalate, via Westminster — unmentioned by the authors of *Believing Bishops* — Michael Campbell-Johnston, the Jesuit superior of the British province, who was himself in El Salvador for three years.

And Canterbury? Bishop Colin Buchanan wrote recently for *The Times* an article "Clearing away suspicion of Erastianism" (March 12) that posed some fundamental questions about the processes of appointment, which the authors of *Believing Bishops* failed to ask but which now urgently need to be answered: for the network determines the size not only of the fish but also of the fisherman.

ANTHONY PART wrote of Edward Muir, a Permanent Secretary with whom he worked:

He is a man of authority, a man of considerable fairness and a man of honour. You can only be this kind of person if you have courage and compassion. He has needed both of them, sometimes — alas in full measure. He also has that great quality of judgement which in a senior civil servant is the indispensable ally of intellect and experience and he holds to that most useful article of faith which declares that neither logic nor politics must be allowed to stand in the way of common sense.

These words described Anthony Part as effectively as they described Edward Muir. Harrow, a First Class honours degree at Cambridge, a colonel on Montgomery's staff at the age of 26, a Permanent Secretary in his 40s, and a distinguished decade in commerce after his retirement from the Civil Service. These were the achievements of Anthony Part.

I first met him when I became Secretary of State for Trade and Industry in 1972. He was the Permanent Secretary of a department that had suffered a battering from the media. My predecessor, John Davies, had been, as I discovered, a fine and efficient Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, making a large number of effective and long overdue decisions for which he obtained little credit. He had suffered the disadvantage of being made a cabinet minister within weeks of being elected to Parliament, and he was judged on his parliamentary performances rather than the manner in which he ran his department.

I discovered on my first meeting with Anthony Part that he appeared to be both tired and ill. That evening I asked him if I could order him to have a holiday. He sternly replied: "No, only the head of the Civil Service can do that." I explained that I hoped we would have some years working together. He was obviously in need of a rest. It was in both of our interests that he quickly returned to good health. With great reluctance he agreed to go on holiday. I found out later that he told a close colleague that he thought he was unlikely ever to return to his job, as, doubtless, in his absence, "Walker would demand another Permanent Secretary".

After a few weeks he returned sun-tanned and well, and was generous enough a few months later to admit that perhaps that holiday had saved his life. It is said that his life was not saved for long enough for him to see the publication of his book. Anthony Part resented popular hostility to the Civil Service. He wanted to put the record right by

To be of honest service

Peter Walker

THE MAKING OF A MANDARIN
By Anthony Part
Andre Deutsch, £12.95

describing both the ability and integrity of the Civil Service, to which he had devoted most of his life.

Describing his decision, and the decisions of many who had succeeded at Cambridge, to join the Civil Service, he writes:

Then, as now, some people went into the Service for the guarantee of continuity and the pension at the end (not index-linked until the 1970s). But for many, if not most, it was the challenge and variety of the work that counted. There was also the then highly esteemed opportunity to serve the State in an honourable capacity.

The book, like the author, is a mixture of wit and wisdom. It gives a fascinating description of the social life of the affluent middle classes in the period between the wars. There emerges throughout the book a passion that education, research, and training are the areas that Britain has neglected in comparison with our more successful competitors.

The story of a civil servant who worked closely with both Rab Butler and Tony Benn cannot fail to tell a fascinating story, illustrating the diversity of styles of politicians. I share his view that the success of a department depends on the creation of a team spirit: a comprehension by both politicians and civil servants of the long-term objectives for which the department is working.

We are lucky that the Civil Service contains men of such distinction and ability. Not many countries have an administration so free of corruption, and so dedicated to public service. Anthony Part's book should become essential reading for all civil servants and politicians. The former would benefit from the lessons of a distinguished predecessor. The latter would be reminded that we are fortunate to have the benefit of a wisdom and wit of those who, in the words of Anthony Part, feel "it is a matter of pride for civil servants that they are in the service of the Crown".

Small-minded on a big man

IN 1925, G.K. Chesterton agreed to edit *GK's Weekly*, which, a year later, became the official organ of the Distributist League, a romantic movement dedicated to the idea that as many people as possible should own property and their means of livelihood. The circulation of *GK's Weekly* never rose above 10,000, and it lost Chesterton a great deal of money. From time to time, he would trot out another Father Brown story in order to keep it afloat. "Many a squire has died in a dank garden, transfixed by a mysterious dagger..." in order that Mr Belloc may have a paper," he once wrote.

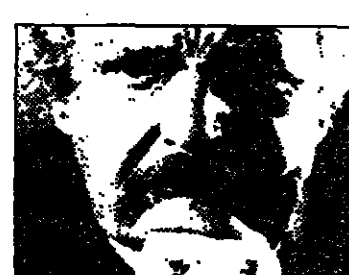
Since Chesterton's death in 1936, the absence of *GK's Weekly* has been a few hearts growing fonder of it. Chesterton's biographers, Brockway Sewell complains in this odd little pamphlet, "have been content to repeat the idea that the *Weekly* was an ill-conducted and quixotic venture which did nothing but waste Chesterton's time and money, and distract him from the great books he should have been writing".

Sewell, a Carmelite friar, is now the sole surviving member of the small editorial team, having joined the paper in 1928, aged 16. His pamphlet attempts to overturn preconceptions about *GK's Weekly*, but in so doing manages only to confirm them. Father Sewell's niggling pedantry is the antithesis of Chesterton's large, comical and heroic mind, and what P.J. Kavanagh has described as "the wonderful springiness" of his style. Sewell spends much space listing directors and contributors of quite antithetical obscurity ("Maurice B. Reckitt belonged to the family that manufactured the whitening agent and washing aid known as Reckitt's Blue..."). Other literary contributors were Conal O'Riordan (a fine novelist now hardly remembered), John Heron Lepper (a clever miscellaneous writer, author of a history of the violin), Mrs Henry Dudeney (a popular novelist of the

these things were not taken amiss, and he was not censured by either Jews or others".

He fails to mention that Jewish opposition to Chesterton on his 1921 American lecture tour was so strong that Chesterton himself spoke of being followed by "a kind of trail of waiting rabbis all across the continent". Nor does Sewell mention that Chesterton himself acknowledged his anti-Semitism when he wrote of "an English priest, in many ways more anti-Semitic than I...".

Some time before he died, Chesterton demonstrated the superiority of his compassion over his prejudice by denouncing Nazi anti-Semitism at a time when other English journalists were doing their best to ignore it. Again, Sewell doesn't bother to put this in, preferring a nasty little remark of his own against "the financial giants of today, 50 years on, [who] have mostly concealed, as far as they can, their 'Middle European' origins, and given themselves English or Scottish names (all honour to those who have not done so)...". *GK's* was a big man. This is a small book, in every way.



GK's WEEKLY:
An Appraisal
By Brockway Sewell
Aylesford Press, £9.95

ROUGH TREATMENT

John Harvey

"A second novel more than satisfying the hopes raised by his starter"
The Times

"This Nottingham vibrates with crooked and tender tensions, the dialogue snaps with wit and Harvey has surprises for the most jaded reader"
Sunday Times

"A deftly counter-pointed plot kept briskly on the boil, first rate characterization and dialogue which shifts from the melancholy to the acerbic without breaking its stride"
Literary Review

"British crime fiction coming of age"
The Face

£12.99

There's a killer on the loose and he's looking for

LONELY HEARTS

John Harvey

"Beautifully down-beat crime novel... superbly well-finished"
The Times

£3.50

Comic monuments to

Joseph Connolly

FOLLIES:
A Guide to Rogue Architecture in England, Scotland and Wales
By Gwyn Headley and Wim Meulenbelt
Cape, £10.95

IN FRENCH we associate with light-hearted and roguish rude cabaret, whereas in this country "folly" tends to be taken merely as gross financial imprudence. This glorious book celebrates the physical manifestation of such inspired recklessness, exemplifying an oft-suspected truth that a typical 18th or 19th-century landowner with either money or credit at his disposal would devote a good deal of it to erecting some implausible and wholly useless structure in the middle of his garden. Britain does not have a monopoly on follies, but we lead by far in terms of quantity (this book lists over 1,000) and, I am pleased to say, sheer exuberance. The essence of a folly is humour combined with the impact of the unexpected. On this definition many structures only just qualify

BOOKS



Charm George - Artist's Impression

other unenthusiastic ss, and an auto- It's Too Late Now, brought a painful deeply felt pacifist re painful, an un- Christopher, who n a safe distance, in olumes of his own. on Thwaite loses ngly, as Christopher ne has chosen not to .er. Ann Thwaite's ne is obvious from j unsuspected black jly revealed when of a pet dog: "Years (s) death, Daphne

would give instructions that a sculpture of Christopher's head should be buried under those same trees where she would never see it again." It is not enough to say that this book is Milne's life, and so ends with his death; it is not enough to recount baldly the fact that after his father's memorial service, Christopher never saw his mother again, although she lived for another 15 years. Perhaps this story will never be told - perhaps it never should be - but it is not enough for a serious biographer only to drop hints about intimate relationships of such suppressed violence. Could a man as sensitive and perceptive as Milne at his best so brilliantly is, a man instinctively loved by children and gen-

cious to a fault, have withdrawn so far from reality that he could blind himself to such feelings? Well, perhaps. He had long been a master of disguise. In 1919 the actress Lillah McCarthy had invited Milne to tea, to discuss a possible play for her to put on. When they parted, she murmured how delightful it had been to meet him. Milne said: "Well, of course, we did meet last Tuesday." Only a week before, they had been two of a party of five at dinner, sitting next to each other, and the actress had retained no memory at all of their encounter. So elusive a figure as Milne was less at home in the complexities of adult society than in the enchanted places of childhood.

Violent land of our fathers

CHILDREN

Brian Alderson

THE SHINING COMPANY

By Rosemary Sutcliff
The Bodley Head, £7.95

Y GODODDIN is not a species of baby-talk, but a tale of bloody strife, said to have been written around the end of the 7th century by the Welsh bard Aneirin. It tells how the High Chief of the Gododdin, Mynyddog Mwynfawr, called a host of the Celtic tribes at Edinburgh. There, for the space of a year, he trained a war-band of 300 princes and then unleashed them on the invading Saxons at the Battle of Catterick. Everything went wrong, and only one hero returned from the fray. But his exploits and those of his companions were celebrated by Aneirin in "The Great Song that others will sing for a thousand years".

This Great Song is at the heart of Rosemary Sutcliff's *Shining Company*, thus bringing Aneirin longer life than he expected. For as he gave elegiac voice to the deeds of hero after hero, so she has taken the names from his telling and has sought to imagine them back into historical reality. Speaking through the persona of Prosper, the son of a Welsh chieftain, and eventually shieldbearer to the knight who returned, she begins by establishing a sense of the closed tribal world of the time after the Romans, and then introduces unbarbed perceptions of form and motive. Personal relationships and the countryside of the Dark Ages become vital ingredients in the renewed story, and as the episodes pile up - the ride to Edinburgh, the wedding of disparate forces into a single fighting group - so the reader is made ready for the great sepioid of the battle and the long dying fall of its tragic aftermath.

Such a theme is natural to Sutcliff's art. She is moved by simple concepts of loyalty and integrity that may be as foreign to today's children's literature as they were to the no-baby-talk Gododdin. But by admitting their possibility, while not shirking the real facts of ferocious wounding and pragmatic betrayals, she still persuades us that a bardic reading of the past is sustainable alongside an awareness of its squalor and its indifferent, but unpolluted, landscapes.

Richard Holmes on the rehabilitation of a behemoth in grey tweeds

A shine on the old Ford



FORD MADDOX FORD
By Alan Judd
Collins, £16.95

FORD once said that even cross-questioning by old ladies over dinner made him feel "like a jelly at bay". And he trembled at the very idea of biographers. Certainly, Arthur Mizener (Scott Fitzgerald's biographer) gave him a rough ride in *The Saddest Story* (1972), picturing a vain, prolix, mendacious, philandering "behemoth in grey tweeds", whose main achievement was editing *The English Review* (1908-9) and *Transatlantic Review* (1924-5); a perspiring nursemaid to other men's genius - including Hemingway (who by way of recompense said he stank). It seems symbolic that when he died in poverty in 1939, Ford was buried in the wrong grave by a drunken French gravedigger.

But Ford's luck has changed with Alan Judd. Judd left the Foreign Office specifically to write this new study, a labour of love and comic diplomacy, which refloats the great literary leviathan till a very considerable super-structure emerges from the waters of oblivion. The materials like the man, are dauntingly vast: 81 books, over 400 articles, 18 love affairs, and (as Ford proudly added) 26 kitchen gardens. Ford himself took on innumerable personae, from the last velvetine Pro-Raphaelite, to cricket-playing officer-and-gentleman, to bohemian swine-keeper (with the motto, "Excellency, a few goats"). He led at least three distinct literary lives: Edwardian novelist in London, experimental Modernist in Paris, and lecturer and memoir-writer in America (with a smart line in "shabby grandeur").

Judd, as novelist himself, has considerable doubts about the biographer's powers to discover truth. He twice quotes the dictum of Janine Biala (Ford's last and perhaps most sympathetic lady) that we are like blind men feeling the way with white sticks. I well remember, as the outset of his researches, Judd telling me with approval that Ford had studied the character of Henry VIII (another persona, perhaps) for several years, only to conclude that "he really knew no more than that Henry was a stout man with a red beard who always went through the door first". But then, enthusiastically - "the impression is unforgettable, all the same".

Judd's own impressionistic solution has been to write a large, loose, affectionate, slightly tweedy book, "in which the spirit of its subject could be at ease". It is indulgent, energetic, and immensely readable. It is very much a novelist's biography: light in documentation, rich in pipe-smoking digressions (patriotism, sex, wine, friendship, army life), and wonderfully vivid in foreground staging. Here he is "getting in" Ford at the Deux Magots cafe, Paris, in the 1920s.

He would sit on the edge of his chair, his mouth hanging open, talking unceasingly, draining

glass after glass with no apparent effect. He was over-weight, ponderous, his blond hair almost white, his teeth bad, his cheeks rosy and his moustache heavy. He would talk to anyone, would tell tall stories of the Victorians and the Edwardians, pronounce upon style, make astute comments on painting, argue about wines, become sentimental, boast about everything except what he did best, let himself be mocked by the young, encourage anyone in what they were doing, explain the secrets of the trade to any who asked, lend money, borrow it, curse all publishers, bless all the young and tell them always to trust their first reactions. A Falstaffian figure...

In his own novels (notably *A Breed of Heroes*, 1981, and *Short of Glory*, 1984), Judd has been drawn to a particular kind of good-natured, gallant, slightly bewildered anti-hero, with both comic and tragic possibilities: the man to whom events relentlessly happen. In Ford, he has brilliantly discovered an apotheosis of the type: a sort of anguished elephant in the tropical storm of history.

Judd describes Ford's perennial

themes as passion, loyalty, anguish, infidelity, conscience, and duty. It is a large, slightly abstract roster, which perhaps explains the major novels, *The Good Soldier* (1915) and *The Parade's End* tetralogy (1924-8), but accounts for less than he actually shows of the man's extraordinarily generous, judiciously chaotic life.

Ford's big subject, and the pivot of his existence, was the First World War: not the conflict itself, but the moral vacuum that led up to it, and the social trauma that followed it: the destruction and reconstruction he himself experienced. *The Good Soldier*, on the former theme, is in many ways Ford's domestic version of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, the secret horrors of country house life substituted for the Congo, while *No Enemy* (1929), on the latter theme, is one of Judd's finest rediscoveries and revaluations.

Rereading Ford alongside Judd (a different justification for biography), it strikes me that virtually everything Ford wrote was a form of historical novel around these themes, but treated increasingly autobiographically and experimentally as to time, memory, and narrator's identity. Nothing is more novelistic than his superb memoir-writing - *Ancient Lights* (1911), *Return to Yesterday* (1931), *It Was the Nightingale* (1933) - in which the shades of Ford Maddox Brown, Conrad, Wells, D.H. Lawrence, Hudson, James, and many other historical figures burst back into extravagant, reinvented life. Conrad coming round the corner of Tent Farm, with his glittering monocle and "black torpedo beard" pointed at the horizon, and Lawrence appearing like a fox in a hen-roost at the offices of *The English Review*, are matchless re-creations.

Judd makes splendid use of them all: the long, difficult collaboration and friendship with Conrad between 1898 and 1924 is perhaps his most subtle biographic study - no white stick here. Indeed he convinces me that these memoirs are Ford's most lasting, irreplaceable achievements. His travel books, or moralized typographies - *The Cinque Ports*, *The Soul of London*, *Provence* - also remain astonishingly evocative, gaining a kind of patina with time. Only Ford's amiable but rambling poetry, quoted at severely prejudicial length (21 pages in a 40-page section), seems to defeat his champion's explanatory charms.

At the end of this remarkably original biography, Judd characteristically imagines actually meeting Ford in some heavenly kingdom of letters: "A large and comforting Presence, glass in hand, with a touch of old tweed, a suggestion of hitched-up Rapallo trousers, an outline of ancient dinner-jacket, a smell of uniform and creak of leather, a whiff of Gauloise, a taste of Château Margaux and a reassuring hand on our arm." I believe he will be very well received there.

PAPERBACKS

Sinners against the saint

Brian Morton

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS

By Catherine Carswell
Introduced by Tom Crawford
Canongate Classics, £5.95

as that Carswell's depiction of the national poet as a morbidly moody, womanizing drunk was hardly a new or revisionist one. Burns's first biographer, Dr James Currie, writing in 1800, had taken just such an ungenerous view.

What was different about Carswell's account, and what is lastingly valuable about it, is her attempt to return Burns's social and literary manners to the society that shaped them. Carswell was a close friend of D.H. Lawrence (who died within weeks of her book's appearance with an unfinished novel

about Burns lying in his trunk), and her vision is very much affected by Lawrence's view of the importance of environment.

Unenlightened as the poet may have been in morals - though more recently, the historian Peter Laslett has described him as the "classic" problem of Scottish social history - Burns was very much the child of a wider European enlightenment in which Scotland, and her old ally France, played the fullest part. The fields of Alloway and Mount Oliphant proved as intractable to the son as they had to the father, William Burns - so spelt - but Robert Burns was infected, as all Scotland had been since the crash of the Darien venture, with a passion for Improvement. It wasn't so much the desperate infertility of the soil that dragged him down, as the intractability of a Presbyterian establishment that rejected any suggestion of human perfectibility.

It is probably advisable to read *The Life of Robert Burns* as a kind of researched novel, in which Carswell follows Lawrence's injunction to "fictionize the circumstances". For the Burns Clubs of 1930, though, the "circumstances" were a little too convincingly bleak to swallow with their whisky and haggis.

Nostalgic memories of childhood days in an Irish Ruritania

Hazel Leslie

TO SCHOOL THROUGH THE FIELDS AND QUENCH THE LAMP

By Alice Taylor
Brandon, £4.95 each

WHEN Alice Taylor's newborn brother was brought downstairs by the midwife, their neighbour Mrs Casey immediately greeted this first son of the house with the words "Welcome to Lisnasheoga, James Nicholas".

"This was no wrist-tag baby whose name was as yet open to question," writes Alice Taylor. "This was a child whose grandfather's name was waiting for him and whose roots in this very house stretched back through many years."

This scene took place in the 1940s in County Cork, on the farm where Ms Taylor grew up and where her family had lived for eight generations. When her account of her country childhood, *To School Through the Fields*, was first published in Ireland two years ago, it sold out the same day and was reprinted eight times in 12 months. It must have expressed its readers' nostalgia for the rural, tribal life, unaffected by modern technology, which many of them remembered. The life it describes was a rich

one for children. They helped to run the house and farm and, unlike most children today, had plenty of chance to observe adults at work, which made for a healthy respect on both sides. They went to school, but their real education took place by a kind of osmosis which had nothing to do with the classroom. Alice shocked one of her teachers by including a description of the sex-life of a cow in a composition called "Life on the Farm", and was puzzled when it came back ringed with red pencil as "not suitable".

Their knowledge of people came from close contact with neighbours, many of whom today would be

thought distinctly odd - like old Nell, with soot-blackened face and stiff greasy hair, who refused to repair her cottage roof for fear of disturbing the birds. No psychological theories of childhood were available, or needed. As Ms Taylor puts it: "We were free to be children and to grow up at our own pace in a quiet place close to the earth."

Success is hard to follow and her sequel, *Quench the Lamp*, has a slightly dutiful air about it. Adolescence has arrived, the golden glow of childhood is beginning to fade, and Eden is being modernized. But the new inventions produce some good stories. One poor soul sat on a flush toilet for the first time, pulled the chain, and rushed out with his trousers down shouting that the whole place was going to be flooded. Another tried to cut expenses by installing only one light switch so that when it was turned on the whole house lit up.

Together the books celebrate a way of life that few of us could support, but many of us love to live vicariously.

Monuments to reckless eccentricity



Eternal triangle: the pyramid folly at Blickling Hall, Norfolk

columns, obelisks, pyramids and so on - because although undeniably expensive and quite without any practical purpose, they are at once downright classical, noble and fitting, altogether far too sane to be seen as remotely silly.

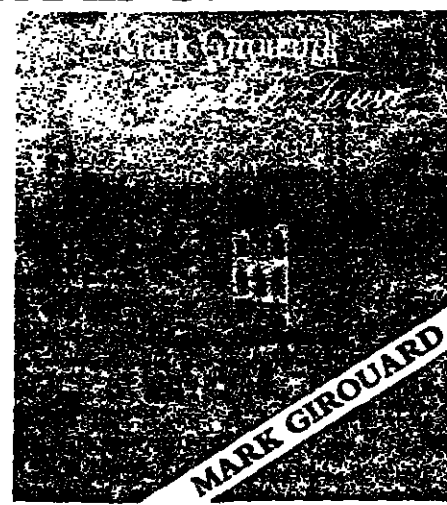
What we are looking for are vast pavilions with roofs in the form of burgeoning pineapples or domed like St Paul's, grotesque like giant

ogres' faces, their entrances being snarling mouths forever agape, and ruined castles that were built to be ruins, each brick and fractured mullion placed with care. They are all here, along with temples, pagodas, kiosks, screens, mosques, eye-catchers, forts, dove-cots, windmills, mausoleums, pavilions, bridges, towers, tunnels, and menageries.

The authors write in a befittingly light-hearted style, while a bedrock of research and expertise back up their assertions at no expense to readability. They make it perfectly clear what is and what is not a folly - unlike other art forms, the contrivance should be evident. Itake this to mean that the leaning tower of Pisa would only trade up from being a curiosity to a folly if it had been engineered with the specific intention that it should lean. Folly builders leave nothing to chance: even the ivy rambling over a "ruined" abbey is meticulously cultivated and trained.

Although this book is a joy, it is a shame that despite the fact that the inclusion of Ireland in a future edition was promised in the original 1986 hardback, it is still being promised now. Further, the authors frequently (and quite permissibly) resort to detailed architectural terminology, but in a well-indexed 500-page book complete with a sound bibliography, failing to include a glossary while glibly assuring the reader that such may be found at the rear of any of Pevsner's *Buildings of England* strikes me as both inexplicable and inexcusable. Such reservations apart, however, *Follies* is a winner - and it represents a wise investment.

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ARTS

GALLERIES

Salzburg plans a massive museum

Andrew Gibbon Williams reports on bold proposals for the Guggenheim collection

Amid the hullabaloo of Biennale openings in Venice last month, one small exhibit tucked away in a wing of the Guggenheim Museum was easily overlooked: a scale-model elucidated a proposal for an extraordinary new museum planned for Salzburg.

Although not part of the Biennale proper, the designs by Austrian architect Hans Hollein could well have a far greater impact on the European art scene than anything on display in the national pavilions. If realized, Hollein's Guggenheim Museum in Salzburg would be one of the most exciting art galleries in the world. In Europe, only the Pompidou Centre could compare.

The Austrian government first approached the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation at the end of 1989 with the suggestion that the American-based body should run its European cultural programme from a new museum paid for and built by Austria. No other privately funded American museum has such a strong commitment to Europe or is more enthusiastic about touring its phenomenal collection of 20th-century art abroad. This was the result of the donation by the eccentric heiress, Peggy Guggenheim, of her private collection and Venetian palace — the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni — to her husband's Foundation.

After her death in 1979, the New York museum found itself not only with a fabulous additional collection of Surrealists (Peggy had been married to Max Ernst) and American Abstract Expressionists, but with a rather grand European outpost. The terms of the donation, however, stipulated that Peggy's collection should remain separately housed in her old home and open to the public. So, although the foundation had acquired a Guggenheim in Europe, it still had no proper showcase in which to display its New York collection to the European public. The Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, though probably the most picturesque museum in the world, is small in comparison with the many other more imposing palazzi on the Grand Canal.

Nevertheless, the Foundation's director, Thomas Krens, was at first reluctant to accept the offer because the New York Guggenheim Museum is itself in a state of upheaval, about to embark upon a multi-million-dollar restoration of Frank Lloyd Wright's famous snail-like edifice on Fifth Avenue.

For the next 16 months the New York museum is closed while the work is carried out and a new tower block extension built. The flair and originality of Hollein's conception, however, won Krens over. The Guggenheim Foundation is now collaborating with a special commission set up by the Austrian government to try to bring the Salzburg project to fruition. Provided the results of a feasibility study due this summer are satisfactory, a Guggenheim Museum on the other side of the Alps is a distinct probability.

Technical problems are immense. Hollein plans nothing less than an underground museum, Salzburg's Mönchsberg — a large rock similar to that which dominates Edinburgh — will be hollowed out and a three-level museum space of nearly 12,000 square metres constructed within. Cleverly positioned skylights will provide natural light throughout and entrance will be gained at the main street level of Salzburg from beside the Festspielhaus at the end of the street in which Mozart's Birthplace is situated.

There will be 6,500 square metres of exhibition space, a public auditorium and all the usual museum services. Judging from the detailed model on display in Venice, the asymmetrical interior spaces should guarantee an experience every bit as dramatic as Wright's classic spiral. Krens believes it would be "the most poetic architecture of the century".

Hollein comes to the Salzburg project with an international reputation for museum design. A professor at the Vienna Hochschule für Angewandte Kunst, he was responsible for the Museum Abteiberg in Mönchengladbach and for Frankfurt's acclaimed new modern art museum. His Salzburg design was chosen in a competition organized by the city's mayor.

Before the Salzburg Guggenheim becomes a reality, something more than a positive feasibility study and the approval of the Austrian chancellor is needed. An unofficial estimate puts the cost of the scheme in the region of \$200m (£18m), a sum the commission is confident about raising from the Austrian public and private sector. A very determined alliance between New York "can-do" and Austrian financial acumen will be essential to make Salzburg synonymous with something other than Mozart and *The Sound of Music*.

Dazzling picture of animal magic

OPERA

The Cunning Little Vixen
Covent Garden

IT IS hard to go wrong with Janáček's natural history of an opera, but equally it is hard to go quite as spectacularly right as this. The stage pictures, designed by William Dudley and filled with animal movement by Stuart Hopps, are brilliant, luminous and magical from beginning to end.

The cast of British artists singing in English make Janáček's idiosyncratic lines their native speech. And Simon Rattle makes as glorious a Covent Garden debut as one could have expected, encouraging the orchestra to fill every gesture with the maximum of lustre and expression, so that the performance sounds every bit as radiantly beautiful as it looks.

The connection between visual and musical images goes further, because Dudley cleverly extrapolates from the ostinato patterning of the score to create a stage abundant in rotating devices. A great drum-wheel at the back, shimmeringly lit by Robert Bryan, provides the central metaphor, and doubles as a swinging platform for comic or wonderful mime.

Then there are whorls of vivid green, changing to bareness with

the season, and cycled across the proscenium at an upper level, while white whirligigs below, like brushes at a car wash, stand in for fir trees covered in snow. Everything is immediate, sure and effective, like the music, and like the music it conveys clear-sightedness along with naivety, respect for nature with charm, and a vigorous evocation of the recurrence of seasons and generations, in the natural world.

The costumes, too, hit the right note in their mixtures of animal and human elements. The hens look like pastry cooks, the blue dragonfly and the butterfly like First World War aviators marvellously suspended in flying machines after Leonardo, the badger like an old gent in a black-and-white plaid Ulster. Moreover, the singers, including numerous children in choral groups and small solo parts, have learned delightful animal manners of movement and behaviour. There is also a marvellous high trapeze act from Deborah Pope as the Spirit of the Vixen, a thrilling response to the music's moment of richest outburst.

With Rattle in charge, this moment is rich indeed: within half a bar we are suddenly in the world of Rachmaninov just as at other points there may be a momentary echo of Debussy. However, these are only flashes. The variety of the score is Janáček's variety, and the entire musical performance is a



Production of radiant beauty: Lillian Watson and Diana Montague in *The Cunning Little Vixen*

magnificent celebration of the colour, the intensity and the massive range of tone his work contains.

It is this not only because the orchestra play so wonderfully but also because of the exceptional singing. Lillian Watson's superlative brilliance as the Vixen is precise but suggests wildness: the untameable, amoral animal she acts. She engages sympathy without ever seeming to try for it,

remaining always, as she should, a little appallingly childlike in her confidence and wicked humour.

Thomas Allen as the Forester is the plain man, utterly to the point, who attains his final Epiphany despite himself, when the animals come forward to join hands with him. The moment is beautifully achieved in Bill Bryden's production. Robert Tear and Gwynne Howell both display virtuosity of voice and demeanour in their

doublings of human and animal roles, though Tear's mosquito mask obscures his voice (the same is true of the jowls imposed on Karen Shelby's lazy dog).

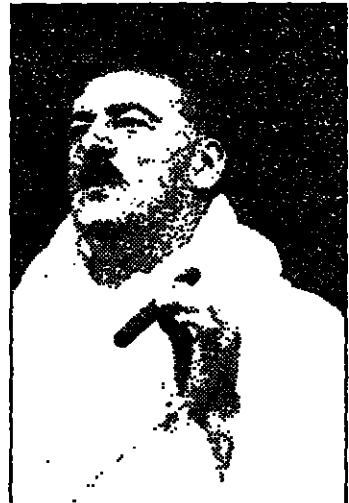
Diana Montague is a superb fox, singing with effortless brightness and sensuality, and Mary King makes a vocally strutting rooster. You will probably have to kill to get tickets, but this is a production that is bound to come back, often.

PAUL GRIFFITHS

Predatory yuppies and whirlpools of passion

THEATRE

Gaspin
Theatre Royal,
Haymarket



Bernard Hill in *Gaspin*

FOR Ben Elton, stand-up comedy is a verbal tarantula. The feeling he gives is that if for a moment he stops energetically gabbling about the inequities of Britain, something awful will happen to him. That is also the impression left by his play. He cannot stop serving one-liners or, finally, making sharp points about capitalism, or we will slam out of the Haymarket and burn him in effigy.

Such relentlessness proved counter-productive last night. It was almost as if the funnier Elton was, the less the friendly audience laughed. A good idea had been flayed, broken on the wheel, pulverized, and buried.

The idea is that a tycoon and his sycophants market the last element to have eluded the profiteers. Air joins land, water and heat as something for which we must pay, thanks to machines that extract its impurities and leave the rich with sumptuous oxygen and the poor with leftover grot.

At this stage there is plenty of unexceptionable fun, mostly at the expense of businessmen and their newsmen. Hugh Laurie and Simon Mattacks, playing sidekicks to Bernard Hill's Sir Chiffely Lockheart, give "non-binding ballpark reactions". A fancy restaurant is described as somewhere that "gives you portions so small you think you have a dirty plate, and it's the main course".

The jokes keep coming, but Elton does try to introduce humanity into what threatens to become a monotonous evening. There is a subplot in which a blustering Laurie is amorously bettered by the smoother Mattacks. More important, air becomes a metaphor for food, stockpiled by the greedy West. When a bland minister advises British have-nots to breathe less, the satire works. But when a reporter mourns dying babies in Ethiopia, Elton is surely pushing his analogy further than taste, sense or comedy will stand.

Bob Spiers's production fails to stretch Hill, who is heavy, arrogant and, as if protesting against such caricature, sometimes inappropriately camp. Laurie, his gawky yelps undermining his self-importance, is more interesting, if implausible as a high-flyer. Perhaps the evening's most enjoyable moments are set-pieces in which he or Mattacks mime being murderously massaged in an executive gym or coping with five portable phones simultaneously.

But they are merely sketches. Elton is a gifted entertainer, no doubt of it, but he has not created a satisfying play.

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE

Phaedra
Lyric Studio,
Hammersmith

ACTORS' Touring Company opens this unfamiliar version of the legend with stark and fragmented declarations, voiced by the five performers as they dart between semi-circular arena and pyramidal tomb, beneath defoliated trees. What is happening? For five minutes it is hard to say, but the gist of their cries is that men and women are different.

Plunging us at once into such a whirlpool of passion is a bold decision by director Ceri Sherlock, but once the lights have come up, the initial disorder is felt to be a valuable culture-jolt. The characters wear three-piece suits and shot-silk gowns, but their hearts beat to an ancient frenzy.

The version ATC gives us is by the White Russian poet, Marina Tsvetayeva, a contemporary of Pasternak. Her interest in Phaedra's love for her step-son Hippolytus lasts only as far as her repudiation of it; where Seneca and Euripides give him long speeches of dainty disgust, Tsvetayeva compresses this simply in

to the single word, "Whore!" Immediately, branches are ripped from the trees and fall jaggedly across the stage, and when the hubbub stops, Phaedra is seen to have hanged herself from the only unharmed tree. It is a thrilling climax, to which the last scene is merely a coda — though by making Theseus order a single tomb for the two corpses, she provides an innovative final union.

She goes further to redeem her heroine by blaming the Nurse for egging her on to incest. This witch-like creature, played with remarkable breath-control by Dawn Keeler, also plots the ruin of Hippolytus, Simon Beresford's copper-haired athlete, writhing like a voluptuous St Sebastian against his dead mother's pyramid.

Mary Jo Randle's Phaedra, haunted and gaunt, is allowed her brief moment of relief after letting out the truth: "No, it started with you", then the fear and horror streaks over her face once more.

Michael Glenny and Richard Crane translate the poetry into strong and vivid verse, suiting style and imagery to the different speakers. All in all, the production gives life to a legend that has always seemed chilly and remote.

JEREMY KINGSTON

DANCE

Secrets from the world-beaters

Simon Tait talks
to the acclaimed
Kirov Ballet's
artistic director,
Oleg Vinogradov



Oleg Vinogradov: "To dance well you must dance much."

According to Oleg Vinogradov, "the Bolshoi has more privileges because it is closer to the sun. It doesn't warm us the same way, but we have always known the Bolshoi is in the secondary category next to the Kirov."

Privilege is a vital commodity in the Soviet Union, and the genial bragging of Vinogradov, the Kirov's picaresque artistic director, conceals a smarting pride. He, after all, introduced *perestroika* eight years before Gorbachev.

Dancers in Russian companies have privileges which bring tears to the eyes of Royal Ballet dancers: free apartments, free cars, help to buy a country *dacha*, crèche facilities. But the privileges the Bolshoi dancers have over the Kirov are of status and social authority. "No single ballet from the Bolshoi has come here, but practically all ballets from the Kirov have been taken to the Bolshoi. That is why they are secondary."

Vinogradov, himself a Kirov dancer until 1972, says that in 1977 he was content to be director of the city's Maly Theatre, watching the Kirov slowly disintegrate. The company, he says, had to borrow the corps de ballet for *Swan Lake*. Out of 220 dancers, they could not find 32 swans. Sixty per cent of the company had reached pension age, the best dancers had left, and the repertoire was disastrous.

"Nobody could persuade me that anything could be changed at the Kirov. I resisted the job for half a year." He eventually took it on with conditions: a new repertoire under his control, touring and guest residencies for his dancers, and freedom to bring dancers from abroad.

He has rebuilt the Kirov under a regime created by him but favoured by his dancers' frequent visits to Europe. Six months a year abroad also

meant his dancers could eat properly and build up their strength. More than 90 dancers have left the Kirov since 1977, and he has had to graft one of the youngest companies in the world (in terms of dancers' age) on to the oldest (founded 50 years before the Moscow Bolshoi). For the present five-week tour of Britain (the first for 18 years was in 1988), he has brought the cream of his dancers: Zaklinsky and Asylmuratova, Neff and Panova, Liepa and Makhalina among them. His control of them appears to be complete, almost paternal. But they have been hand-picked not only for their ability but their dedication, their taste for hard work, and their size.

None of his females dancers is shorter than 165 centimetres: all have long legs, long arms, small heads and "the necessary proportions". His male dancers are a head taller than the women. Why 165 centimetres? "Because that was the height of Venus."

Despite his optimism, he is frightened that the system he

hoped *perestroika* was destroying is actually gaining the upper hand. "I was not idealistic enough to think of changing the system, so I decided to reconstruct from within. I started *perestroika* in the theatre before Gorbachev did in the country."

"Something quite terrible has happened," he said at his London press conference. "Everyone was shouting for *glasnost*, freedom, democracy. Now that we have been offered all this, no one knows what to do with it."

"The major task is not to lose anything, not to get lost,

not to be blown away by provocation, and there are lots of provocations of different kinds."

That appears to be the message of his reworkings of two traditional Kirov ballets. Vinogradov's *Sleeping Beauty* was premiered in Rome in February. He says he would lose his head if it was seen in Russia, because it breaks the traditional bounds: "The theatre is a museum and I must preserve the objects in it." Then there is *Petrushka* — the puppet which comes to life, but develops human feelings and dies — which Vinogradov sees as a metaphor for the Soviet Union's present struggles. "He stood against the crowd and only after he was dead was he hailed, like Sakharov." Both are in the British tour.

Surprisingly frail-looking for a six-footer with legendary energy, Vinogradov says the secret of the excellence he believes his ballet has now attained is hard work. "The reason the situation in your ballet companies is so critical is that in Italy, for instance, they dance 16 to 20 ballets a year. We dance 16 to 20 ballets a month. In order to dance well you must dance much."

Vinogradov wants the Kirov's name changed to the St Petersburg Ballet, to regain some of the status from its 252-year-old history. "Ballet started here, in Leningrad, no matter where individual ballets originated."

As his new star, Liepa (who has forsaken the Bolshoi to come to Leningrad after a year with the American Ballet Theatre) says: "Our ballet is our audience, which is 250 years old — older than America."

● The Kirov Ballet continues at the London Coliseum (071-836 3161) until July 7, and then transfers to the Birmingham Hippodrome (021 622 7456)

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RECORDS

Haydn storms back without the stress

When I was a music student my friends and I would pour scorn on Haydn — behind the lecturers' backs of course — for being, of all things, boring and predictable. Perhaps the rigours of academic study combined with a natural youthful rebelliousness affected our ability to make proper judgement, or perhaps we had heard (and, in turn, made) too many insensitive performances.

These days there is no risk of our successors making the same mistake. With champions of Haydn's cause whose musicianship is as finely attuned to this composer's wit, daring and humanity as that of Trevor Pinnock, the music speaks to us with a vividness unprecedented since Haydn's own times. Moreover, there are no longer any restrictions on what we prize. Not long ago any Haydn symphony that did not bear a number in the eighties or higher would be deemed immature.

Antal Dorati's recordings of all of the symphonies in the 1970s helped change that, as did the popular scholarship of H.C. Robbins Landon. Now Pinnock is enhancing their work by focusing his attention on the so-called "Sturm und Drang" symphonies, composed in the 1770s. The first two volumes of the six planned have already been welcomed in these columns; the greeting must now be extended to volumes three and four, both of which contain some miraculous music and much sparkling playing from the English Concert.

Volume four includes among its riches the Symphony No 51 in B flat, whose horn lines, stretching in the slow movement and Minuet to the very limits of that instrument's compass, are just one of its delightful and challenging eccentricities. Other idiosyncrasies include Haydn's tendency in

CLASSICAL

Stephen Pettitt

Haydn: The "Sturm und Drang" Symphonies, volume 3 (Symphonies Nos 41, 48 and 65). English Concert/Pinnock. DG Archiv 429 399-2 (CD).
Haydn: The "Sturm und Drang" Symphonies, volume 4 (Symphonies Nos 43, 51 and 52). English Concert/Pinnock. DG Archiv 429 400-2 (CD).
Schubert: Symphony No 9. London Classical Players/Norrington. EMI CDC 7 49949-2 (CD).
Schubert: Allegretto, D915/3. Klavierstücke, D946/12 Ländler, D790/4 Impromptus, D935. Andras Schiff. Decca 425 638-2 (CD).
Handel: Acis and Galatea/Look down, harmonious saint. Soloists/King's Consort/King. Hyperion CDA 68361/2 (two CDs).

the first movement to collide two contrasting kinds of material, one purposeful, the other lyrical, while the innocently simple beginning of the final rondo proves to be a touch deceptive.

This work is followed by the C minor Symphony No 52, which, as Nicholas Kenyon's notes point out, can be seen as embodying the essence of *Sturm und Drang* as applied to Haydn's music. The cut and thrust of its drama, its use of a minor key and of abrupt contrasts and wide leaps, and in the slow movement, the intensity of its emotions, all contribute to an early but effective manifestation of the Romantic spirit.

The "Mercury" Symphony, No 43, a more solid kind of piece, but one nevertheless with plenty of its own surprises. Like the triple-time first movement with its ingenious false recapitulation, begins the disc. Sometimes the recording seems weighted unduly towards the strings, with the oboes often submerged by the brightness of the violins, but the readings seem spontaneous, radiating a genuine

pleasure not often experienced in studio performances.

That spontaneity is equally evident in the third volume, which contains no less breathtaking a variety of music, this time united by a common celebratory theme. The centrepiece here is the "Maria Theresa" Symphony in C, No 48. This work thrillingly combines a Classical sense of balance, an almost Mozartian use of chromatic harmony (which sometimes leads to a tantalizingly dark air to the music), and a fair degree of sheer, high exuberance. There is also another C major work, the Symphony No 41, again full of bold and original touches, and made the more majestic by the addition of trumpets and drums, while the record is completed by the Symphony No 65 in A, with its strangely turbulent Andante, its savagely dramatic first movement, and a finale impressively evocative of the hunt.

Such descriptions, however, do no justice whatsoever to the effect of this music when experienced at first hand. That is also true of Roger Norrington's recording of Schubert's Ninth Symphony with the excellent, vividly recorded London Classical Players. Norrington has cultivated the healthy habit of looking at familiar music from unfamiliar angles, and he makes no exception in this performance.

It is not merely a matter of using period-style instruments either. The departing point here is that this is a work which represents Schubert's first mature effort at the symphonic form. Its composer is making an important and confident debut rather than taking his leave of the world. Thus, by paying careful attention to dynamics and accents and to all the repeat marks (including those of the Scherzo second time round), Norrington creates what is in effect an unfamiliar piece, with all

its most optimistic aspects enhanced.

There are no attempts to enable certain moments, like the return of the big tune at the end of the first movement, by meddling with speeds, though at the same time this is not an inflexible account. Norrington's tempi tend towards the fast side — the second movement has a particularly easy momentum about it — but because of all of those repeats the piece lasts only a shade under the hour. It becomes in Norrington's hands an innovative, freshly lyrical but still grand epic, and whether you like it or not, at least it will make you listen.

In contrast to the grandeur of the Ninth Symphony, Andras Schiff's lovely disc of piano pieces reveals a more intimate, though not necessarily less substantial, side of Schubert's musical personality. To begin there is the eloquent C minor Allegretto, a fine example, indicative of what is to follow, of economy of means and subtlety of expression. Then come the three Klavierstücke of 1828, the first and last of which are simple, effective pieces contrasting fleet or fiery outer sections with gently lyrical, personable centres; the second of these pieces, however, is structured in an altogether more sophisticated way. It is an extended rondo in E flat, with a ritornello, borrowed from an opera, whose tune recalls Schubert's most profoundly simple songs.

Perhaps the slightest music is represented by the dozen brief Ländler, played end to end. But even within their restricted timespan, these pieces are more than mere trifles. Schiff plays them, in a seamless sequence, with the perfect combination of refinement and drama, as he does the four Impromptus, D935, where his naturally elegant flexibility embraces the music in a loving, extended caress.



Finely attuned: Trevor Pinnock, helping Haydn's music speak to us with unprecedented vividness

CLASSICAL UPDATE

Messiaen: La Transfiguration, La Nativité du Seigneur. Soloists, Westminster Symphonic Choir, National SO/Dorah (Decca 425 616-2, two CDs). Multicoloured birdsong, mountain music, huge chorales and modal, gong-blessed narratives contemplate the mystery of the god-man in Messiaen's biggest work before his opera. Simon Preston's

recording of *La Nativité* shows where it all began.

Berio: A-Ronne, Cries of London. Swingle II (Decca 425 620-2).

The bigger work here is a one-volume encyclopaedia of ways of projecting words and the voice. *Cries* uses the singers more as a vocal consort in fantasies on street cries.

Schoenberg: Pierrot lunaire, Serenade. Thomas, London. Sinfonietta/Atherton (Decca 425 626-2).

A classic performance of *Pierrot*, with Mary Thomas going strongly for character: frail, macabre, savage. The apt companion piece is Schoenberg's later nocturne, *Ligeti: Melodien, Double Concerto, Chamber Concerto, Ten Pieces*. Soloists, London Sinfonietta/Atherton (Decca 425 623-2). Four beautiful, fascinating works of 1905-72, when Ligeti was finding melodic routes between his extremes of stillness and crazed motion.

A-Z GUIDE TO ROCK

Part 33 of David Sinclair's collectors' A-Z, a guide to the essential albums of the most enduring performers of rock. To qualify for inclusion in this series, an act

must have sustained a recording career of at least 10 years, and have mustered at least one decent album during that time. The entries are designed to be pasted

on to index cards and stored in a 6in by 4in filing box, available from most good stationery shops, to form an instant guide to the hits and misses of rock history.

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

While most rock has about it the brash, pungent air of the big cities which spawned it, John Cougar Mellencamp has managed to mould much the same musical vocabulary into a form that gives convincing expression to his rural background. His 1982 album, *American Fool*, which houses two million-selling singles in "Hurts So Good" and "Jack & Diane", pitched him squarely into the American mass marketplace. The emotional tenor of the album is one of old-fashioned, no-frills honesty, music which strikes a chord in the blue-collar, Springsteen/Seeger tradition of adult rock. The follow-up, *Uh-Huh* (1983), is notable for the US hits "Crumblin' Down" and the classic "Pink Houses", one of those ambivalent anthems of loyal protest that only Americans seem capable of writing. On *Scarecrow* (1985), along with clenched fist, stadium-rock salutes like "R.O.C.K. in the U.S.A.", the financial plight of America's small farmers is an issue that is more specifically targeted and unequivocally condemned.

NEXT WEEK: Van Morrison, The Neville Brothers



Green: Joni Mitchell

JONI MITCHELL

Long before Tracy Chapman, Suzanne Vega, Joan Armatrading, Rickie Lee Jones and many others arrived to profit from her example, Joni Mitchell brought a voice of icy, tinkling purity, a penchant for savage self-examination and a bohemian folk troubadour's touch to bear on the post-hippie music of the early Seventies. "Big Yellow Taxi" from *Ladies Of The Canyon* (1970) may or may not have been the first certifiably green pop song, but it undoubtedly established her presence on the international stage. The follow-up, *Blue* (1971), however, is in a different class, with the brilliant luster of songs like "California", "This Night Tonight" and "Crazy" offering a stark yet loving appraisal of the heartache and neuroses lurking just below the surface of the free-wheeling Californian lifestyle. Mitchell subsequently transported her folk textures to a jazz environment, most memorably on Don Juan's *Reckless Daughter* (1977), a bold collaboration with Wayne Shorter and the late Jaco Pastorius of Weather Report.

Pictures from an exhibition

JAZZ

Clive Davis

Various Artists: *Jazz on a Summer's Day* (Cascading Video HEN2-238), 77 minutes.
Various Artists: *Jazz At Ronnie's* (Cascading Video HEN2 240), 90 minutes.
Michel Petrucci: *Live At The Village Vanguard* (Parkfield Publishing MKJ-0010), 52 minutes.
Lionel Hampton: *Lionel Hampton's One Night Stand* (Parkfield Publishing MKJ-0018), 54 minutes.

Let the buyer beware. From being an exotic rarity, jazz videos are now increasingly common. Yet quality still lags far behind quantity. Too many cassettes, marketed on the basis of a star name, turn out to be random compilations of mediocre talents. Worse still, the standard of direction usually falls between the prosaic and the incompetent. These are good reasons for welcoming the video issue of *Jazz On A Summer's Day*. Bert Stern's sumptuous record of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival.

There has been much grumbling about the film. Serious jazz lovers tend to be dismayed by the cutaways of crowd reactions, as well as the scenes of the America's Cup trials off Rhode Island. Thelonious Monk has barely begun his solo on "Blue Monk" before the camera wanders away to admire the yachts and the surf. Some of the coy footage of vacation life ashore undoubtedly brings back memories of "Look At Life". The sound on my cassette was also well below cinema standard.

Yet the film is still a bewitching portrait of an age, as evocative in its way as *Woodstock* was to be a decade later. Stern is helped, of course, by a superb roster of artists, from Anita O'Day (in her wonderful hobbled dress) to Chuck Berry, Mahalia Jackson to Chico Hamilton and Louis Armstrong. In its cool sophistication, Jimmy Giuffrè's opening performance on "The Train And The River"

encapsulates the mood. Besides, the audience footage is by no means as intrusive as it might have been. Whether or not it was intentional, the images can now be read as a wry view of the hip Fifties jazz lover. This was the era of Eisenhower innocence, when the relationship between the performers — most of them black — and their white patrons must have seemed fixed forever. Time, politics and Free Jazz would soon bring changes.

Jazz at Ronnie Scott's is a generally lively compilation of recent performances at the club. The presentation is uneven, from the home-movie shots of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers playing "Dr Jekyll" to the pop video gloss on Curtis Mayfield's "Move On Up". Anita O'Day's lined face is subjected to some cruel lighting, but her feline delivery of "I Can't Get Started" and "It Don't Mean a Thing" scarcely needs the help of pictures in any case. Half-lost in dry ice, Chico Freeman's fusion band looks as if it is playing on a film set rather than the club. Nina Simone receives adequate treatment, though after her last erratic residency she might have been more accurately represented by a static shot of an empty chair. Chet Baker (playing "Love For Sale"), Memphis Slim and Taj Mahal were all worth capturing. Roy Ayers' jazz-funk is probably for party-goers only.

The camerawork on Michel Petrucci's trio date in Greenwich Village is, at best, efficient. No attempt is made to enliven a performance which acts as the visual counterpart to the pianist's 1984 live album with bassist Palle Danielsson and drummer Eliot Zigmund.

Lionel Hampton's followers should avoid his *One Night Stand*, a farago of middle-of-the-road entertainment shot in 1971, presumably for American prime time TV. Mel Torme does his honourable best to compete an all-star show which reduces jazz to the level of *It's A Knockout*. Zoot Sims, Cat Anderson and Gene Krupa are among the extras shunted into view at intervals.

ROCK UPDATE

Burning Tree: Burning Tree (Epic 46693 1). Young Californian trio whose music is to Jimi Hendrix and Cream what the Cult's is to Led Zeppelin and AC/DC. A capable if frequently original appropriation of many familiar riffs and guitar solos.

Soul II Soul: Vol II — 1990 A New Decade (10 DIX 90). Second chart-topping instalment of languid, irresistible grooves courtesy of the charismatic Jazze B and an impressive cast of guests including Marcie Lewis ("Lost a Life"), Kym Mazelle ("Missing You") and Courtney Pine ("Courney Blows").

Robert Plant: Manic Nirvana (Es Paranza 7567-91336-2). His fifth solo album is streets ahead of anything that a revamped Led Zeppelin could now hope to achieve, a testament to Plant's alertness to modern developments.

JAZZ UPDATE

James Morrison: Snappy Doo (WEA 9031-7121). The Australian multi-instrumentalist uses overdubbing to create an engaging replica of a big band, balanced by relaxed quartet tracks with Roy Brown, Herb Ellis and Jeff Hamilton.

Jack Teagarden: That's A Serious Thing (RCA/Bluebird ND-90440). The greatest trombonist of them all is well served by a splendid companion spanning three decades from 1928. The Texan imposes his personality on all the pieces, even on the stiff-necked "symphonic jazz" of the Paul Whiteman Orchestra.

Bill Allred's Goodtime Jazz Band: Swing That Music (Big Bear CD31). Due to tour Britain next month, the Wild Bill Davidson trombonist leads a well-arranged recital of familiar standards, recorded at the last Birmingham Jazz Festival.

Home-grown music man

From ELO to the Wilburys — what next for Jeff Lynne? Mike Nicholls reports

The term House music generally refers to the repetitive, if occasionally melodic, dance records released by the likes of Adamski and Technotronic. However, it is in the process of being redefined by Jeff Lynne, formerly the brains behind the Electric Light Orchestra.

Lynne disbanded ELO four years ago in order to devote more time to writing and production. Next week he releases his debut solo album, *Armchair Theatre*, an apt title considering the uncomplicated manner in which it was made — recorded not in a studio, but in a house.

This follows the pattern Lynne established when he produced George Harrison's *Cloud Nine* album in 1987, and continued with Tom Petty's *Full Moon Fever*, and *Mystery Girl*, the last album by the late Roy Orbison. But the method was perfected on the *Travelling Wilburys*, Vol 1 — the first fruits of a band comprising Petty, Orbison, Harrison, Bob Dylan and Lynne, which was generally reckoned one of the best records of the late Eighties.

Unlike the usual kind of House music, on Lynne's new album state-of-the-art equipment is conspicuous by its absence. "It was just recorded with a few microphones, as it would have been in the Sixties," Lynne says. "That was the main reason why George Harrison and I hit it off. We both agreed not to use unnecessary machines like computers and samplers. I mean, why copy piano sounds when you can play the real thing?"

On *Armchair Theatre*, Lynne sings and plays guitars, piano, bass and an old-fashioned analogue synthesizer, with Harrison helping out on backing vocals and slide guitar. The album was made in Lynne's home in Beverly Hills. "Every room has a different quality so you can create sounds not possible in the one big room of a studio," he says. "The guitars were recorded in the kitchen, the vocals in a passageway, and the dining-room was the control room with a 12-track mixing desk, none of your fancy 48-track stuff."




Tom Petty's album was recorded in his guitarist's garage, with a downstairs bedroom doubling as vocals booth. The recording of the *Travelling Wilburys* album was even more outlandish: "We hired a house on top of a mountain near Malibu and wrote all the songs sitting in a circle in the ballroom. Rehearsals took place in the library. Apart from selling a lot of copies, that record helped to establish the fact that whatever the prevailing musical trend, there is room for everybody. It was bought by a lot of kids who were too young to have been familiar with us as individuals."

How did the *Travelling Wilburys* come into existence? Lynne explains: "After finishing *Cloud Nine*, George and I started fantasizing about putting together a band with all of our favourite musicians. A few months later, George needed an extra song for a B-side, so we decided to call all these people up, found out they were free, and drove to Bob Dylan's house to record a song. The record company decided it was too good to fitter away on a flimsy and offered us lots of money to make an album. We finished it in 10 days as opposed to the usual 10 months."

"The fact that it was a great success was amazing, since it was released without any fanfare or big promotional campaign."

Despite selling more than 10 million albums with ELO, Lynne reckons he has had more success subsequently with these few records. Yet he retains his Birmingham accent, and enunciates the name of a posh neighbourhood like Beverly Hills as if it were on a par with Stoke-on-Trent. Lynne also has no pretensions about his craft, describing it as "making noises from scratch."

His next project is another *Travelling Wilburys* LP, which he describes as "half finished". Lynne says no one has replaced Roy Orbison. "Everybody from Dave Stewart to Roger McGuinn of the Byrds has been mooted, but Roy is irreplaceable. He probably had the best voice in the world."

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GARDENING

Francesca Greenoak takes a caring look at the colourful lupin family, old-fashioned favourites that deserve a revival

The blooms that blazon a trail into summer

It is strange how plants float in and out of fashion: when lupins were the darlings of the 1940s and 1950s, no garden was complete without a bank of gaily coloured hybrids. These were the result of careful hybridizing by James Kelway at the end of the last century, and later by George Russell, after whom the Russell lupins are named. Lupins are still found in garden centres and seed catalogues, but they are no longer the front-runners.

Lupins are not to be despised: they blazon the transition from early to full summer, in a surprisingly complete range of colour. The early foliage, with its spoke-like leaflets, is particularly beautiful early in the season, more so with dew or raindrops on it. There are a number of bi-coloured varieties where the petal colours contrast, but I prefer the plain colours.

Looking closely at a lupin, one sees that even in the all red or all cream varieties, the upper part of the petals is slightly different in shade from the lower. It is this slight difference which gives the lupin its shimmering effect, particularly in the pale colours.

Mass plantings have given way to more subtle groupings with other plants. Creamy yellow or white lupin spires, rising to a height of about 4ft from a splendid plant, look well planted singly or in small groups, combined in a plant setting of greens, golds and whites: for example, white, creamy and rusty foxgloves, lady's mantle, variegated dogwood, pulmonaria and the creamy bottlebrush flowers of Aruncus or meadowsweet. Soft pink lupins can be used in context of hardy geraniums

(*Geranium macrorrhizum* for example), salceia, pink asters and bluish spirea. Blue and purple lupins are numerous, and make a soft grouping with foliage plants such as white-blotched lungwort, blue irises, hostas, and blue-flowered clematis.

Lupins will do well in sun or dappled shade (scent is better in sun, flowers last longer in shade). It is best to choose a place where the soil is not too rich, or growth will be too lush and sappy. If this happens they will need staking, which is not a great problem, but they will also attract aphid attack, and possibly virus disease transmitted by these insects. Ideally, lupins like a lighter soil of a sandy or acid composition. They bloom quite nicely on heavy clays but are said not to live so long on heavy soil, and they are not lime tolerant.

The aphid which specifically attacks lupins is an American newcomer which came first to mainland Europe about nine years ago and then became a serious nuisance in Britain. It is a large, greyish, waxy insect, probably a match for ladybirds, which do not appear to be predatory in this species. Look out for them when the flower spikes begin to form, tucked up on the lower buds, or underneath the leaves. They tend to fall off the plant and clamber back on when your back is turned, so it is best to pick them off or spray thoroughly with insecticide.

Brian Woodfield, a specialist lupin grower and hybridizer, says that synthetic chemical sprays used thoroughly will work. Possibly organic, soft-soap based sprays are also effective, particularly if used early and repeated within a fortnight.



but I cannot say for certain because I have so far escaped the aphid. Liquid derris is stronger and should work, but must be used with care, particularly near ponds or if there are bees in the vicinity. Hundreds of lupin varieties were developed over the past 50 years, but only a few are now available. One person who has a special interest in them is Mrs Pat Edwards, who took on the conservation of

the National Collection of Russell Lupins in her garden at Albrighton, Shropshire, where the family nursery and garden centre business is on the land where Russell carried out his hybridizing work well into his old age. Building up the collection has proved more difficult than anyone anticipated, but out of 150 or more varieties which Mrs Edwards has ordered from all over Britain, only 12 seem to

be true to form. Rather than give up, she has returned to some old Russell seed which she had, and is growing and selecting in much the same way as he did, helped by local people who still remember the old man and his plants. If any readers have a Russell lupin which they believe to be an early named Russell variety, Mrs Edwards would very much like to hear from you (contact her at

WEEKEND TIPS

- Keep greenhouses and conservatories well ventilated.
- Feed tomato fertilizer once the first truss has set.
- Take cuttings from pink, using non-flowering shoots from below a leaf node (bulge in stem).
- Cut grass in which there are naturalized bulbs (check that leaves are yellowed and seeds are ripe).
- Net soft fruit and wall cherries if birds are a problem.
- Pinch out side the shoots of cucumbers on single cordon plants, grown up supports, and take out the central shoots when they reach the top.

GARDENS TO VISIT

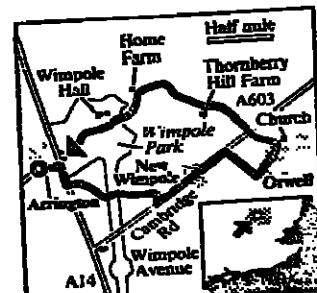
DORSET: Cranborne Manor Gardens, Cranborne (10m N of Wimborne on B3078). Beautiful, historic gardens laid out originally by John Tradescant and enlarged this century: herb garden, knot, and white gardens, Elizabethan flowers, water and wild gardens. Teas. Plant sales Adult £1.50, OAPs £1. Today 9am-5pm.

HAMPSHIRE: The Manor House (6m SE Basingstoke in Upton Grey village, on hill immediately above the church). Beautifully restored Jekyll garden of domestic proportions: borders, nutmeg, tennis lawn, rose garden, wild garden with pond. Adult £1, child 50p. Tomorrow 2-5pm.

OXFORDSHIRE: Hill Court, Tackley (9m N of Oxford, turn off A423 at Sturdy's Castle). Walled 2-acre garden influenced by Russell Page: herbaceous borders, shrubberies, replanted orangery, pink-blue terraces. Fine views. Teas. Plant sales. Adult 80p, child free. Today and tomorrow 2-5pm.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE: Skretton Cottage, Screveton (8m SW Newark). From A46 Fosse Rd, turn E to Car Colston, left at green and on for 1m). All-year-round landscaped garden trees, shrubs, herbaceous in 1.75 acres. Teas. Adult 75p, child 20p. Tomorrow 2-5pm.

WALK



Wimpole Park, Cambridgeshire, 6 miles from March, is an oasis in rich arable country, the rolling chalkland under fencer beans, rape, barley and wheat in huge fields from which most of the hedges have been removed. Wimpole Hall is owned by the National Trust and is open from 1-5pm (closed Monday and Friday) from March 31 to November 4, so time the walk to arrive during these hours and in time for tea.

Start at Arrington church, just off the A14, whose aisles were removed when the village population dwindled. Back at the main road turn right, then left on to a footpath across arable ground, signposted New Wimpole. This path crosses the grand avenue running for 2½ miles south from Wimpole Hall, now a shadow due to Dutch elm disease, and being replanted with lime saplings. Cross this to a farm, then follow the farm track to the Cambridge Road, A603. Turn left and cross the estate village of New Wimpole and then right along the road to Orwell. Turn left at the church, which has a fine chance of 1398, and cross the A603 on to footpaths heading north-west across country, passing to the right of Thornberry Hill Farm, which has an old threshing mill built in 1804. The path passes the

Wimpole estate woodland and turns left on to the metal track to Park Farm. This has a big thatched barn designed by Sir John Soane in the 1790s, and a farmhouse of 1860. Turn left and then right through a kissing gate into the parkland of Wimpole. Cross the medieval ridge-and-furrow corrugations to the 1851 red brick and stone stable block.

Beyond this, visit the hall itself. The south front is mostly as remodelled by Henry Flitcroft in the 1740s for Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, but the architectural history is more complicated. Near the house is the church, mostly rebuilt by Flitcroft in 1749. Access to the Home Farm with its farm machinery collection and rare breeds is via the house.

After the tour, walk west through the park and out through the west gates back into Arrington.

Martin Andrew

WEATHER

IN spite of this week's rain, the exceptionally dry spring poses problems for farmers, growers and gardeners. This is surprising, as the winter was one of the wettest in the past 250 years. So, although deep ground water levels were not fully restored after the long dry spell last summer, the surface soil moisture levels were high.

The available moisture in the soil, with temperature, wind speed and hours of sunlight, governs the growth rate. A typical well-established grass sward suffers no appreciable check until about the equivalent of an inch and a half of water has been extracted from the ground. Then growth slows until about 3in has been used up, at which point growth effectively stops.

Where irrigation is permitted and makes economic sense, the basic rules are simple. Every 10 days or so, any significant shortfall below one inch of rain should be made good. Some irrigation is

needed in southern England in the summer in at least seven out of 10 years.

These figures disguise a wide range of variations depending on soil type and weather conditions. But for anyone whose lawn goes brown and threadbare at the least hint of drought, the answer may lie in the soil. Compacted ground, full of rubble and completely lacking organic material, will hold little water, whereas good quality, friable soil, which helps the formation of a good, deep root system, can produce a lawn able to survive even the worst drought.

As for vegetables or prized shallow-rooted shrubs, any watering must be designed to replenish the soil moisture to a good depth. This means about four gallons a square yard every week or so during a hot dry spell. The best time for watering vegetables in a severe drought is approximately two weeks before maturity.

W. J. Burroughs

Continued on next page

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SHOPPING



Fashion, mystery, allure, even eye-protection . . . Nicole Swengley reports on what people are wearing, and paying, to achieve a darker shade of bright



"Hi, there" round, black and gold sun-glasses by Christian Lacroix, £162, from Harrods, Knightsbridge, London SW1



Black butterfly specs, £81, by Cutler & Gross, 16 Knightsbridge Green, London SW1. Photographs by JOHN SWANNELL

Spectacular ways to be someone else

Fashion sun-glasses have the potential for endless role-playing. Lurking behind a pair of shades can change the wearer into a Jackie Kennedy, Jack Nicholson, Bob Geldof, Bruce Springsteen, Madonna or Clint Eastwood. At least, that's the idea. But buying sun-glasses is no longer simply a question of forking out a fiver. Designer shades cost well over £50, and it is not uncommon to find price tags of £150 or lots more.

Harrods, for example, sells gold-plated Cartier and Giorgio Armani sun-glasses at about £3,000. And even these lilies in the field of vision can be further gilded - at a price.

Nigel Carrier, owner of the London style shop Brats, says: "Cheap sun-glasses are difficult to sell. Five years ago, people were spending £10 to £15 on a pair, and Ray-Bans were considered expensive at £50. Now people want prestige makes. They have become used to quality lenses and will pay for these and for hand-made frames."

Fashion sun-glasses were born in 1936 when Ray-Ban put a sun-glass lens into its now-classic, and much-imitated, Aviator frame for the United States Army Air Corps, to protect pilots from the effects of ultraviolet and infrared rays and glare.

In 1951, it introduced a new lens and the following year put it into a new frame. Suddenly, the famous Fifties-style Wayfarer was all the rage. Given its devoted following, it is not surprising that the Wayfarer has spawned a flood of cheap imitations. Genuine frames have the imprint "B&L Ray-Ban", and a model number. Both lenses are engraved with the B&L (Bausch & Lomb) insignia.

Gail Steele, retail director of opticians David Clulow, says: "At the end of last year, I would have said that Wayfarers had had their day. But this year we have sold more than ever."

The Wayfarer phenomenon may be due to the brand having become collectably cult, in the same way as Zippo lighters and Mont Blanc pens.

But Ray-Ban is aware of fashion's fickle finger and has diversified the range by introducing several new shapes.

The move may also be a bid to woo fashion-conscious shoppers away from designer names such as Jasper Conran, Christian Lacroix, John-Paul Gaultier, Giorgio Armani,

'The fickle finger of fashion has diversified the range'

Sun-glasses have always been a handy for a quick change act. Invaluable for covering up "morning-after" bags under the eyes, they are also a lazy alternative to eye make-up - and sometimes an air of mystique is adopted by wearers who have the psychological advantage of avoiding eye contact while still being able to see.

Stefan Zaguta, marketing executive at Dolland &

Aitchison, the opticians, says: "People are buying a look, and they are prepared to buy more than one pair to suit different moods. The Jackie Kennedy look is very popular, so is the round-eye John Lennon look. Persol sun-glasses are following hard on the heels of Ray-Ban, helped perhaps by guitarist Eric Clapton wearing them on his *Journeyman* album cover."

Sun-glass wearers are often criticized as posers, particularly when sporting shades indoors. But Mr Zaguta says: "A few years ago, if you wore sun-glasses after 6pm or in winter, people assumed that you were either famous or mad. That has changed. Sun-glasses have become a fashion accessory."

But is it sensible to wear sun-glasses unnecessarily? Susan Conrad, press officer at the Institute of Eye Care, says: "Our eyes are able to cope with average sunlight conditions. If you shade your eyes constantly from ordinary light they may become allergic to light and start to water excessively - a condition called photophobia. My advice is not to wear sun-glasses when you do not need to."

What are the truly hip buying this summer? Many are lured by the designer names; for example, Christian Lacroix's black-and-gold framed specs, £162, or Giorgio Armani's round, half-tortoiseshell model, £127, from Harrods. Others are opting for pop-up double lenses, such as those by Vision, £12.50, at Fenwick, or a sun-grille version, £13.75, from Crackers.

Adam Simmonds, of trendy Soho opticians Eye-Tech, says his clients hunt out the more exclusive designs. "They're choosing antique-style, hand-finished frames based on Thirties designs by Oliver Peoples. 'A Eye-works is also at the forefront because its fashion frames are different from the mainstream. Alain Mikli, the French avant-garde spectacle designer, is not quite so wearable, as the frames are more extreme, but anyone looking for a simple classic design with good quality frames and lenses is going for Persol."

Eye-Tech, of 44 Brewer Street, London W1 (071-734 1415), sells Matsuda's first sun-glass range in the UK. The small, antique-looking metal frames start at about £150. Tony Gross, of Cutler & Gross, 16 Knightsbridge Green, London SW1 (071-581 2250), says: "My clients are going for a more glamorous look, like the big butterfly frames."

Ms Steele adds: "Romeo Gigli's new range of Thirties and Forties-style sun-glasses are small and subtle. They come in understated colours and there is nothing flashy about them. I'm sure these will sell well this summer, along with John-Paul Gaultier's sun-glasses, which really are different because he has made a feature of all the nuts and bolts on the frames."

Confused? Perhaps the answer may be to commission your own bespoke pair. Anglo American Eyewear will undertake any suitable design. Prices start at about £95. For details, contact Anglo American Eyewear, South Hill Park, Hampstead, London NW3 2SB (071-435 3811).



Russian-style sun-glasses with a pop-up grille, £13.75, from Crackers, 62 Church Road, Barnes, London SW13

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A football dream that turned to nightmare



The way a World Cup was won: and for the West German goalkeeper, Toni Schuster, the moment that crowned a personal disaster in the final, as his hesitation gives Jorge Burruchaga, of Argentina, room to score the winning goal

It's always the same. For weeks on end, players and sports officials had been living together, more or less amicably. Training together. Eating together. Even sharing sleeping accommodation. Fits of hysterical laughter or angry outbursts, tension and clashes — such are the consequences of communal life when you put together nearly 30 adults whose dominant characteristics — not to say professional qualities — are pride and an ego the size of a furniture removal van.

And then all this was suddenly forgotten, swept aside. We all became as polite and timid and moderate as monks in a monastery. Team-mates all but started addressing each other as strangers. We did become strangers to each other. No, it was worse than that: we became strangers to ourselves.

Outside the hotel, in Mexico, just as we were about to get on the coach, Hermann Neuberg, Egidius Braun and all the other West German team officials and supervisors came to see us off, and to wish us luck.

There was a strange apprehension in their eyes as they focused on some distant point over our shoulders. There was awkwardness and reserve. The very few words spoken seemed incongruous and obtrusive. The fear of failure was invisible and unspoken. Intense, indescribable feelings. Huge responsibilities.

I'm the goalkeeper in the West German squad. I've played in two European championships. This is my second World Cup tournament. This time I want to be world champion. No messing about. Each match is a challenge. And today more so than ever. I'm trembling with emotion, with excitement. The other players are quiet. With good reason. Only in silence is there any stature; all else is pathetic.

I want to become world champion. For four years, I've wrestled with the lazy swine that I am deep down inside. I've struggled relentlessly to conquer my own mediocrity. I've trained with iron discipline, every hour, every day. Will these sacrifices soon be rewarded?

Franz Beckenbauer, world champion in 1974, a 'big brother' to us and our coach, moves about with the stiffness of a Prussian general. His eyes gleam with an energy that he seems to want to transmit to us. I can understand this tension and nervousness this once-inspired player must be feeling. Now his job condemns him to have no control over winning or losing, except mentally. Those

agile legs of his are of no help or use to him now. "Schuster lives inside his body as though it were a prison," he once said of me. But today he's in the same prison. And perhaps more so than I am.

Matthäus has a sombre, determined look in his eye. He knows what's expected of him. He has an overwhelming responsibility in this game. One that doesn't seem to worry him too much. He is to be Maradona's marker and keep the Argentinian striker out of the game. This is his assignment.

The final against Argentina must be played as though it were a 10-a-side match, with the Matthäus-Maradona duel a separate issue. Our strategy is simple, not to say stupid. To neutralise Maradona, the football genius. As for the rest, we're relying on the German team's fighting spirit! I feel sorry for Rummenigge, our own football genius. I admire him enormously, despite the stupid things he's said about me, and about the so-called "Cologne mafia" of which I'm supposed to be the Godfather and which supposedly hounds him and persecutes him. Poor martyr!

Today, his face looks as fresh and pink as a little marzipan pig. But either side of his nose is deeply lined. He claims to be in great shape. But he's worked like an animal to reach his form. I take my hat off to him! What's going on in his mind right this minute? Will his brain, his intelligence, hamper his creativity, his goal-scoring instinct? Will his reflexes be curbed, inhibited or, worse still, destroyed?

I know what the after-effects of an injury are like. I know that feeling of hesitation that creeps up on you at the decisive moment. Will those injured muscles and ligaments stand up to the impact? Will they tear? These questions are always at the back of your mind. So you need a truly iron will to do violence to your own body, the tool you work with. Pushing back the barriers of pain is an eternal struggle. Suppressing the pain to the extreme limit, to the point where you can't take it any more. For me, pain is just an illusion. Does Karl-Heinz Rummenigge know this too? I hope so. For his sake and for ours. We're on the coach en route to the Mexico Stadium. I'm sitting on the back seat, on the right. This is where I invariably sit. Mexico's grubby light penetrates the curtain that I've drawn across the window.

Heat and chaos. The air in this town is stifling, despite the air-conditioning. We're late, and to cap it all, we're

trapped in one of Mexico's legendary traffic jams.

The headphones of my Walkman are pressing on my ears. I'm immersed in the music of Peter Maffray, my favourite German rock singer. His music shields me from the town, from this thousand-eyed crowd that I sense, rather than see, through the windows of the coach. The words of the song fit this situation exactly: "I'm strong only with a gut anger... I'm prepared to be torn apart from my friends... I gladly give you your revenge and I'm strong only with a gut-love and anger."

Mexico Stadium. Bright colours. Flags. Doves of peace everywhere. The crowd roaring and shouting. Bread and circuses.

Am I also a gladiator? Or one of the wild beasts? I don't like anybody inside this stadium. But I don't feel any gut-hatred or anger. What revenge is that guy Maffray talking about? I wonder. I simply want to become world champion and my opponents are not necessarily my enemies. I've played a clean game so far in this World Cup. Just a couple of days ago, I massaged the Mexican, Hugo Sanchez's, legs — he was suffering from cramp and crying out in pain. And I consoled him, as well as Negret, off the field, after Mexico's defeat. It wasn't just an act, or put on for show. Contrary to what some cynics have suggested, there was no element of calculation in what I did; it was quite spontaneous.

Training and warm-up sessions for the German team. The assistant coach, Horst Köppel, puts me through my paces. I'm sweating, already my throat is dry. I watch Karl-Heinz Förster. He exudes power and the kind of robustness that you know you can always rely on. The sight of his calmness, of his solid presence, does me good. I could hug him just for being there.

The sun is now directly over the stadium. It's beating down on our heads. There isn't an inch of shade anywhere. Which is very good for the picture on the screen, they say. The Mexicans are relaying these matches to TV stations all over the world. One and a half billion viewers... it's enough to send shivers up your spine. Best not to think about it.

National anthems. "You're the best goalkeeper in the world. You're going to stop every ball. You're a beast of prey, Harald Schuster."

This is what I focus my mind on during endless, countless concentration exercises. It's a trick of mine for sharpening my re-

Toni Schuster became infamous for a foul he committed during West Germany's 1982 World Cup campaign. Here he recounts how he failed to redeem himself

flexes. It has always worked till now. This is what I tell myself while the national anthem of our Argentinian opponents is playing. Then I close my eyes.

I'm sure lots of people think that "Toni", being a chauvinist, has fallen into some kind of patriotic trance. Far from it! I'm simply letting myself escape temporarily into another world: a sandy beach stretching away for ever... a light breeze that makes the palm trees wave like fans... I'm swimming in a deep-blue lagoon somewhere in the Pacific.

Returning from an inward voyage of this kind, I feel better. My concentration is perfect. I have only one thought in mind: "You're the best goalkeeper. No ball can get past you. You're a tiger: the ball is your prey."

This is the secret of my ability to concentrate 150 per cent. To be ready to stop every shot at goal.

So, before the kick-off against Argentina, I went through the exercise again. I told myself: "This is your big day. The game of your life. You're at the peak of your form. You stopped a penalty in the match against Mexico. And you played like a god against France."

I felt as though I had wings. I was super-confident.

The final begins. A glance to right and left. No sign of any prey. Twenty long minutes go by. Too long. Not a single shot at goal. I'm hungry for the ball, and it's a hunger that increases with every minute that passes. But nothing...

Not a thing in sight. Then comes that fatal free kick, a cross that will lead to the first goal. An Argentinian lines up the ball. My prey! It comes flying in my direction. I move out towards it, determined to catch it.

"This one's yours! You're going to get this one!" I rush forward.

From the moment I start moving, I know that I'm not going to catch anything. Every hundredth of a second seems like an eternity. I go sailing across the penalty area like Lohengrin sailing past his swan. My last hope: "Will a German player manage to head the ball away?"

But it wasn't to be. An Argentinian head gets there first and tips the ball into the back of the net. I watch this catastrophe, dumbfounded. But inwardly, I'm silently shouting. Can it be that creativity suffers from too much concentration? I made no excuses. There was no point in dwelling on it.

"I gladly give you your revenge," Maffray sang in my Walkman headphones. Will there be any revenge for me? I'm sweating. Despite this torrid heat, I feel cold. I'd promised myself I was going to prove that I was the best keeper in the world, that I wasn't going to make any mistakes. "And this is how you start the final! So much for wanting to play like a god!"

I have no choice now: for the remaining 75 minutes, I have to play a perfect game! Like a faultless machine. And make everyone forget how I leapt like a nanny goat into the void. What a fool I made of myself! What about that wild beast I'm supposed to be?

A goalkeeper never scores a goal. And he can't correct his mistakes. He can only envy the striker who, with a single shot that finds the mark, can wipe out a hundred balls that he's sent sky-high. For a keeper, it's all or nothing. Success or failure. He's either a king or a nobody.

I really hate myself. Now I've got that gut-anger.

The 'prey' is still bouncing around. A long way off. No threat. And then suddenly dangerous. It's brought under control and kicked about by Germans and Argentinians. Matthäus is still marking Maradona closely, but all the same, the field is swarming with Argentinians.

One of them breaks away. Valdano. He's got the ball. I run forward and try to draw him. I give him an opening as I move towards him. He goes the other way. The prey grazes past my knee, out of reach, and carries on to the back of the net.

"Stay on the line," shout Förster and Magath.

Rummenigge manages to score off a corner taken by Brehme. 1-2. Jubilation. A little later, comes an unhelped-for equaliser. 2-2. We go wild. The Germans are always on the offensive. Much too often. We're taking too many risks.

"Stay on the line," my teammates told me.

Five minutes before the end of the game, an Argentinian breaks away with the ball and comes hurtling towards me. I have to come off the line. But I hesitate. This time I get there too late — and the penalty for misjudging it is I let another goal through.

The whistle goes and it's the end of the match. There's no extra time. No penalties (I could have saved — penalties that would have redeemed mistakes).

"A good goalkeeper is a player who's in a position, at several points during a game, to save his side. By his individual efforts, by going beyond his capability in a voluntary act." So said Jean-Paul Sartre. And he was right.

But this time, I haven't saved anything. Had I become a bad goalkeeper?

Dejection — no, depression is the word to describe the feeling that washes over you from head to foot when you've lost a final. You think you're going to die.

The winning side are elated. They leap around, their tiredness and exhaustion forgotten. The losers feel thrashed, beaten, bone-tired. Only our plucky midfield player, Briel, has tears in his eyes. Rummenigge is deadly pale. The disappointment in the German side is tremendous. The losers are alone in the midst of this crowd shouting with joy. And every one of the 11 defeated players is alone with himself. The eleventh man, the keeper, the outsider in the game, is on his own yet again.

Only victory creates a sense of union within a side.

I feel I'm to blame. A missed ball is an opportunity lost for ever. Frustration. Empty hands. A wind inside my head.

I would have given anything to be world champion. Well, not anything. Not my children. Not my parents either. Nor my wife, Marlies, nor Rüdiger Schmitz, my friend and personal manager. But otherwise, I'd have given anything, including my health.

I would have been prepared never to play football again after this final if I could have become world champion.

I've missed my chance. I know that, for me, there isn't going to be a next time. Football isn't like ice-hockey, where there's a world championship every year. For us footballers, four years is a long time. In Spain, and in Mexico, the German team has had to be content with second place. And by the time the next World Cup comes round, I'll be 36.

FOOTNOTE TO THE FINAL

After that defeat in Mexico, I looked at Oliver's photo, and I said to myself: "Look, Toni! At least you've got healthy kids." That suddenly made me feel better and gave me new strength. I was ready to face the world again, and the press and officials.

I know that I deserve my enemies. But I'm not going to let this get me down.

Since the 'foul' I committed on Battiston in Spain, in 1982, I'm perfectly aware that people have a negative view of me. There are plenty who would like to topple Schuster from his pedestal. A bit like Muhammad Ali, in his day. He was another big-mouth, but what class!

"People can't stand a big-mouth, but they always listen to him," the boxer used to say.

And everyone hopes and wishes that he'll lose one day, at least once. Before Mexico, people regarded me as a kind of monster. A block of marble standing in front of the net. A guy with no human feelings whatsoever, and only one concern: not to let any goals in!

The perfect German machine, as it were.

And then I go and make a terrible mistake, the kind of mistake only a thoroughly ordinary human being could make. My critics were completely thrown by this, like dancers who start a fox-trot on the wrong foot. I was inundated with messages of sympathy. People felt sorry for me; even the press.

I had finally matured. I had acquired a human aspect. All this is a bit simplistic — although kindly meant. I admit. In fact, I had always been human, but crazier than most, more obsessed, too, by my responsibility in goal. For years, I had been classified as some kind of wild animal, and given a place in humanity's chamber of horrors. Because I was German, people thought I was made of the same metal as the torturers at Auschwitz. And now people were beginning to see me in a more favourable light.

I was delighted by this wave of sympathy. It was a real balm to my injured pride. But once the new sympathy was over, I couldn't forget that it was just the tide turning after years of mistrust and hostility towards me. I'd never been a monster. Just an ordinary guy who wanted to be successful.

Adapted from *Blowing the Whistle* by Toni Schuster, published in paperback by WH Allen and Co (£2.99).

MOTOR RALLYING

Wet weather should suit the favourite

HEAVY rain in Scotland in the past few days has made David Llewellyn, of Wales, an even stranger favourite to win the CHI Scottish rally which starts from Glasgow today (a Special Correspondent writes).

Winner of two of the three previous rounds, Llewellyn begins the fourth round of the Shell Open rally which starts from Glasgow today (a Special Correspondent writes).

Colin McRae, winner of the opening round in another Sierra Cosworth, is the most likely threat to the top seeds on the 35-stage three-day event as his father, Jimmy McRae, and another previous winner, Russell Brookes, both have less powerful cars.

YACHTING

Atlantic race losing appeal

A FALLING number of entries and a lack of sponsorship threaten the future of the two-handed transatlantic race, according to the Royal Western Yacht Club (RWYC), which organises the event (Keith Wheatley writes).

There are 37 confirmed entries for this year's race, which starts from Plymouth at noon tomorrow, only half the number that competed in 1986. Tony Bullimore, the British owner-skipper of Spirit of Apricot, the

leading British multihull, has withdrawn because of a back injury suffered in a recent car crash.

According to the RWYC's commodore, Lloyd Pearson, there is a distinct possibility of the existing race being replaced by a new Anglo-Soviet event from Plymouth to Leningrad, via the Polish port of Gdynia.

"There is no doubt that this race to Newport has run its course," said Pearson. "There are so many more long-distance

events than there used to be and competitors are becoming blasé. Perhaps people don't get excited about crossing the Atlantic any more. It has certainly proved impossible to raise sponsorship."

The RWYC has received an invitation from a Leningrad yacht club to run a joint race in 1994 and initial soundings have suggested considerable enthusiasm for the idea. "We're certainly very keen as a club to have a go at it," Pearson said.

coordinated yacht racing fixtures in the already overcrowded Solent, said yesterday.

Major Snowden added he was "extremely impressed" with the way the Ultras had been at pains to dovetail their circus into the weekend's racing programme. The Ultras may be seen this afternoon and tomorrow in the area of Osborne Bay.

RIFLE SHOOTING

Wallace well placed after setting record

NIGEL Wallace, aged 23, who won the British senior air rifle championship during his last year as a junior in 1987, set a British record of 589 out of 600 in the UIT World Cup meeting at Zurich, which is being used by Britain as the final selection test for the world championships (Our Rifle Shooting Correspondent writes).

Despite his British record, Wallace was "counted out" of the final by a German on the same score.

The gold medal winner, Debevec, of Yugoslavia, who is now a top world prospect in small bore and air rifle, equalled the air rifle world record of 596 then, with 103 in the final, set a world final record of 699.4.

POWERBOATING

Drivers prepare for a unique test at Bristol

By BRYAN STILES

THE angry waters of Bristol's docks are regarded as the most dangerous and exciting test of a Formula One driver's skill and nerve. It is no place for the foolhardy or faint-hearted, and every driver courageous enough to compete before he can lower his boat into the floating harbour on race day.

These are issued only to highly skilled drivers by the Union Internationale Motonautique (UIM), the sport's governing body, and each newcomer to the hazards of Bristol is further required to pass the scrutiny of observers from the UIM, the Royal Yachting Association, the controlling organisation in Britain, and the officer of the day in a number of practice circuits of the docks before they are allowed to compete.

This year, Gyorgi Csapregi, of Hungary, and Akimori Konishi, of Japan, came under scrutiny for this weekend's British grand prix at Bristol, the second in this year's world inland circuit series.

The lightweight craft have propellers that are designed for the left turns customary on all world series courses, but Bristol has, in addition, two right-handers, which can throw the unwary. Its water is also far more turbulent than any encountered in the series.

Don Johnson, of the United States, won the first race in the series, in Zolder, Belgium, but will encounter stiffer opposition this weekend as Jonathan Jones, the world champion, from Wales, enters the lists, after missing the opening round because his boat was not ready.

CYCLING

Jones hopeful of a treble in time trial

MANDY Jones will want to put the last six weeks behind her when she goes to the start of the women's national 25 miles time trial championship at Seaton Burn, Tyne and Wear, tomorrow (Peter Bryan writes).

The former world road race champion badly injured in a crash which halted her preparation for a month, has twice previously won the time trial title but is not optimistic about completing a treble.

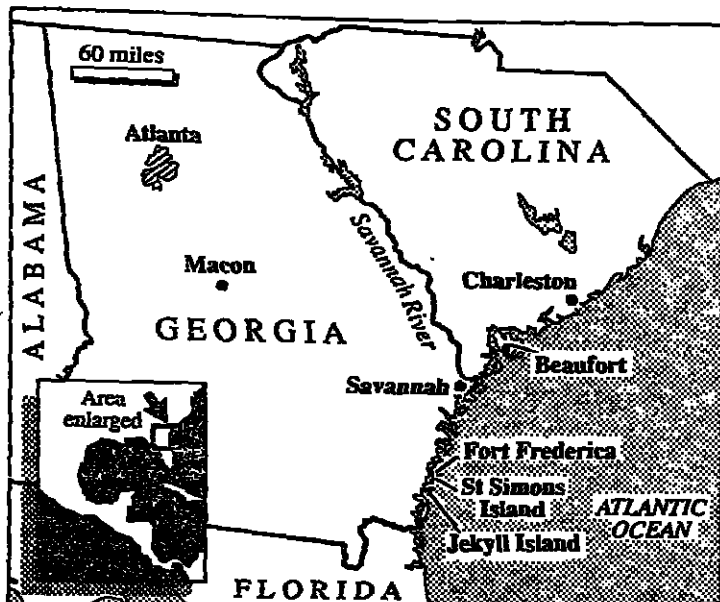
"I suspect that my accident has set me back too much," she said yesterday. Jones has only recently been able to step up her training mileage to 70 a day. Tony Doyle, riding the final stage of the Milk Race today from Manchester to Liverpool, returns to the track next week for the first time since his serious crash in the Munich stadium last November.

● BACK TO THE HASTINGS BATTLEFIELDS
● MICHAEL WATKINS IN NAPLES

TRAVEL

The spirit of Georgia in Kelly's Bar

The morning sun in Atlanta transforms a brash American city into an elegant gateway to Georgia, last of the 13 original United States. Tom Millar visited islands, churches and bars, but never made it to Jimmy Carter's peanut plantation



Playing Lego on the moon: downtown Atlanta is the phoenix long risen from the ashes of Sherman's burning. With its elegant buildings and litter-free market squares, the "Big A" is now a vibrant centre of business and government

He was black and he was bunning a quarter. "Guess you ain't feeling kindly to the homeless, sir." It was said without bitterness, almost teasingly. Across the street, a man displayed a hasty notice of condition and intent. "I want to eat. I will work." The light was fading. The travel agent had somehow found me a hotel in what seemed a black ghetto. Minutes earlier, a white man had warned me to get off the street before dark.

I returned to the hotel and to television and wondered, for the first of many times, what the pictures and the hype told me about America. The adverts, obsessed with fast food and fast remedies for indigestion, sleeplessness and stress. The sitcoms, unbelievably banal. The news, a tawdry of the world in 30 minutes. There was Thatcher. Here was Tammy Faye Bakker, her eyes like wells gushing liquid mascara. What or who could explain the devotion of middle America to the Bakkers and Swaggarts?

Still sleepless at 3am, I opened the curtains to look out on the Atlanta Expressway where cars, hissed past like miniatures on some distant racetrack. Would I make it?

In the morning sun, it was different. I breakfasted at a Wendy, sought directions from a fellow diner and walked confidently along North Avenue and Peachtree Street. Parts of suburban Atlanta seem to be the work of someone playing Lego on the

moon. Downtown, the "Big A" is the phoenix long risen from the ashes of Sherman's burning. Once described as "a good location for one tavern, a blacksmith's shop, a grocery store and nothing else", it is now a vibrant centre of business and government.

It boasts the largest airport in the world. Its state capitol building of cool Indiana limestone has a gold-plated dome. Elegant buildings give way to market squares, clear of the litter that makes a hell hole of London's West End.

South to Macon, then east along highway 16 and the renewed experience of an American Interstate, lined with trees, mile upon mile. The occasional gaps in the tree line suggest that the aim is to hide the Great Bugger All that stretches on either side, acres of trees and swamp grass. Roadside notices warn of \$300 fines for throwing trash on the highway. Here and there on the hard shoulder great chunks of retreat provide moments of some unspeakable event. The somnolent miles are interrupted by the passage of a snorting five wheeler or a Greyhound bus, its passengers featureless shapes behind the tinted glass.

Speed signs come and go, minimum 40, maximum 65. The sign posting provides early warning, but, in heavy following traffic, "Right lane must turn right", can breed panic in the unfortunate who intended full ahead and for whom Exit 19 holds no attractions. Lane discipline deserves the rear window advice "Passing side... suicide". It is where slip

roads merge with Interstates and Expressways that danger lies. Mistime entry and you're dead.

Savannah is where Georgia began, last of the 13 colonies that made up the original United States. Here James Edward Oglethorpe marked out two dozen symmetrical squares. They are shaded with great oaks, their branches trailing tails of Spanish moss. Chipmunks forage in the grass or sit up, rub their paws and peer inquisitively around. Dignified white clapboard homes border the squares and line the streets.

From Bay Street, almost vertical stone steps pitch down to Factors' Walk, with its walls of oyster shell, ballast and brick. Cobblestone provide a less precipitous route to the walk and to River Street below.

On a sunny morning I visited the Independent Presbyterian Church, a branch of the Church of Scotland. I had taken in the oval dome, the solid mahogany pulpit and the slave entrances in the gallery before the church guide appeared, to admit blushing that she had nodded off in a back pew. Now "a little old southern lady", she had been baptized at that marble font. Lowell Mason, author of "Nearer My God To Thee" and "From Greenlands Icy Mountains" had once been the church organist. In the parlour of the old manse, Woodrow Wilson married Ellen Louise Axson.

In a waterfront Irish pub a Yankee immigrant provided the sales pitch for a visit to Beaufort in South Carolina. Its gimcrack main

street gave no hint of the elegance of the mansions fronting the bay. To visit George Parson Elliot House or Lafayette House, once occupied by Union soldiers, was to experience at a distance the pain of Confederate owners forced to flee these lovely homes and to return to meet their debts with a worthless currency.

From the main street an outside wooden stairway led to the mark of Kelly's Bar and to the Carolina habit of serving spirits in miniatures. A faded notice provided the tariff for a bar-answering service.

Not here 25c
Just left 50c
On his way 75c
Haven't seen him:
In a week \$1.50
Who? \$2.50
Just left with his wife No charge.

Across the bridge to Lady Isle and dinner at the Steamer Oyster and Steak House. The sturdy table had a hole in the centre for a metal pail and the napkin was torn from a roll of kitchen paper.

The Frogmore Fish Stew was delicious and the presence of several attractive, pregnant waitresses gave the place a homeliness that helped explain its popularity.

Charleston beckoned but so too did the Golden Isles strung along the Georgia coast. Some are inaccessible hideaways of the exclusive rich. From the top of the St Simons Island lighthouse there is a fine view of Jekyll Island and the Atlantic Ocean with, in the distance, the all wooden Christ Church and with trussed Gothic

roof and, nearby, Fort Frederica. A morning stroll along St Simon Pier. A friendly dog appeared, followed by its well-groomed, attractive owner. In minutes she had my name, where from, where going? Travelling alone? So far, so good. Given a bank statement, I could picture myself rocking gently on the veranda of her stately home and accepting a mint julep from her smiling, coloured maid. She asked my age. I made the mistake of telling the truth. Somehow, all that hope seemed to wither. I turned to look at the shrimp boats, their arms outstretched to catch the harvest, their following nets raided by screaming gulls.

Too early for dinner at Blanche's Courtyard, I was directed to Murphy's Bar and promised the company of "eccentric millionaires, some businessmen, construction workers and the crews of the shrimp boats". I could believe it. The place had the atmosphere of some last chance saloon. There was a long bar, four pool tables, two dartboards over a massive brick fireplace and a seven-shelf corner of books that looked untouched since Oglethorpe defeated the Spaniards at Bloody Marsh in 1742.

There was only one girl in the place. She wore calf-high tooled leather boots, denim and a sleeveless black waistcoat. Between breaks at the table she donned a straw hat. Her presence helped explain why most men sat with their backs to the bar.

A Gabby Hays (eccentric millionaire) in an immaculate tropi-

cal suit and deerstalker accepted my offer of a pipeful of Condor. Warned that it was strong tobacco, he replied: "I'm 81. Do you think I can stand it?" He had to admit later that I was right - about the tobacco.

He suggested that I visit St Augustine in northeast Florida. He was not the first and I was not disappointed. A 400-year-old community, established in the time of Philip II of Spain to protect the treasure fleets homeward bound. Here I attended Sunday morning service at Memorial Presbyterian Church. The text was, "Do you know how to pray?" A glance at the well-heeled congregation suggested that supplications for the good things of life were usually successful.

Go where you will, there is always somewhere else and, as departure day draws near, "you can't get there from here", takes on new meaning. You are too early or too late for the Prater Mill Country Fair or the Cherokee Fall Festival. You haven't tried hang gliding from Lookout Mountain or white-watering on the Oconee River. You haven't visited Jimmy Carter's peanut plantation, FDR's home at Warm Springs or the apothecary shop of John Pemberton, creator of Coca-Cola.

The couple who have just pulled into the motel courtyard haven't been there either. He must talk, she is anxious to get settled for the night and appears twice to call him in. "She ain't the best natured woman, I pay no attention and it passes."

His courtesy, his interest in the

stranger provide a sad but telling contrast for the last lap home on the Royal Scot from Euston. On a crowded train an old, white haired dame contrived to occupy two first class seats to Lancaster. She met all comers with frosty eyes and lied in a dowager accent that claimed a gentility she had never known. I turned to the paunchy businessman opposite. He closed his eyes to avoid contact, to open them quickly at the first call for lunch. Who now was a stranger in a strange land?

TRAVEL NOTES

● British Airways (081-897 4000) has direct daily flights from Gatwick to Atlanta. A Super Apex fare costs from £239 return. Hertz offers an "Affordable USA" deal. It includes a collision damage waiver, which is essential.

● Motels were used throughout. Rates advertised on roadside hoardings sometimes differ from the price quoted at reception. State tax is additional. Visitors Centres, in or near most towns, supply lists of accommodation. Arrive by noon and shop around. Ask for discount as a foreign visitor/senior citizen or member of the AAA.

● Georgia on my Mind issued by Tourist Division, Georgia Department of Industry and Trade, PO Box 1776, Atlanta, Georgia, provides a guide to its state's many attractions. The Atlanta Convention and Visitors' Bureau, 233 Peachtree Street, NW, Suite 200, 30343, provides first rate information. Take with you Frommer's Where to Stay USA. At £8.50 it is worth every cent.

The poetry of camping

Michael Young finds lyricism in life under canvas by a French château



Conundrum: the château at Domaine de la Forêt

The salt marshes of the Vendée sprawl flat and seamless. Roads run straight as a die through villages of single-storey buildings. An occasional château stands clear above the surrounding countryside. Others lurk hidden away in dense woodland. The Château at Domaine de la Forêt is hardly visible from the road but found at the end of a rough unprepossessing track.

Attached to the château, and nestling on the edge of green forest, is one of the most discreet campsites at which I have stayed. The château itself neither dominates the campsite nor hides from it; the two simply exist side by side, separated only by a cobbled courtyard and outbuildings.

At first sight the château seemed unused, although not neglected; but an unseen hand opened and closed the windows and shutters and pulled aside the peach-coloured curtains with a rhythm of its own. In the gloom within, I could just see the heavy furniture and the damask lined walls and paintings of what must have been the owner's ancestors with their fixed, unseeing eyes. But I never actually saw anyone moving.

It was a conundrum which could have been plucked from a Peter Greenaway film, and one that increasingly intrigued me as the children and I took our daily swim in what was otherwise an empty swimming pool tucked beneath the building's wide honey-coloured terraces.

Beyond the château, the ground dropped gently to two lakes where an old boathouse

seemed to float amid glacial reflections, its roof of terracotta tiles encrusted with mossy hummocks. To one side was a meadow of such beauty it could have been painted by a Monet. Here was a visual symphony of colour, of straw like spun sugar veined with the blue of cornflowers and inhabited only by the strangely beautiful adder and a species of sparkling indigo lizard.

For city-dwellers like myself, senses blunted by exhaust fumes and the dull city light, camping can be a cathartic

experience. Simple everyday country things - the quick guile of animals, the rich and often unexpected colour of wild flowers, the sharp retort from a farmer's bird-scaring cannons, assume a vivid intensity.

If for adults continental camping with fully equipped "luxury" tents and superb washing facilities presents the ideal opportunities for relaxation, for city children camping has the romance of total, unexpurgated freedom. Within the confines of the site, they can simply go anywhere they



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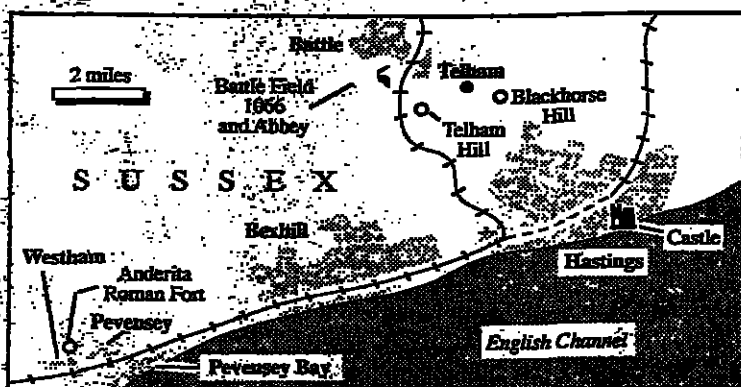
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GETAWAY FOR LESS

TRAVEL

By train to the fields of war

Russell Chamberlin
listens to the
Norman war cries
echoing across a
valley near Hastings
and stands where
Harold fell and
shaped our lives



At first sight, the view seems depressingly familiar as one emerges from the crisp little railway station which serves both the villages of Westham and Pevensey, in Sussex. Villages? The area seems the very epitome of Subtopia: dispiriting mass-produced buildings selling mass-produced goods, belonging to chain organizations and bisected by a murderous highway. But all is not what it seems, for like diamonds in clay, there are survivals maintaining continuity with the past: a half-timbered dwelling house; an old farmhouse; the solid stone church of Westham proudly proclaiming "This was the first church in England built by the Normans". Inside there is more continuity, more links between remote past and busy present: a touching little guide-book, written by the children of the parish and drawing attention to such details as the early 15th-century font "where some of us were baptized".

Outside the west door of the church is a holy water stoup; it is almost at ground level, whereas it would originally have been at least waist-high. Evidently, the land has risen greatly during the nine centuries since the ships of William the Conqueror nosed their way round what was then the peninsula of Pevensey, to ground on the shingle beach below the Roman fort of Anderida. The fort is now at least a mile inland and you get your first view of it from Westham church — a view that covers two millennia of England's history. The road curves off sharply to the left, away from the coast, taking with it the lunatic stress of traffic. The old road — old by seven centuries when the Normans arrived — continues. It is fringed now with suburban houses and choked with parked cars; but at the end the vista is blocked by the immense, grey, encircling wall of the fort.

In our passion for "conservation", Anderida has been barbed and manicured until it resembles a vast garden ornament, but it is still deeply evocative. The sheer size is impressive; William's entire force was probably accommodated within it on the night of the landing, and the permanent castle built within it a few years after the Conquest, though large, is tucked into one side. It played a role even in the Second World War, for tucked into the romantic ruins are cleverly sited machine-gun posts.

It was impossible for the Normans to advance northward from Pevensey, for the way was blocked by the Andredeswald, the vast forest that covered most of south-

east England. The army therefore moved on to Hastings to await the coming of the Saxon army along the Roman road from Maidstone. I followed William by train and, walking across the flat plain from Anderida to the railway station of Pevensey Bay, received a vivid lesson in geology. Although the station platform is only two or three feet high, you can get a glimpse of the distant sea and, turning round, see Anderida rising up from a promontory. Quite evidently, a thousand years ago the whole of this plain was the sea bed, the railway now running along it to Hastings.

Centuries of wind and rain have shaped the Hastings coastline as drastically as they reshaped that at Pevensey. Today, the beach in front of the town runs in a more or less straight line from east to west. In the 11th century the coast was pierced by two deep inlets with a

The battle started at 9am: Harold received his wound about 5pm, and by dusk it was all over

200ft cliff in between. With a Norman's sure eye for a military position, William ignored the Saxon town established on the western side; instead, his troops ascended the towering cliff and there erected a temporary fort similar to the one they had erected inside Anderida. Ironically, the area of Hastings known today as the "Old Town" is, in fact, the New Bourg established by William's descendants and, along a coastline that has largely succumbed to an orgy of candy-floss stalls, bingo halls and "amusement" arcades, Hastings Old Town still retains its heart and identity, an enchanting medley of styles from the 15th to the 19th century.

The fort at Hastings was so important that it figured by name in the Bayeux tapestry, and was rapidly followed by the permanent stone fort of which the present ruins, high above Hastings, are the remains. This fortified cliff was William's base for 16 days while he awaited the advent of the Saxon *Fyrd* under Harold. Late on the afternoon of Friday October 13, the Norman scouts caught their first

sight of the main Saxon army as it assembled at the rendezvous point, the "hoar apple tree" on the site of what is now the local authority offices in the town of Battle. Sunrise the following morning was 6.30, by which time the Normans were on the march. Four miles from Hastings, Saxons and Normans had their first full sighting of each other, around 8am, from across a valley about a mile wide. The Normans were assembled on a rise called Telham Hill by the chroniclers, but known today as Blackhorse Hill, just off the A2100, while the Saxons lined up on a ridge called Santlache. Gallicized into "Senlac", this was later translated, with romantic hindsight, as "lake of blood", but it was simply the Anglo-Saxon for "sandy ridge".

I followed on by train. Would Dr Beeching have been permitted to wield his axe today quite so indiscriminately as he did in the Sixties? I doubt it, for even with our powerful and ruthless road lobby it is becoming evident that road transport is devouring itself. Above all, the train slips through the landscape causing the minimum of change so that, allowing for natural change, one is seeing what has survived for centuries.

Battle railway station is a delight. Built by William Tress in 1852 in the fashionable Gothic, it not only survived Dr Beeching's attentions, but was one of the first of our stations to enjoy a face-lift, benefiting from the novocentenary celebrations in 1966. Battle itself is the quintessentially English country town: a splendid high street, with buildings of every period from the 16th century onwards, and with the rich Sussex countryside within sight and sound and smell. There is a significant homogeneity about some of the stone buildings erected after the mid-16th century; their stone was plundered from the abbey with which William marked the site of the battlefield. The parts of the abbey that remain habitable today, including the great gatehouse, are a private girls' school. The ruins of the abbey, together with the battlefield itself, are public property in the care of English Heritage.

Astonishingly, despite the nine centuries of change that have taken place in this region — one of the most crowded in western Europe — few man-made objects are visible on the battlefield, the most obvious being the ruins of the abbey on the Santlache. The marshy bottom of the valley, whose nature dictated the Norman tactics, has now largely resolved itself into four ponds and the land has risen so

much that only one relic of the battle, an axehead, has been found. But the approach to the ridge along which the Saxons assembled is still steep enough to provide an indication of the formidable challenge presented to the Normans. It is even possible to identify the hill-ock, on William's left flank, where he stationed the Bretons, one of the three elements of his army. English Heritage has provided excellent but discreet signposting around the battlefield, making it possible to follow physically each known phase of the battle. It is deeply moving to discover how small was this climactic site: you can walk around the entire perimeter in about half an hour. The two armies were separated by perhaps five minutes' brisk walk.

The battle started at around 9am: Harold received his wound about 5pm, and by dusk it was all over. To commemorate it, William

ordered that the abbey be built on the ridge. The monks were horrified by their instructions to build on a waterless height, contrary to every tenet of monastic architecture, and began plans to build, logically, lower down the slope. But William's iron will prevailed: the high altar was to be built precisely on the spot where Harold Godwinsson fell. And that was where it was built and tended for five centuries, until a member of yet another dynasty claiming England, the Welshman Henry VIII, decreed its destruction.

The outline of the abbey has been carefully marked in the turf so that it is still possible to identify the site of the high altar. Nearby, in 1903, a French historical society, Le Souvenir Normand, was permitted to erect a monument, generous in intention but of excruciating vulgarity of design. It bears the following legend: "Dieux Aie!

Dans le champ historique de Senlac où tomba le brave Harold le Saxon 837 ans après la bataille qui donna à la Grande-Bretagne La loi Normande. Le Souvenir Normand venu des Bords de la Seine à proclamer avec joie la Paix des Normandes". Dieux Aie! — the battle cry of the Normans. It says something about the English that they permit the record of their greatest defeat in the language of the conqueror.

TRAVEL NOTES

There are regular train services to Pevensey and Westham from Victoria and London Bridge, and to Hastings from Waterloo, Victoria, London Bridge and Charing Cross. Second-class return fare to Pevensey and Westham is £10.60, to Hastings £10.90 (first-class single £15.90 and £16.30, respectively).

TRAVEL NEWS

Have chair, will travel

WANDERLUST afflicts the disabled too, and *The World Wheelchair Traveller*, published by the AA at £3.95, cannot be recommended too highly. It is tough, practical and inspirational.

The National Trust has converted a pair of 18th-century farmworkers' houses on its Hadrian's Wall estate in Northumbria for use by handicapped people. Springwell, 150yd from the wall, is the first National Trust holiday cottage to have an electric stair lift. The cottage is equipped for six people and the trust recommends that at least one member of any visiting party be able-bodied. National Trust Holiday Cottages, 0208 73880.

Welsh comfort

LLANGOED Hall, a new country house hotel owned by Sir Bernard Ashley, opens today. The house, in the valley of the River Wye, between Builth Wells, Brecon and Hay on Wye, was designed by Sir Clough William-Elis (architect of Portmeirion) in 1913 and incorporates part of a Jacobean manor. A double room costs from £105 per night including full Welsh breakfast for two. There is no service charge (0874-754525).

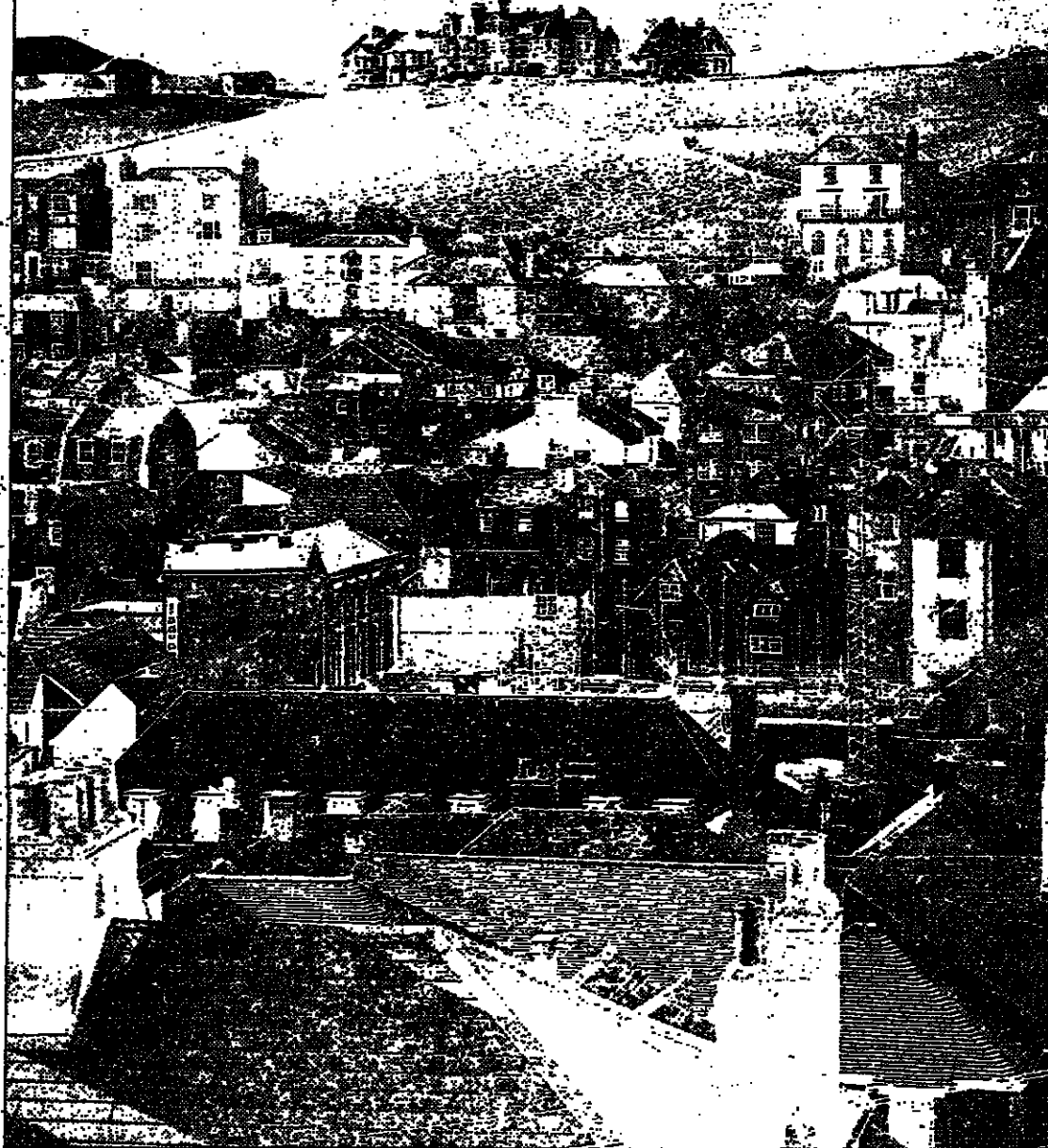
Shona Crawford Poole
Travel Editor

TRAVEL BOOKS

The ultimate test of a travel book is whether it makes you want to go there. The *New Shell Guides* pass with flying colours. The latest additions to the series — *Sussex*, by John Godfrey, *East Anglia*, by Christopher Catling, and *Gloucestershire and Hereford & Worcester*, by Christopher Cannon and Alison Merry (each £11.99) — follow the familiar gazetteer format. Each town is described in the detail it deserves, and most pages are illustrated with a good colour photograph. The casual reader can open any of the books at a random page and be assured of finding a destination which looks and sounds interesting. If you don't feel like hopping in your car to explore after reading these books, you are immune to the travel bug.

Even people who think they know Italy well may be unable to pinpoint the subject of *Northern Lazio — an Unknown Italy* (John Murray, £16.95). This is the area, just north of Rome, that was the cradle of the Etruscan civilization which predated the rise of the Roman republic. The authors, Wayland Kenner and Elizabeth Young, attribute travellers' neglect of this area to the fact that it is overshadowed by the glories of the city. But that, they argue, means that Northern Lazio, rich in Etruscan and later historic sights, is remarkably unspoilt. The subject makes for interesting reading but the book's use of uninspiring black and white photographs is disappointing.

Jenny Tabakoff



Melody of styles: the "Old Town" which is, in fact, the New Bourg established by William's descendants

Sally Baker enjoys Devon's wilder side from the comfort of a converted barn

User-friendly Dartmoor

If your last experience of an English country cottage was when friends insisted you borrowed their place in Norfolk, it turned out to have no running water, cobwebs the like of which you hadn't seen since Pip visited Miss Havisham, and a privy across a muddy field, you could sympathize with the small voice that said from the back of the car halfway to Devon: "It will have an indoor loo that flushes properly, won't it?"

Actually it had two, and they did. It also had a wood-burner, fitted carpets, duvets, colour co-ordinated furnishings, a full set of matching crockery and a television. This was clearly superior accommodation — a converted barn on Dartmoor's northern edge near Okehampton, from whose windows, set deep in the stone, we could watch those gloomy contours appear and disappear behind the grey cloud curtain.

The spring weather was unkind — stinging showers of hail sending the surfboarders skidding ashore at Bideford, and wind lifting the vinyl flooring in the kitchen — but, curled up on a windowsill with logs crackling and the rich smell of stew in the air, it seemed curiously to suit. And when the sun came out, so did we, in search of the River Torridge in the woods below the barn, scrambling down a steep bank glowing with bluebells, primroses, wild garlic, anemones, red campion — and early purple orchids with their black-spotted leaves, which we tiptoed carefully round.

The river was rushing along the valley floor, making all the right sort of noises and looking like just the spot for an otter to call home, but of Tarka's descendants there was

no sign. So we headed for the Dartmoor Otter Sanctuary near Buckfast Abbey, only to be informed that the dear little creatures munching on dead chicks and cavorting in the water for the cameras were merely Tarka's Asian relatives. Why no British otters? Because, said the bored attendant, they're very difficult to catch. We eschewed the urban temptations of Hatherleigh and Okehampton in favour of such natural wonders as Lydford Gorge on Dartmoor's western edge, a deep ravine cut by the River Lyd as it plunges into a succession of whirlpools, including the deafening, boiling Devil's Cauldron, rendered irresistible to children by being reached via a slimy rock-face and a series of slippery gang-planks, while their parents tried not to watch. On the northern side of the moor, perched on a crag 900ft above the Teign valley, stands a man-made wonder:



Britain's only 20th-century castle, a monument to the wealth and ego of the founder of the Home and Colonial Stores, Julius Drewe, and to the vision of the architect he chose, Edwin Lutyens. Twenty years in the building, and then only a third of the planned size, Castle Drogo came fully furnished with all mod cons, including a chapel and its own hydro-electric and telephone systems. No home should be without them.

TRAVEL NOTES

The Barns at Eastern Town, Meeth are converted into four units, and are bookable through Elkes Country Cottages (0603 783222 for a 1990 brochure; 0603 783221 for bookings). Sample peak season prices are £273 per week for four people.

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TRAVEL

A city that lives on passion and trash

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SIMS (ALAN KECHANE)

Michael Watkins
treads the wild
side of scruffy
Naples, and finds
a haven on the
Amalfi Coast



There is nothing wrong with Naples that a tough mayor couldn't handle. Two names come to mind: Ed Koch of New York and Teddy Kollek of Jerusalem, preferably working in tandem. Having interviewed both, I know them to be capable of moving mountains. Moving mountains is what is required in Naples; refuse mountains of unspeakable potency. There is nothing rectilinear or select in the application of this filth; it is arbitrary, of almost impromptu disposition. The patina of neglect smeared across the city is self-applied, signalling despair, resignation.

The writing is on the wall in more dialects than one, graffiti inscribed with impunity on both the sacred and the secular. Equestrian statues canter off to long-forgotten crusades spurred on by daubed polemics on their pedestals. Urchin footballers tackle each other between neo-Doric columns of the Church of San Francisco di Paola, slamming goals into doors through which penitents pass to confession. The most of Castel Nuova, sturdily embellished by Alfonso I of Aragon, is awash with rotting vegetables; the Umberto Gallery is supported by scaffolding, a cripple on municipal crutches. And the stench makes one gag.

I arrived on Saturday, wedding day and eve of the football championship match between Naples and Lazio. Checking in at the Excelsior, where my room overlooked the twin hulks of Vesuvius and the United States aircraft



Shopping Napoli style in the Via Chiara: a vibrant cocktail of voices, car horns and spluttering scooters



Despair: only the young breathed fire in those alleys



'In the alleys, all small boys are Diego Maradona'

carrier Saipan, I made for the Capitaneria di Porto. Brides, married for minutes and mummified in vestal tulle, were being arranged by photographers. Mothers, puce with importance, officiated, assisted by bridesmaids, lactic and gasping in their too-tight frocks. Only the grooms held back, starved and strained until camera shutters coaxed them in perpetuity, one flesh now but two against the world. A world you might feel inclined to disown if you came from the Via Solitaria, where I spent the afternoon, swallowed by that crepuscular half-light common to slums. Acres of grey washing stirred in a feid breeze, pavements were sticky, people moved in slow motion, reduced.

Only the very young breathed fire in those alleys that reeked of fish and disillusion. Always they had a football, which they dribbled from one tenement to the next, grazing their knees and bloodying their noses, towards those arenas of faith and hope where all small boys are Diego Maradona.

In La Bersagliera, where the copierge recommended I should eat, three old men, accompanied by an accordion, wheezed lachrymose Neapolitan songs: *bel canto*, at the customer's so I supped across the harbour at La Scialuppa where, between the antipasto and the mussels, I witnessed two quayside brawls. The participants in the second, and the more pitiless, were women.

On Sunday morning, the sound was tuned up full volume: car horns, rattles, whistles and sirens, these were the battle hymns urging the Naples football team to victory. Flags, streamers, placards and scarves, these were the regimental colours, tribal ju-ju by which Lazio would be crushed. The Church of Santa Chiara was my sanctuary; it offered charity, and reason. Whether you believed or not,

at least it housed order. One would forget the outcome of the afternoon's match, but not the church, not entirely. And if you did, there was always the comfort that the Church might not forget you. Naples won. Maradona was the hero of the hour. Throughout the long evening and longer night the city gorged on victory. Even American sailors, bullet-headed in bars, joined in the celebration, which was wholesale, ecstatic, affectingly sweet and never vicious. I saw then that there was no alternative to victory, it was a foregone conclusion. Neapolitans, who were on a losing streak even before the Bourbons, could not afford to lose a game of football.

I left then for Pompeii. Abjuring the gladiatorial autostrada, I took the coast road, which swarmed with more



Morning: time for repairing nets at Pozzoli harbour

park tickets cost as much as entrance to the ruins themselves. A few touts are undoubtedly scrupulous, but I'll bet others are sinfully un.

Even so, a weird stillness attends the multitude passing through the turnstiles of this crematorium. So many dead, 20,000 or so, baked and buried in lava, calcified one midsummer morning in ancient history. It is a melancholy spot, its exploitation degrading.

The Amalfi Coast, from Sorrento to Salerno, refreshes and revives the spirit. Despite the traffic, the mind-numbing jams caused by leviathan coaches impaled on hairpin bends, this is one of the Mediterranean's most benevolent gifts. I like to think that it is inviolable, protected even from man's ingenuity.

Sorrento and Amalfi act as twin magnets, their pull immeasurable. Positano, once plundered by Saracenic pirates who made off with the Virgin from the Church of Maria Assunta, is plundered by Visigoths of a new order. It is relentlessly picturesque, miraculously sculptured in rockface, three-dimensional like a child's pop-up picture book. I loved it once; now I am content to love it in my mind's eye. Love (not romantic love, the adman's weapon) needs space in which to grow, and every square metre of space in Positano has been developed.

Occasionally, I dream of a fennel-scented terrace high above the sea, junk-free and silent, where I can make my own rules. Although I have never found it, I have discovered substitutes. One such is Praiano, two and a half miles from Positano. Here, at the whitewashed Hotel Open Gate, they gave me a clean room with a vast terrace above the sea for the equivalent of £40 a night.

Before dinner, I trod the steep way to a harbour pinioned by sheer, dark cliffs. I followed a footpath and when it gave out I turned back. Fishermen dragged their boats up the shingle, others drank at the Bar Alfonso; one raised a hand in salutation.

From Praiano I reassembled my thoughts about Naples which, in its way, is immensely generous, wildly uninhibited. Even today, everyone smokes cigarettes, puffing away until smoke comes out of their ears. The reason they do this, apart from self-indulgence, is because there is no tomorrow; despite their Catholicism, there is no reckoning. Wearing their hearts on their sleeves, they thrive on scandal, about which they are quite uncensorious. They are undisciplined, innovative, passionate, maddening; combining sexuality with motherliness, they are hard to resist, particularly from a distance.

Up at the Palazzo Sessa in 1791, Emma Hamilton - wilful, warm, vulgarly theatrical - embraced Naples because it suited her temperament. She created a stir, considerable even by Neapolitan standards, by dallying with yet another married man - Nelson.



Memories: a new life starts with traditional photographs in the Piazza Municipale

TRAVEL NOTES

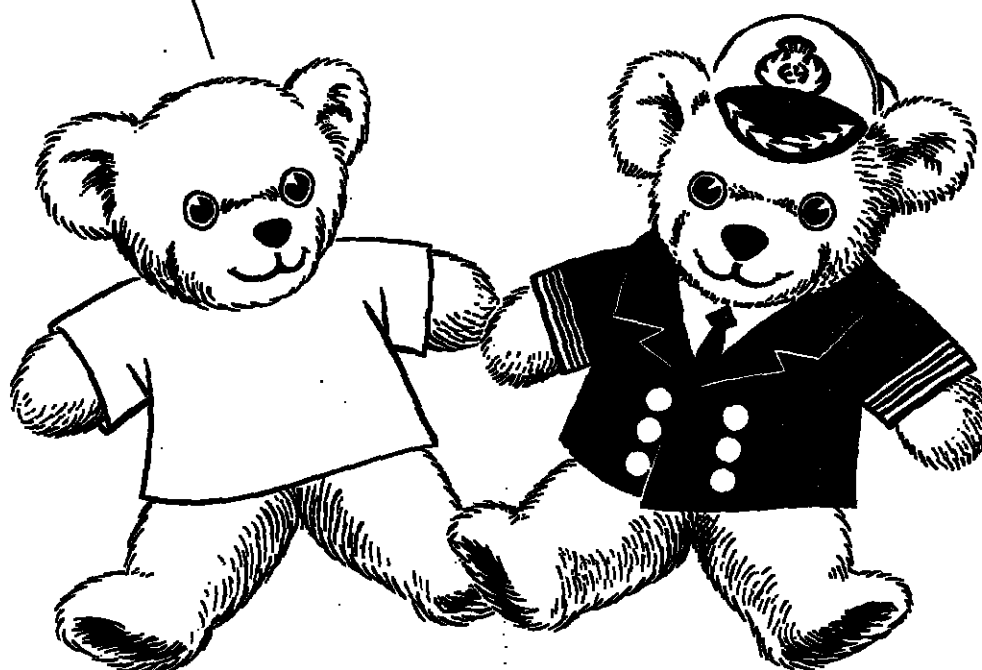
● Michael Watkins's travel arrangements were made by Italtour, 241 Euston Road, London NW1 2BT (reservations 071-383 3888). It specializes in the Amalfi Coast and does not feature Naples in its brochure, but will make individual bookings in the city. For example, seven nights at the Excelsior, including b&b and return flights by Alitalia, Gatwick-Naples, costs £360 per person.

● Example of a 14-day holiday in Sorrento with Italtour: half board at the Hotel President, including return flights by Alitalia, Gatwick-Naples, £1,048 per person in high summer.

● Hotel Open Gate, Praiano (010 3989 874148); charters from £149 midweek in June with Pilgrim Air (061-748 1333)

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